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FANTASTIC FALL PREVIEW ISSUE

HOT STUFF FOR A COOL SEASON

DREW'S SEXY MOM JAID BARRYMORE

PLAYBOY NFL PREVIEW

THE NO. 1 PRESEASON FORECAST

KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER

MORE GORGEOUS THAN EVER

CINDY CRAWFORD INTERVIEW

LOVE, SEX, MODELS AND MONEY

20 QUESTIONS A WAKE-UP CALL WITH SANDRA BULLOCK

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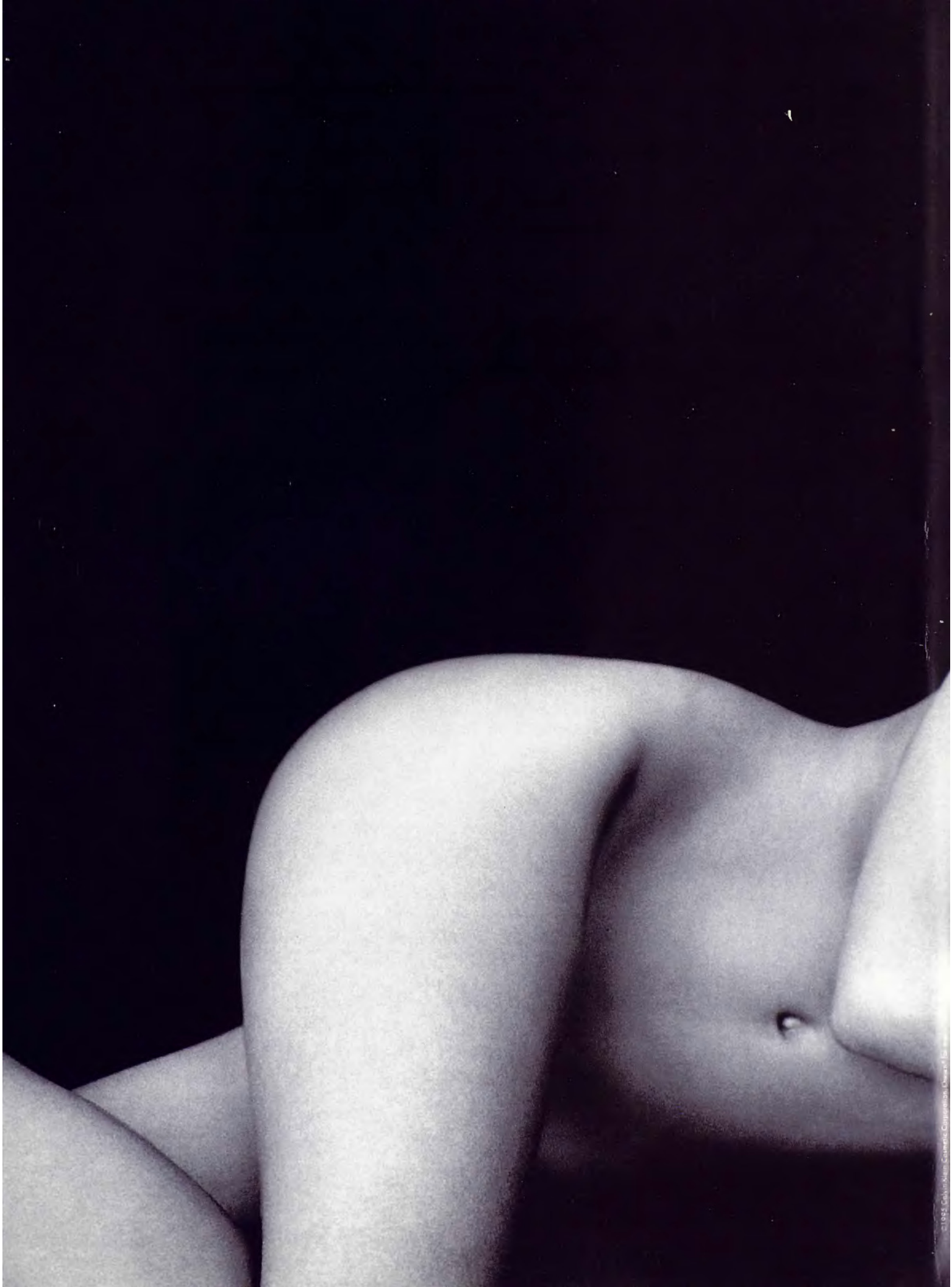
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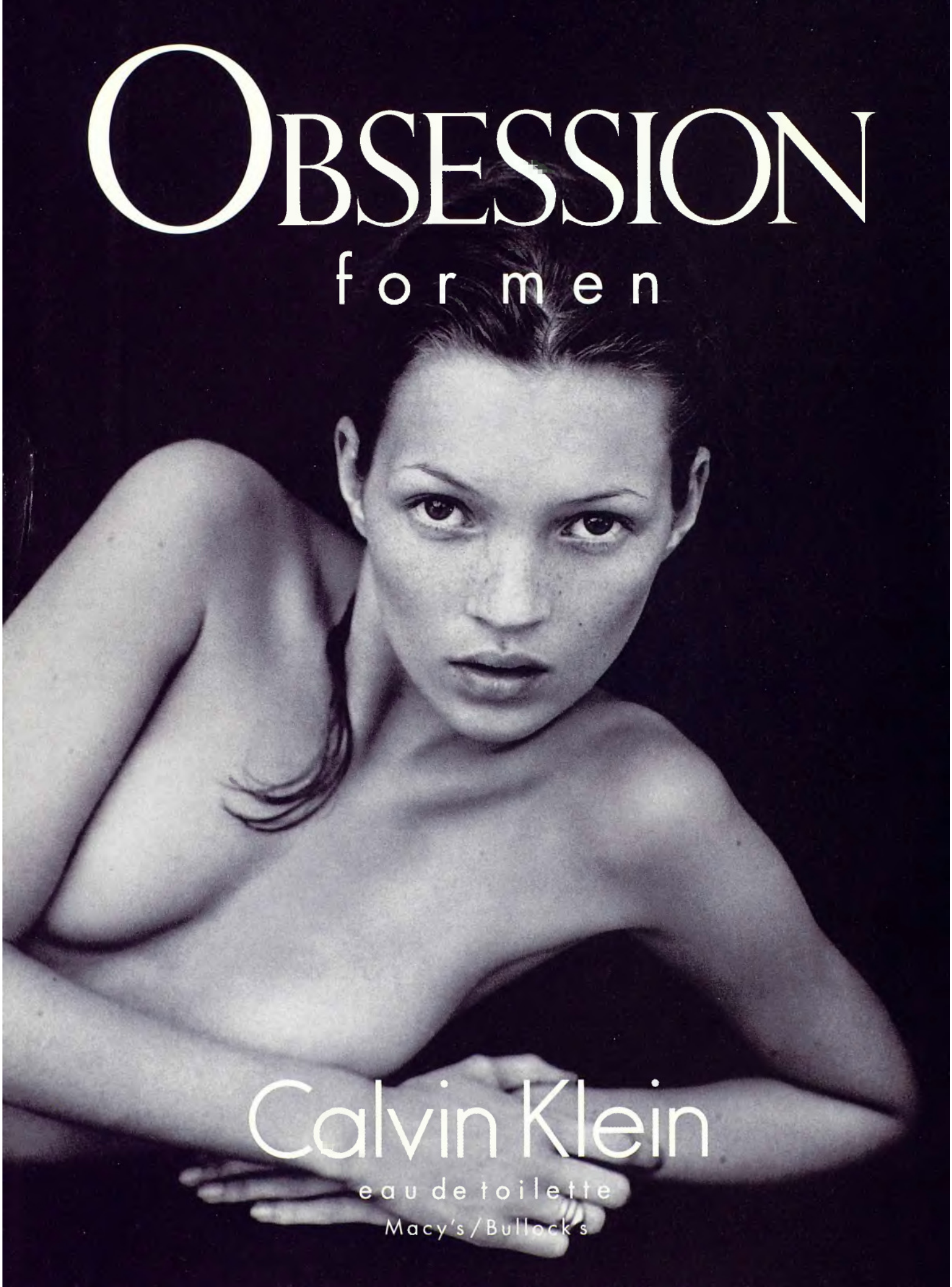
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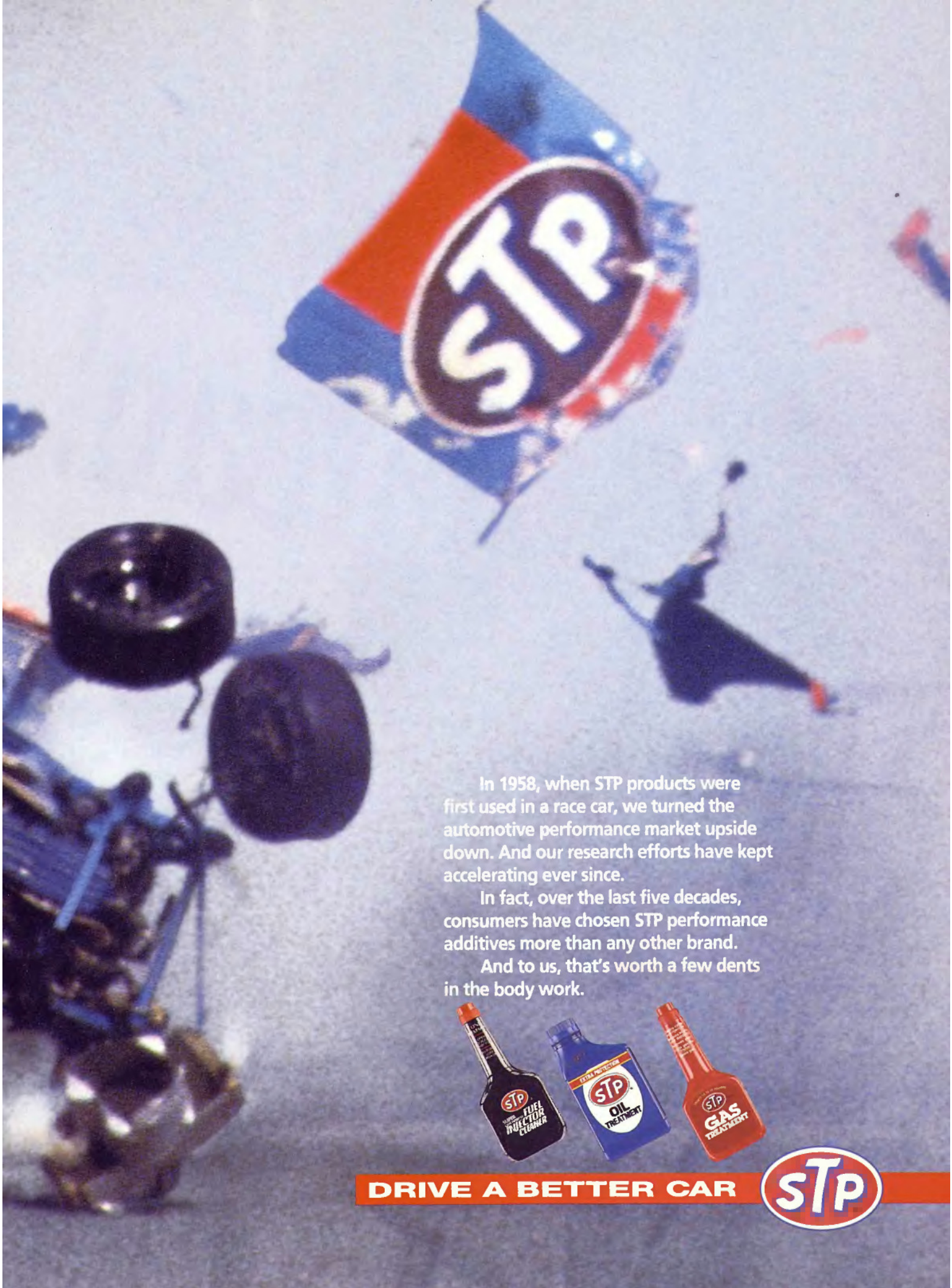

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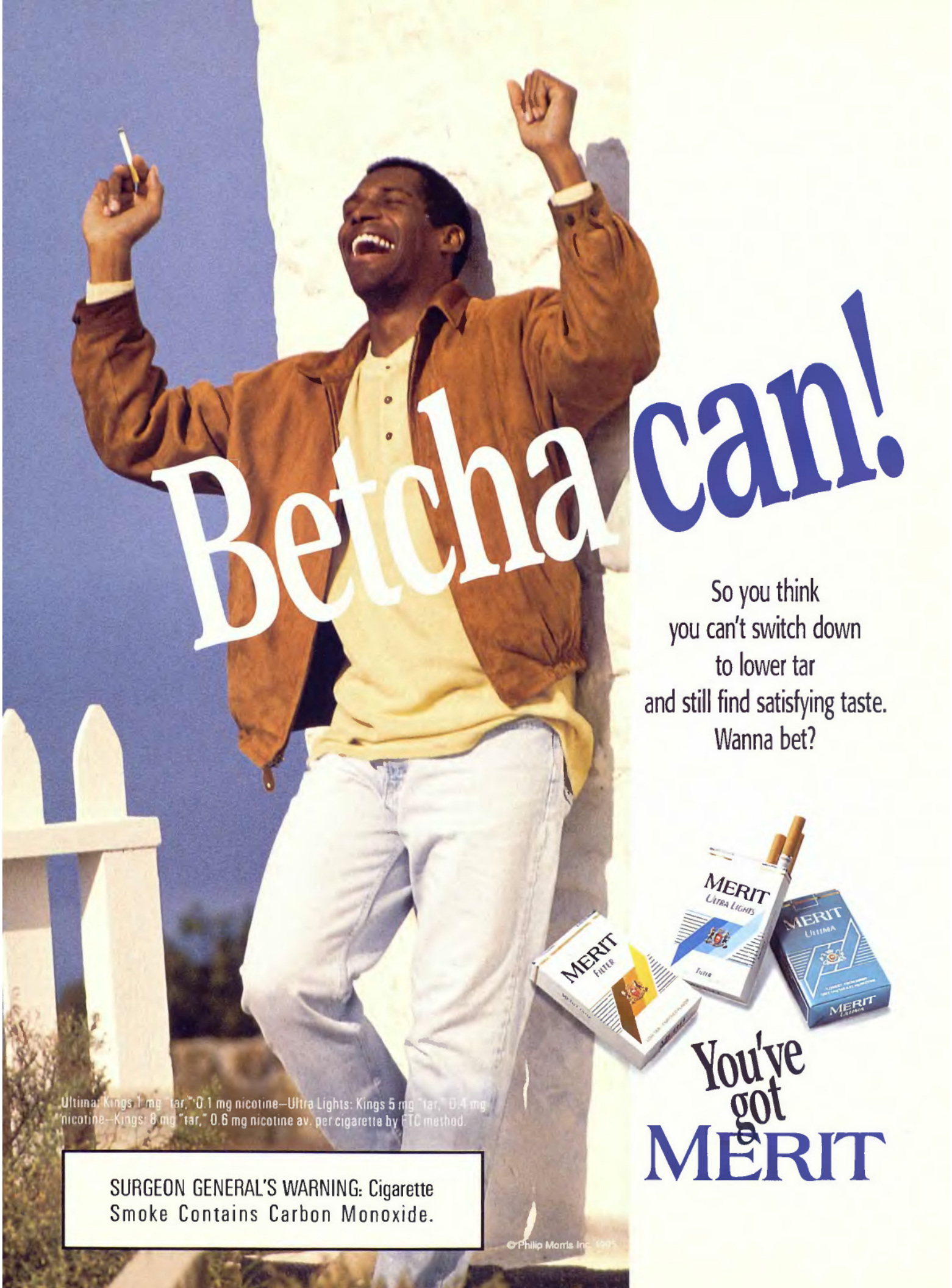
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PLAYBILL

SURE, SUMMER has its moments. Tan lines, sunny afternoons, burgers on the grill. But we prefer fall. More than any other season, fall inspires invention. Just how much should be apparent from this, our first-ever fall preview issue. We dispatched our experts and they delivered the goods—on everything from clubs to cars to indoor climbing walls. Start big, with a TV so huge that its "picture-within-a-picture" is 35 inches. It's in *Playboy's 1996 Electronics Preview* by **Jonathan Takiff.**

Automotive Editor **Ken Gross** predicts that 1996 will offer "the most fun-to-drive cars in a decade," including new two-seaters from BMW, Porsche and Ferrari. Fall is when clothing designers switch gears, and Fashion Editor **Hollis Wayne** has the inside track in *The Essential Fall Wardrobe*. We also canvassed the country for the best new nightspots and restaurants. Don't miss *Playboy on the Town* by **John Oldcastle** and **Jae-Ha Kim.** Before you decide what to drink, read *White Nights* by **Don Birnam.** It's all about premium vodkas and tequilas. For more rigorous indoor recreation, we've uncovered some great new fitness machines in *Muscle-Bound* by **John Dobbler.** Drink up, tone up, then spruce up with the grooming tips in *Gentlemen's Choice* by **Donald Charles Richardson.**

One person who needs no toning is **Kimberley Conrad Hefner.** After she reigned as Playmate of the Year in 1989, she married Hef and they now have two young sons. More beautiful than ever in *Classic Kimberley*, she tells **Pat Booth** that "it's important not to neglect your sensuous side." We couldn't agree more.

Another beauty who has graced our pages is back—and this time **Cindy Crawford** is the subject of the *Interview*. You'll be fascinated by the supermodel's revelations to **David Rensin** about her marriage to Richard Gere and how people treat you when you're gorgeous. (Our *Gallery* this month is also Cindy.) Lucky Rensin got to talk with another terrific woman, **Sandra Bullock,** one of Hollywood's most adorable stars. In *20 Questions* she tells how she keeps her wits with the help of loofahs and blackjack, and by installing toilets.

The man who gets to talk with everyone is **Ted Koppel.** His show *Nightline* has astonished critics by running ahead of 800-pound jokemeisters Leno and Letterman in the late-night numbers. **Harry Jaffe,** a national editor for *Washingtonian* magazine, examines the newsman's success in a *Playboy Profile*.

If you've ever had trouble securing a car loan, you'll be interested in **John McNamara.** The Long Island auto dealer conned GM out of a fortune and, even after being nabbed, lives a life of luxury. Read *The $6 Billion Rogue* by **David Heilbroner,** a former New York prosecutor. We went to the other coast for news of CD-ROM visionaries. For his article *Disc Heads*, **Larry Gallagher** looks south of San Francisco's Market Street to profile the kids who are changing the future while living on futons. The illustration is by renowned artist **Ed Paschke.**

In this year's *Pro Football Forecast*, **Danny Sheridan** previews a league in flux: Eight new head coaches, two expansion teams and the Rams headed east. Danny picked Super Bowl winners twice in a row—can he make it three? **Ernie Barnes,** once a Charger and Bronco, did the artwork. Artist **John Philip Delhomme,** whose commercial work for Barneys and Saab has made him especially well known, sets the scene for *First Night, Blind Date, All That*, a short story by **Joseph Monninger.**

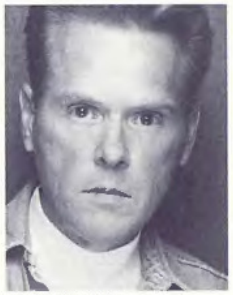
Lastly, **Jaid Barrymore,** whose daughter Drew left quite an impression in our January issue, stars in her own steamy pictorial. Sex, says mom, is like a theme park: "Ride your favorites over and over." (**Stephen Wayda** took the photos.) **Donna D'Errico** also drives us to distraction. Miss September owns a stretch limo service in Vegas. Take us home, Donna.

TAKIFF

WAYNE

RENSIN

BOOTH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A MAN'S GUIDE *to buying* DIAMONDS

ARE YOU *one of the* TWO MILLION victims of engagement ring *anxiety*?

❶ Relax. Guys simply are not supposed to know this stuff. Dads rarely say "Son, let's talk diamonds."

❷ But it's still your call. So read on.

❸ Spend wisely. It's tricky because no two diamonds are alike. Formed in the earth millions of years ago and found in the most remote corners of the world, rough diamonds are sorted by DeBeers' experts into over 5,000 grades before they go on to be cut and polished. So be aware of what you are buying. Two diamonds of the same size may vary widely in quality. And if a price looks too good to be true, it probably is.

❹ Learn the jargon. Your guide to quality and value is a combination of four characteristics called *The 4Cs*. They are: *Cut*, not the same as shape, but refers to the way the facets or flat surfaces are angled. A better cut offers more brilliance; *Color*, actually, close to no color is rarest; *Clarity*, the fewer natural marks or "inclusions" the better; *Carat weight*, the larger the diamond, usually the more rare.

❺ Determine your price range. What do you spend on the one woman in the world who is smart enough to marry you? Most people use the *two months' salary guideline*. Spend less and the relatives will talk. Spend more, and they'll rave.

❻ Watch her as you browse. Go by how she reacts, not by what she says. She may be reluctant to tell you what she really wants. Then once you have an idea of her taste, don't involve her in the actual purchase. You both will cherish the memory of your surprise.

❼ Find a reputable jeweler, someone you can trust to ensure you're getting a diamond you can be proud of. Ask questions. Ask friends who've gone through it. Ask the jeweler you choose why two diamonds that look the same are priced differently. Avoid Joe's Mattress & Diamond Discounters.

❽ Learn more. For the booklet, *"How to buy diamonds you'll be proud to give"*, call the American Gem Society, representing fine jewelers upholding gemological standards across the U.S., at 800-341-6214.

❾ Finally, think romance. And don't compromise. This is one of life's most important occasions. You want a diamond as unique as your love. Besides, how else can two months' salary last forever?

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 42, no. 9—september 1995

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COVER STORY

Not long after Kimberley Conrad become our January 1988 Playmote, Hef proposed. Seven years later, Kimberley is bock, looking better thon ever—proof that marriage and motherhood hove only enhanced her beauty. This month's cover was styled by Lane Coyle-Dunn, produced by West Coost Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Stephen Waydo. Thanks to Alexis Vogel, who styled Kimberley's hair and makeup. Our Robbit is off-the-cuff.

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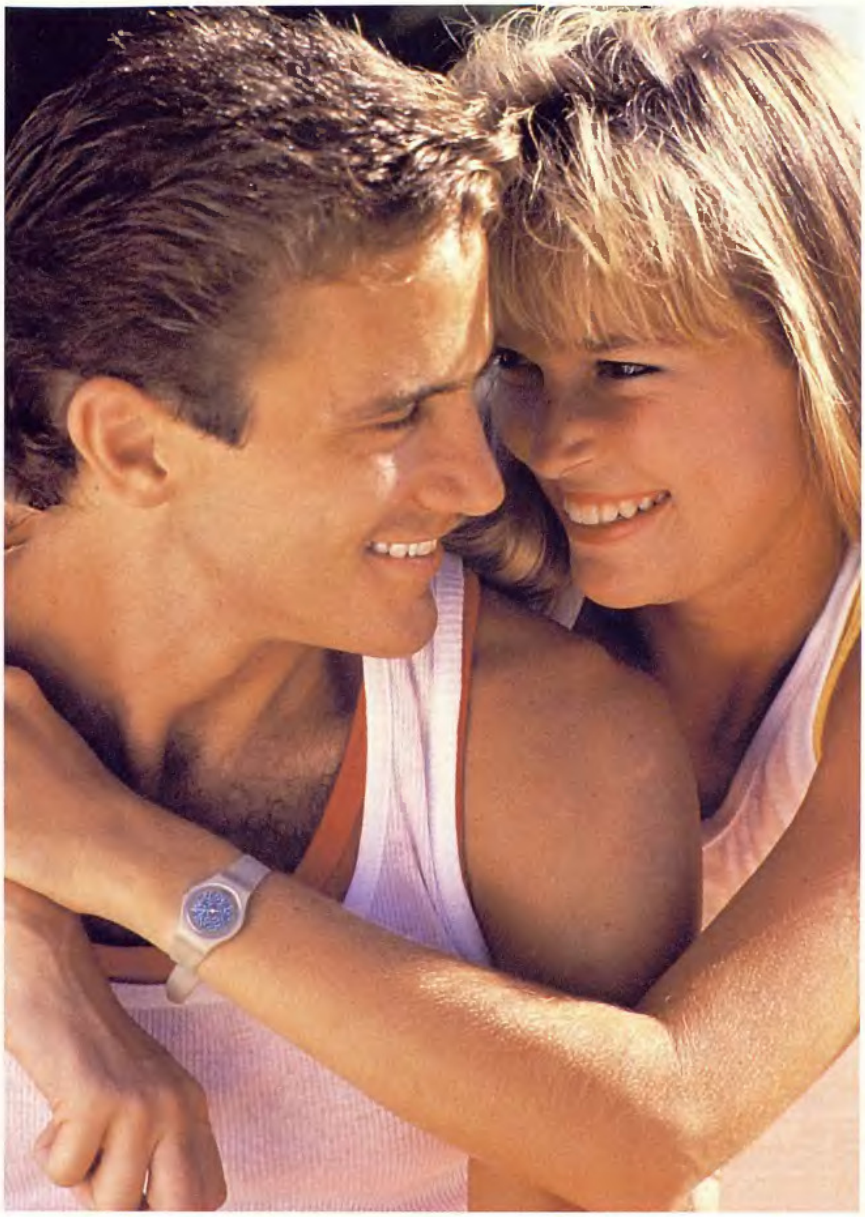

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PC MANIA

The behavior Chip Rowe describes as "politically correct" (*The Safe Generation*, June) is what used to be referred to as good manners and following the golden rule. Could it be that this generation is turned off by the strident, in-your-face attitudes of special-interest types and by the litigious society that it will inherit?

Joseph Goldzieher
San Antonio, Texas

I am a 23-year-old white male, and I'm not at all surprised by the results of your *Safe Generation* survey. People would rather give up their rights than voice an opinion different from that of the Moral Majority. If we continue to behave like a herd of cattle waiting to be led to slaughter, I don't know what will happen to us.

Andrew Houston
Excelsior Springs, Missouri

Political correctness seeks to protect minority feelings but stifles free speech in the process. Hatemongers must be challenged not with blanket prohibitions but with equal verbal ferocity. Collegians are supposed to be our best and brightest, but what the book burners and image censors among them really need are remedial courses on the Bill of Rights.

Frank Wallis
fhwallis@delphi.com
Monroe, Connecticut

JOYCELYN ELDERS

Joycelyn Elders should be applauded for her straightforward and truthful comments (*Playboy Interview*, June). It's a shame that President Clinton didn't have the courage to stand by her and fight the narrow-minded dittoheads who raised such a clamor. Dr. Elders is a progressive, logical and decent human being. It's no wonder that she didn't last long in Washington.

Michael Gore
Lompoc, California

Dr. Elders made herself a target from the beginning of her tenure. She's probably a fine physician, but when it comes to politics, she was in over her head.

Doug Allen
Philippi, West Virginia

The interview with Joycelyn Elders reminds me why I loved her so much and why the average citizen hated everything she stood for.

Philip Long
Clay Center, Kansas

I thought that the interview showed Dr. Elders to be a tough, opinionated, thoughtful professional instead of a crazy, bomb-throwing personality with hidden agendas. As a conservative, I don't care for any of her ideas, but I applaud her strong convictions.

E. Jorgenson
Grand Forks, North Dakota

I remember my sex education classes in Fairfax, Virginia. Students needed parental permission before they could take them. We could submit questions about the day's lesson to the teacher, who would answer them in an honest and straightforward manner. This frankness kept the class clowns from sending questions meant to embarrass anyone. I learned a lot. Now that kids are having sex at a younger age and are marrying at an older age, premarital sex is the norm, not the exception. Dr. Elders is right—education is the way to go.

David Sedlak
St. Petersburg, Florida

Having strong opinions is not the same as having well-thought-out opinions. Elders may be right on some issues—sex, contraceptives, abortion—but on the nation's greatest health crisis, AIDS, all she has to say is "the only thing we've got against this disease is education." I think finding out who's infected and making sure they do not spread the

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Defensive move in football (3 words)

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'70s dance style (2 words)

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

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How To Enter: Complete official entry form available in the September 1995 issue of *Playboy* magazine or on a 3" x 5" index card, hand print name, age, address and daytime phone number and mail to: Seagram's Brainteaser Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8140, Grand Rapids, MN 55745-8140. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately and must be received by 11/15/95 to be eligible. Entries which are photocopied, mechanically reproduced, mutilated, incomplete or illegible will be disqualified. *Playboy* Enterprises, Inc. (PEI), Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc., Arrowhead Promotion & Fulfillment Co., Inc. and their agents are not responsible for lost, late, misdirected, damaged, or postage due mail. **Prize:** (1) Grand Prize winner will be awarded a trip for two to the 1996 *Playboy* Playmate of the Year Party at the *Playboy* Mansion in Los Angeles, California in spring 1996. Trip includes round-trip coach airfare to and from the major airport nearest the winner's home, transportation to and from the airport, double occupancy accommodations for 3 nights/4 days, car rental, (2) tickets to the *Playboy* Playmate of the Year party, plus $200 spending money for meals and expenses (Est. Retail Value $4,000). Grand Prize winner will be selected in a random drawing from all eligible entries received. The drawing will be held on or about 12/31/95 by an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of eligible entries received. Prize is non-transferable, non-endorsable and no substitution or cash equivalent permitted. All federal, state and local taxes are the sole responsibility to the winner. PEI has the right to substitute prize of equal or greater value if listed prize is unavailable. **Eligibility:** Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents 21 years of age or older. Employees of PEI, Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. their affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising or promotional agencies, judging organizations and their families are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **Notification:** Grand Prize winner will be notified by mail and required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release, including publicity rights to use name and picture of the winner without compensation. Winner's companion will be required to sign a release. Affidavits of eligibility must be returned within 14 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance with this time period, prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. By entering, participant agrees to abide by and be bound by the Official Rules. The potential winner releases PEI and Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc., Arrowhead Promotion & Fulfillment Co., Inc. and their affiliates and subsidiary companies and their respective employees, agents, officers, and directors from any and all liability with respect to acceptance, receipt or use of any prize. Winner's List: To obtain the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Seagram's Brainteaser Sweepstakes, Winner's List, P.O. Box 8192 Grand Rapid, MN 55745-8192. WA residents may omit postage. Requests must be received by 2/15/96.

name

address

city

state zip

phone age

THE SMOOTH GIN IN THE BUMPY BOTTLE

infection is the first responsibility of the surgeon general and the rest of the U.S. public health establishment.

Anton Neimous
Silver Spring, Maryland

Nowhere in your interview with Dr. Joycelyn Elders were major health issues such as cancer, heart disease or alcohol abuse mentioned, though sex-related topics such as AIDS, masturbation and condoms were discussed. Are you sure David Nimmons wasn't talking with Dr. Ruth Westheimer instead of the former surgeon general?

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

THE IMMORAL MR. MEYER

I had only heard of Russ Meyer before your June feature. Now, I am one of the many impressed by his good taste in women.

Mike Kimball
mkimball@nirvana.lib.utah.edu
Salt Lake City, Utah

A caption in the Russ Meyer feature states that I was pregnant during the filming of *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Russ must have confused me with someone else when he gave you that information. But if the right man comes along, I'll keep trying.

Edy Williams
Hollywood, California

Our goof. We'll keep hoping.

The Immoral Mr. Meyer is a catchy title but a definite misnomer. As Roger Ebert states in the text, Russ Meyer tolerated no hanky-panky during the shooting of his films. I was an aspiring "Meyer Girl," but being a 36C–23–36, I didn't quite measure up to Russ' demanding standards. I did work behind the scenes on several of his movies. Russ Meyer is one of the finest and most interesting men I've ever known. Great job, PLAYBOY. The pictorial is a real bra-buster.

Kay Kubo
Hollywood, California

Great article by Roger Ebert. The Russ Meyer tribute proves they don't make 'em like they used to.

Ken Hinckley
San Diego, California

Pandora Peaks has definitely got my attention. Where can I get copies of Russ Meyer's films?

David Michael
Washington, D.C.

Russ Meyer's films can be ordered from R.M. Films International Inc., P.O. Box 3748, Hollywood, CA 90078, or call 213-466-7791 for more information.

What a treat to see Edy Williams in PLAYBOY again. Edy already had a legitimate career before appearing in one of Russ Meyer's films. I met Edy several times after her divorce from Meyer and it struck me that, aside from being sexy, she didn't have a mean bone in her beautiful body.

Jay McKenna
Yorba Linda, California

DREAM COME TRUE

The Vargas Girl really does exist. Stephen Wayda's cover photo of Playmate of the Year Julie Cialini (*Playmate of the Year*, June) proves it. Perhaps you could find a similar Vargas pose and run the two side by side for comparison. You would be reminding many of us of our bygone fantasies.

Geoffrey Keyes
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Julie has never looked better, and she seems even more at ease in her PMOY pictorial than she did as the February

1994 Playmate. From her first appearance in the September 1993 *Miami Heat* pictorial to her numerous appearances on *Playboy TV*, Julie's natural charm has promoted the PLAYBOY ideal of the girl next door. Hats off to Mr. Hefner for making the obvious choice.

Gene Myers
New York, New York

Julie Cialini as Playmate of the Year? I demand a recount. Julie may be naturally beautiful, but I can't believe December Playmate Elisa Bridges wasn't chosen.

Pat Davis
Worcester, Massachusetts

WORD UP

The front cover of the June issue not only has Julie Cialini on it, but has a fantastic design as well. I like the way her shoe pushes up the text. Great graphics.

LeVerne Lane
Duluth, Georgia

How could you perpetrate such an injustice? You published a cover shot of a mouthwatering woman in a mouthwatering dress—that tight pink vinyl number—and then didn't include any pictures of Julie in the dress inside the magazine. That's it. Cancel my subscription and call out the Army.

Rick Mercer
Stamford, Connecticut

WAXING NOSTALGIC

Thank you for your rerun of the first girl-next-door Playmate, Janet Pilgrim (*Classic Cover and Centerfold: July 1955*, June). My roommate and I shared the July issue just before we were commissioned as ensigns on June 30, 1955.

Lieutenant Frank Ansel
U.S. Navy (Retired)
hrblyfrank@aol.com
Austin, Texas

Most readers remember when they first saw PLAYBOY. Your new *Classic Cover and Centerfold* feature makes me feel young again.

James Vance
Indianapolis, Indiana

JOHN PAUL II PARODY

Denis Leary's *An Interview With Pope John Paul II* (June) wasn't very funny, and it insulted many liberal Christians who read PLAYBOY.

Frank Carroll
Townsend, Massachusetts

If it's any consolation to you, conservative Christians who read PLAYBOY *weren't that happy with it, either. Mr. Leary didn't want anyone to feel left out.*

HELP US, RHONDA

I met June Playmate Rhonda Adams in 1982 at Jefferson Davis Middle School in West Palm Beach, and I thought she was cute then. Unfortunately, my family moved and I never saw her again until now. Thank you for bringing this beautiful person back into my life, if only on the pages of PLAYBOY.

Justin Prince
yuhs45a@prodigy.com
Costa Mesa, California

TOM ARNOLD

It's about time people recognized Tom Arnold (*20 Questions*, June) as a talented comedian and not just the guy who was married to Roseanne. A person ought to be judged by his talent, not by his personal life.

Mitchell Kielley
Sunnyvale, California

It turns out that under all that showbiz craziness beats the heart of a very lucky Iowa kid. And he knows it.

Janet Cook
Los Angeles, California

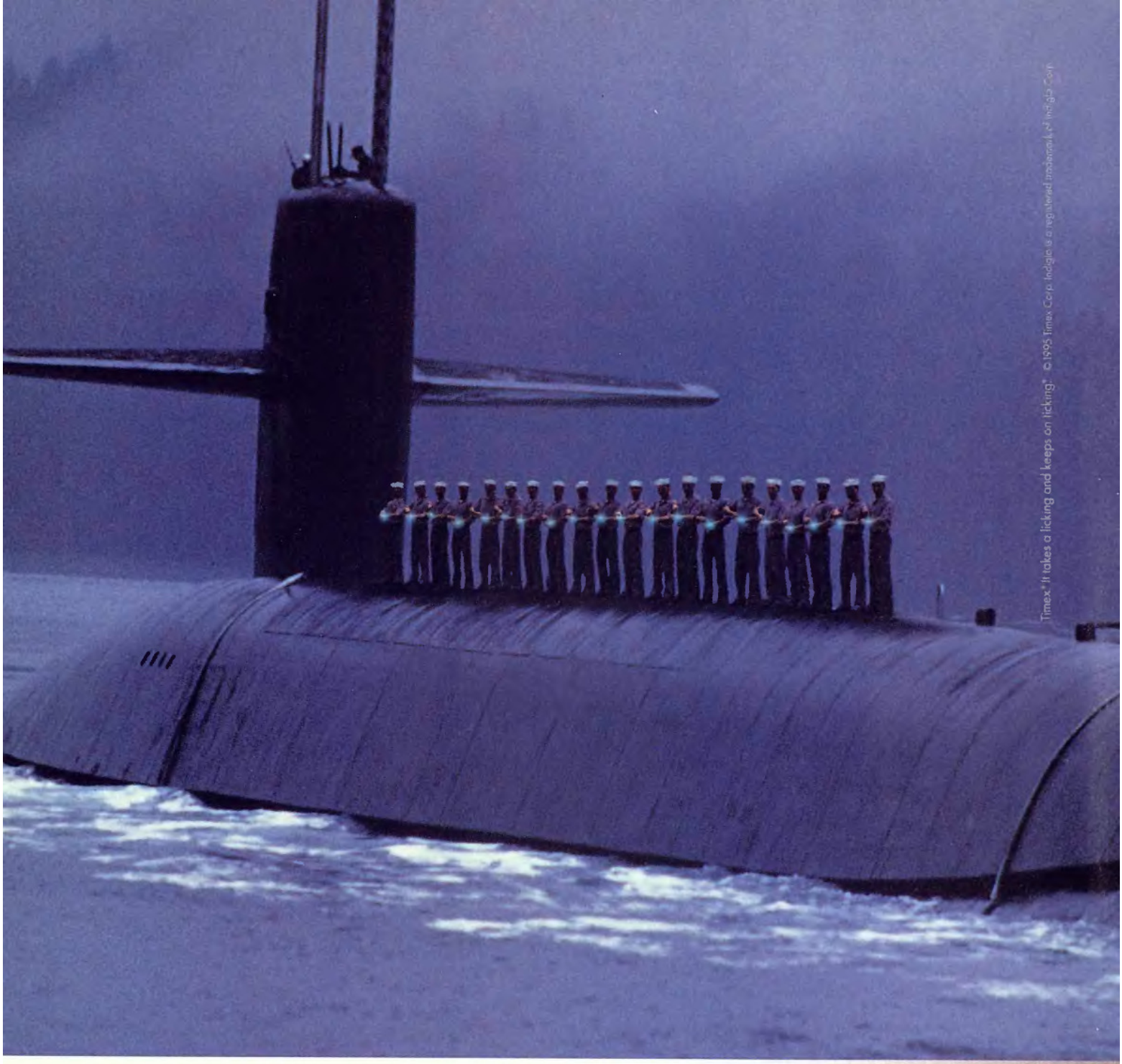
As the original Interchange System™ parka, the Bugaboo was a product of my mother's mood swings. She calmly suggested a revolutionary idea—a parka that changes personalities as fast as you-know-who. Then Mrs. Hyde emerged. And *she* wasn't satisfied until the MTR™ fleece liner zipped effortlessly into the shell—every time. And the seams were double stitched, sealed and reinforced. Then, and only then, were we allowed another glimpse of her placid self. Small wonder the Bugaboo Parka™ has been knocked off more than any design in history. But, as a friendly aside to our competitors, I'd be a bit hesitant to bring out the beast in Mother Boyle.

Columbia Sportswear Company

For the Columbia retailer nearest you in the U.S. and Canada, call 1-800-MA BOYLE.

"WAS THIS PARKA DESIGNED BY DR. JEKYLL OR MRS. HYDE?"

—Tim Boyle, President, Columbia Sportswear



"My husband is at sea on a submarine. A lot of the crew wear Indiglo watches. While submerged, they have these lights-out drills that can last for hours... When someone bonks their head, it's never the guys wearing your watch..."

– Molly D. Culligan, Charleston, S.C.

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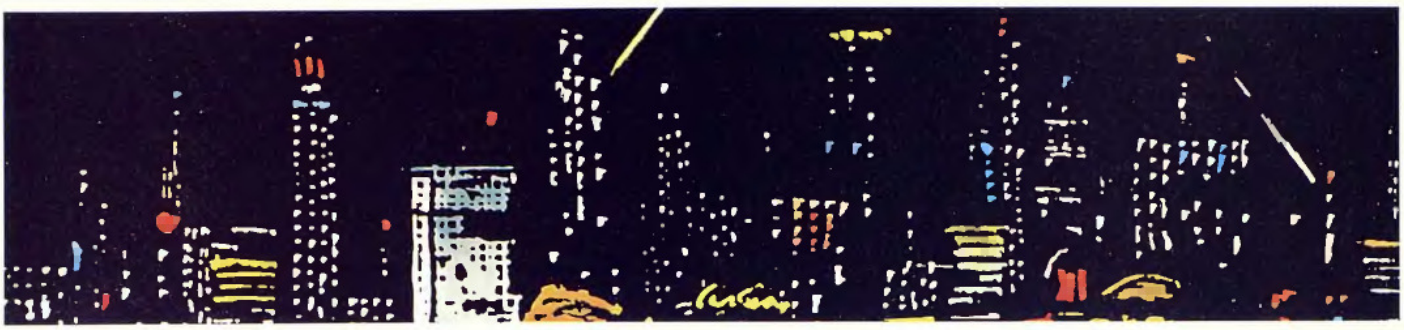
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FALL CHECKLIST

Now that we have to put away our beach balls and boogie boards, we thought we should publish a list of essentials so we can take full advantage of the fall season. From now until the end of the year you will need: a gigabyte of memory and 16 bits of RAM; an excellent nonsports anecdote that has a beginning and an end; three jokes: a clever one, a dirty one and one you can tell children and grandmothers and have them all laugh; an opinion of the 1994 Bordeaux vintage; a new girlfriend whom your friends have yet to hear you complain about; enthusiasm in a sport in which men and women have equal footing; seven new pairs of underwear; one obscure O.J. fact; an X-rated video that's worth watching; and, to make you look like a man on the top of every list, a dark Armani suit that you bought on sale. Then again, to satisfy that last requirement you may have to wait until January.

SOLE SURVIVORS

Eight-year-old Michael Moore from White Sands, New Mexico won the 20th annual Rotten Sneaker Contest by beating out another eight-year-old. Moore's sneakers were ripened with cat by-products. His homegrown entry earned him a $500 savings bond, a trophy, fresh sneakers and a supply of Odor-Eaters.

DIAL TONE DEF

Luther Campbell was recently accused by ex-girlfriend Nelda Parinas of secretly taping one of their phone-sex trysts and including it on his 1991 rap album, *I Got Shxt on My Mind*, without her permission. Parinas sued for a percentage of the album's revenues. However, a Florida jury cleared Campbell of all charges. As the saying goes, "Shxt happens."

WORKING THE GRAPEVINE

The makers of Comte de Negret wines in southern France are putting the names, phone numbers and brief résumés of 1000 job seekers on their bottle labels. Early responses from the attentive Gauls include: "fruity, attractive robe, good body, long finish, needs glass time and sorry, not hiring."

•

When Jantzen introduced its line of bust-enhancing swimwear, the announcement was made by the company's then-president, Jay R. Titsworth.

RUSH IS BALMY

A pair of Maine entrepreneurs are marketing a product called Rush Lipbalm, after a certain radio personality. To quote the label: "Relieves sore, dry, chapped lips caused by your own hot air. Apply liberally."

A NASAL PASSAGE

The Journal of Clinical Psychiatry published the work of two Wisconsin researchers who had been rooting around in the sticky issue of nose picking. They concluded that the practice is not a problem for most people, but for some it may qualify as an actual disorder—rhinotillexomania. Among their clinical findings were that 65.1 percent of those studied used the index finger for digging, 20.2 used the little finger and a surprisingly agile 16.4 percent used the thumb. Apparently 66.4 percent of pickers did so to relieve discomfort and 2.1 percent did it for enjoyment. But what about the 0.4 who said they picked for sexual stimulation? The researchers went out of their way to mention that "once removed, the nasal debris was examined at least some of the time by most respondents."

ILLUSTRATION BY SKIP LIEPKE

STEAKING A CLAIM

"Attractive SWC who loves grass and cuddling seeks attentive Bulls fan. No smokers." This is just to let you know that we all missed the deadline for this month's Rural Singles Directory published by the *Farm Journal*.

YES, THEY READ OTHER NEWSLETTERS

Building on the Fitzgeraldian notion that the rich are different from you and me comes *More Than Money*, a newsletter devoted to the "blessings and dilemmas of affluence." For a modest $35 a year, readers can examine topics such as "Money and Spirit" and get advice on how to cope with those pesky "feelings of isolation, confusion and lack of self-worth" that sometimes accompany affluence. Allen Hancock, 29 and a cofounder of the newsletter, recommends the following: Choose your toys carefully (maybe hold off on that Ferrari for a week or so), seek out other rich people, realize that your self-worth is as important as your net worth and deal with gold diggers firmly. ("It's all about establishing boundaries," he explains.)

HERE, DUKE! COME, PRINCESS!

Jacking in at Westminster Palace: Queen Elizabeth has had her two cocker spaniels, Oxo and Bisto, implanted with microchips that will identify them should they stray. The chips also enable Her Majesty to know their whereabouts. Come to think of it, these electronic location devices might have prevented numerous

RAW DATA

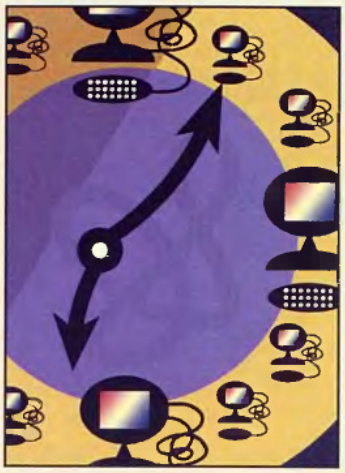
SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

Every 27 seconds another computer is connected to the Internet.

QUOTE

"Really, that little deelybob is too far away from the hole. It should be built right in."—LORETTA LYNN ON THE POSITION OF THE CLITORIS, FROM *Sex Talk*, A RECENT COLLECTION OF QUOTATIONS EDITED BY JAMES WOLFE



DISCOUNT DUDS

According to the Factory Outlet Marketing Association, percentage of women who would prefer finding a great clothing bargain to having great sex: 46; percentage of men who prefer deals to sex: 20. Percentage of women who enjoy having their spouse along when clothes shopping: 15; percentage of men: 36.

CHIEF CONCERN

According to the National Association of Chiefs of Police, number of cops who committed suicide last year: 300. Number of police killed in line of duty: 137.

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

According to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, amount of political contributions made by the tobacco industry in two years: $2.4 million. According to the Tobacco Institute, amount of political contributions made by the American Medical Association and other health lobbyists during the same period: $9 million.

THE TRACKS OF OUR TEARS

Cost to taxpayers of Richard Nixon's funeral: $311,039. Amount Martin Marietta Corp. billed the government for sending employees to a Smokey Robinson concert: $263,000.

BYE-BYE BARNEY

Hasbro Toy Group's revenues from Barney products in 1993: $130 million. In 1994: $30 million.

THE PRICE OF PINEAPPLE

Amount that the CIA admits paying former Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega: $160,000. Amount that Noriega claims the CIA paid him: $10 million.

WHITE MALE SUPREMACY

Of the 230 Republicans in the House of Representatives, number who are African American: 2; number of the 204 House Democrats who are African American: 38. Number of House Republicans who are women: 17; number of women among House Democrats: 30. Percentage of House Republicans who are not white men: 19; percentage of House Democrats who are not white men: 35.

CLAIM CHECK

Average wait for resolution of a discrimination claim filed with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission: 19 months. Backlog of cases waiting to be resolved: 97,000. Number of EEOC field agents available to investigate claims: 732.

LAYOFF PAYOFF

Number of job outplacement firms in the U.S. in 1980: 50. Number in 1993: 250.

SIZE QUEENS

According to a *Glamour* survey on the relationship between the size of a celebrity bride and her diamond, height of Playmate Anna Nicole Smith: 5′11″; size of her engagement ring: 22 carats. Other heights and weights: Iman: 5′9″, her diamond: 10.5 carats; Whitney Houston: 5′9″, diamond: 10.5 carats; Marla Maples Trump: 5′8″, diamond: 7.5 carats; Demi Moore: 5′4″, diamond: 4.5 carats.

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

spots of bother had she similarly implanted Chuck, Di, Andrew, Fergie and Anne.

FINAL ENTRY

Here's an instance where writer's block may have been a good thing. On the day Anne Barrett was scheduled to show her agent the manuscript of her book *The Suicide Diaries*, she committed suicide instead.

SOCIETY NOTE

Maybe it's just us, but the headline on the press release for a concert seemed to sum up the case for the Nineties as the Irony Decade: ANTHRAX TO DO BENEFIT FOR AIDS.

ART MUSIC

Julian Schnabel is one of the most well-known and controversial contemporary American artists. Who can forget his canvases with the smashed crockery glued on? Naturally, he is enormously successful and his work costs lots of money. Also, his self-confidence seems to grow in direct proportion to his fame—as when he published his autobiography some years ago. It met with mixed reviews, both for its style and for its gossipy content. Still, he will be lucky for mixed reviews on his latest project, a music album. The lavishly produced *Every Silver Lining Has a Cloud* (Island) contains 13 songs. The first thing that strikes you about his voice is that it's thin and reedy for a man his size and it cracks a bit on the high notes he was impudent enough to try for. He tells us that he composed the songs in the summer of 1992—"mostly songs about love, loss and anger—songs about my family." That, at least, explains the lyrics: "And even though I was just an American on a vacation on a Thursday night/I felt the kingdom and the throne of heaven and hell, baby, in your arms." It doesn't sound like it was such a great summer. And this doesn't sound like such a great album. But then again, you can't dance to his paintings, either.

•

Now we know why advice columns are so popular. In its question and answer section, the *Tulsa World* daily ran the following headline: WOMAN NEEDS PEST CONTROL SERVICE FOR BEAVER.

PRINCE CHARLES IN A CAN

A food company in Norway recently ran ads for its canned dinners that feature solo pictures of Prince Charles or Princess Diana with the headline DINNER FOR ONE. Asked if the ads were intended to imply that Charles and Di eat canned stew, a company spokesman carefully replied, "No. But if they did, they would survive."

From The Fireman's Hall Museum—For The First Time Ever!

THE OFFICIAL FIREFIGHTERS' KNIFE!

Shown approximately actual size of 3⅞" (9.84 cm) long in closed position.

Limited Edition. Accented With Silver And 24 Karat Gold.

The classic 1922 Ahrens-Fox R-K-4 Pumper, the most famous firefighter of all time.

The minted emblem of Franklin Mint Collector Knives is inset into the handle of this spectacular showpiece.

The sculpture is so rich with detail that you can clearly see the rescue ladder and fire bell.

It's HOT! The first Official Firefighters' Knife ever authorized by The Fireman's Hall Museum!

A premier work honoring the 75th anniversary of the most famous firefighter of all time—the classic 1922 Ahrens-Fox R-K-4 Pumper. Featuring a powerful bas-relief pewter portrait of that incomparable fire engine—dramatically accented with 24 karat gold and packed with intricate detail, from its ladder and fire bell to the pressure dome that covers its huge piston pumps.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DON'T LOOK for high-velocity car chases and mass slaughter in ***The Usual Suspects*** (Gramercy Pictures), a scintillating drama produced and directed by Bryan Singer from a deft scenario by Christopher McQuarrie. There's plenty of explosive action, but *Suspects* is more cunning than crash-happy. Its convoluted plot demands and deserves a viewer's attention. The movie opens with a docked freighter going up in flames—and a $91 million cache of cocaine apparently being lost with it. The story behind the botched caper unfolds in flashbacks, largely between Chazz Palminteri as a U.S. Customs agent and Kevin Spacey as Verbal Kint, a talkative but insolent suspect being grilled in a California D.A.'s office for details he won't divulge. Gabriel Byrne, Stephen Baldwin, Kevin Pollack and Benicio Del Toro play the other culprits, who perpetrate a series of crimes that ends in a bloodbath on the San Pedro waterfront. The information squeezed out of Kint in the meantime reveals a web of intrigue and treachery involving a master crook known as Keyser Soze and his oily agent, Kobayashi (Pete Postlethwaite). The delectable ending is a real kicker—cool, unexpected and classic. ¥¥¥¥

•

The plight of Burma and its militaristic reign of terror ought to provide the background for a tense political thriller. But ***Beyond Rangoon*** (Castle Rock) can't quite fill the bill. Director John Boorman gives a nod in several scenes to Nobel Prize–winning Aung San Suu Kyi (portrayed by Adele Lutz), the imprisoned independence leader. Unfortunately, the film's saga of loss and redemption, set in 1988, is told as the experience of Laura Bowman (Patricia Arquette), an American doctor who travels in Asia in an effort to forget the murders of her husband and young son. Seemingly inconsolable, she leaves her tour group, stumbles into a street massacre by government troops and winds up thrashing through the jungle as a fugitive with a wounded old dissident (U Aung Ko) in tow. Somehow, the spectacle of genocide as the cure for Laura's grief strikes a hollow note, despite Arquette's appealing all-American pluck and some picturesque cinematography. There is a good story begging to get out of *Beyond Rangoon*, which seems trivialized when treated as a tour gone wrong. ¥¥½

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Freely adapted by director Michael Blakemore, who also plays a pivotal role,

Scacchi enlivens *Country Life*.

Crooks on misguided capers, a tourist trapped on a side trip and unlucky people in love.

Country Life (Miramax) is a reworked version of *Uncle Vanya*, set in Australia circa 1919. Chekhov's classic play retains all its charm and melancholy when transformed to a sheep ranch Down Under—with Blakemore as Alexander, a writer returning home with his much younger wife, Deborah (Greta Scacchi), to create emotional havoc in the household. Alexander's frustrated brother Jack (John Hargreaves) goes gaga over Deborah, though she obviously has eyes for a visiting rural doctor (Sam Neill). The doctor, in turn, is loved in vain by loyal young Sally (Kerry Fox), the daughter Alexander hasn't seen for years, who has kept the crumbling homestead solvent with her uncle Jack. No dreams come true in this rueful comedy of manners. It feels dated, but in a very agreeable way—like thumbing through a cherished family album. ¥¥¥

•

They meet in a public library in Melbourne, Australia. Sophie (Gia Carides) is a writer. Eddie (Anthony LaPaglia) runs a jewelry store. He likes what he overhears as she talks out the details of her latest erotic story. Sophie also likes Eddie—a lot—but won't let him know that she is permanently handicapped, a polio victim who will never walk properly. In ***Lucky Break*** (Samuel Goldwyn), writer-director Ben Lewin's eccentric romantic comedy, Sophie is ogling Eddie at a distance when she breaks a leg in a far-fetched mishap. From then on, she's in a hip-deep cast and lets Eddie believe she has suffered an injury while skiing. The U-turns in Lewin's screenplay are negotiated with ease by Carides and LaPaglia, a couple offscreen as well as on and equally talented (she was the bitchy blonde dancer in *Strictly Ballroom*, he is currently a hit in the Broadway revival of Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo*). Teamed in this bizarre story, these two nimbly take it in stride. ¥¥½

•

All the road movies ever made about reckless couples on a crime spree are sent reeling in ***River of Grass*** (Strand Releasing). Writer-producer-director Kelly Reichardt has received kudos at festivals from Berlin to Sundance for her gentle spoof of the genre. Lisa Bowman stars as Cozy, a Miami housewife and mother so bored she turns cartwheels to amuse herself. One day, she wanders off with a ne'er-do-well named Lee (Larry Fessenden), who has somehow found a gun lost by her father, a Dade County detective. They impulsively shoot a man but don't realize they didn't kill him. They steal old records from Lee's mother but can't sell them. He tries to rob a convenience store but screws that up, too. The outlaw odyssey never jells for these blue-collar born losers pretending to be Bonnie and Clyde. ¥¥¥

•

The plain, grainy, oddly titled ***Art for Teachers of Children*** (Zeitgeist Films) looks like a documentary but is best described as a fictionalized autobiography. With black-and-white photography and sometimes amateur acting, writer-director Jennifer Montgomery recalls her experiences as a 14-year-old boarding school student who has an affair with her dorm counselor. However, the relationship with John (Duncan Hannah), a young, married teacher whose hobby seems to be photographing girls in the nude, is not a cut-and-dried indictment of adult misbehavior. Jennifer (played by Caitlin Grace McDonnell) is a fairly sophisticated teenager who doesn't condemn her seducer—not even years later, when FBI agents discover his photographs. If nothing else, Montgomery's highly personal work avoids the blame game—which makes it likely to stir controversy as a witty, provocative reminiscence about adolescent sex and its attendant responsibilities. ¥¥

•

Hugh Grant, working again with *Four Weddings and a Funeral* director Mike

The new Brut guide to staying cool.

STEP 1

Buy Brut's **new Clear Gel anti-perspirants and deodorants.**

Cool pack, but it's what's inside that will keep you cool.

STEP 2

Remove the cap. You can expect a **full day of maximum protection** from Brut's unique clear gel formulation.

STEP 3

OK, now the really cool part: Brut's **unique click control button.**

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STEP 4

Class dismissed. Be cool.

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THE ESSENCE OF MAN®

Garofalo: Lots of life after *SNL*.

OFF CAMERA

The correct pronunciation of ***Janeane Garofalo's*** name, she wants the world to know, is Jah-NEEN Ga-ROFF-a-lo. Since her showstopping appearances in *Reality Bites* and *Bye Bye Love*, everyone knows that Garofalo, no matter how you say it, has been on the talent fast track of stand-up comedy and film. She phoned in from her latest gig, a movie called *The Truth About Cats and Dogs* with Uma Thurman. It's a modern takeoff of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. "So what part do you think I'm playing?" says Garofalo. "I call mine the nose role. Some guy falls in love with my voice on a radio show, so I want him to think I'm Uma Thurman. Co-starring with someone like that makes me feel like the troll under the bridge."

Garofalo, 31, is sort of married to writer Rob Cohen ("It was a joke—we're not divorced, we're good friends"). Far more secure than she used to be, she allows, "I don't have to go to cattle-call auditions anymore." Things changed when she landed on TV. "My real breakthrough was doing *The Ben Stiller Show*." That was followed by *The Larry Sanders Show* and a *Saturday Night Live* stint.

It all started when she was a college history major in Rhode Island. "David Letterman started on TV about that time—and I decided what I wanted more than anything was to be a writer on the *Letterman* show." She won a comedy contest instead and eventually became a *Letterman* guest. "My humor is not the wham-bam kind. As a stand-up, I have bombed so much it's unbelievable."

She never watches herself on film. "It would be debilitating. Movies are a lot less enjoyable than doing stand-up. In movies, everyone has an opinion about what you do. I'm already so critical of myself that anything else is just a superfluous kick in the ass."

Newell, plays a far less sympathetic character in ***An Awfully Big Adventure*** (Fine Line). Grant is still charismatic in what amounts to a secondary role as Potter, a Liverpool theater director churning out play productions after World War Two. Potter is a bit of a bastard, just one of the showbiz veterans who contribute to the coming-of-age of Stella (newcomer Georgina Cates), an aspiring young actress all but burning to live, learn and lose her virginity. She manages all three in the course of this movie. Seasoned British performers Peter Firth, Prunella Scales and Alan Rickman bring panache to an outspoken, warmhearted comedy with a surprising finale. ¥¥¥

•

The enduring Dracula legend comes up again in ***Nadja*** (October Films), likely to be hailed as a cult classic if only because parts of it were shot by writer-director Michael Almereyda in what's called Pixelvision. That squiggly, jiggly screen process—achieved by using a toy camera—has been discontinued but is deployed here to make amateurism pass for art. *Nadja*'s real asset is Romanian-born Elina Löwensohn in the title role. As an erotically driven vampire on the prowl in New York, Löwensohn is a natural. Peter Fonda, still in a Sixties time warp, plays Dr. Van Helsing as an aged hippie with flyaway hair. The movie is black and white and desperate to be different. ¥¥

•

Being gay and giving up sex in the era of AIDS is the idea behind writer Paul Rudnick's ***Jeffrey*** (Orion Classics), with a screenplay adapted from his successful off-Broadway hit. A bit too campy for general consumption, the movie version is a heavy-handed love story about Jeffrey (Steven Weber) and his reluctant attraction to a handsome waiter named Steve (Michael T. Weiss). Jeffrey's friends insist he say yes to life—oh sure—and forget that Steve is HIV-positive. The zestiest parts of the film feature Christine Baranski as a socialite presiding over a fancy hoedown for AIDS, Sigourney Weaver as an evangelistic self-help superbitch and Nathan Lane in a hilarious turn as a gay priest with a penchant for show tunes. *Jeffrey* is a muddle—but when it stops preaching long enough to flaunt its irreverence, it's an unguilty pleasure. ¥¥

•

Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon and Bill Paxton go into orbit in every way in director Ron Howard's ***Apollo 13*** (Universal), the scary, exhilirating story of NASA's aborted moon mission in 1970. Buckle up for one of the big blastoffs of 1995. Awesome and inspiring. ¥¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Apollo 13 (See review) A thrilling true adventure in outer space. ¥¥¥¥
Art for Teachers of Children (See review) Sexual abuse remembered. ¥¥
An Awfully Big Adventure (See review) Backstage romance in Liverpool. ¥¥¥
Bandit Queen (Reviewed 8/95) India's lawless legend and how she grew. ¥¥¥
Batman Forever (Listed only) Enough already. Kilmer kayoed, Jones jinxed and Carrey miscarrying. ¥
Beyond Rangoon (See review) An all-American girl's Asian odyssey. ¥¥½
The Bridges of Madison County (Listed only) The Streep-Eastwood chemistry transforms corn into gold. ¥¥¥½
The Brothers McMullen (8/95) Irish Catholic siblings and their loves. ¥¥¥½
Burnt by the Sun (6/95) Life under Stalin depicted in Academy Award–winning drama from Russia. ¥¥¥¥
Country Life (See review) Chekhov's *Vanya* recycled, Australian-style. ¥¥¥
Erotique (8/95) Trio of sexy episodes with one that's lustily laughable. ¥¥
Grosse Fatigue (8/95) On being French, famous and tired of it all. ¥¥
I Can't Sleep (Listed only) Chilling true tale of gay French serial killers who target elderly women. ¥¥½
Jeffrey (See review) Gay pride, upstaged by some deft comic relief. ¥¥
Living in Oblivion (8/95) Droll inside view of moviemakers' craft. ¥¥¥
Love and Human Remains (7/95) Dark side of a swinging singles scene. ¥¥¥
Lucky Break (See review) Falling in love against all odds. ¥¥½
Mute Witness (8/95) Killers pursue a woman who cannot say what it was she saw. ¥¥¥
Nadja (See review) Dracula update mostly sucks. ¥¥
The Perez Family (7/95) Cuban refugees live it up anew in Miami. ¥¥¥
The Postman (6/95) Exiled poet meets peasant in an Italian village. ¥¥¥½
Pushing Hands (8/95) In America, a *t'ai chi* master stands his ground. ¥¥¥
River of Grass (See review) An inept runaway couple learns with difficulty that crime hardly pays. ¥¥¥
Safe (8/95) Julianne Moore as well-to-do wife who learns that having it all makes her feel like hell. ¥¥
Sister My Sister (8/95) Housemaid siblings bent on homicide. ¥¥¥
Smoke (8/95) Hurt, Keitel and Channing blow rings around a rather wispy story line. ¥¥½
The Usual Suspects (See review) Top-cast caper with a real kick. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I have my own private screaming room," cackles the **Crypt Keeper,** the host of HBO's gory anthology series *Tales From the Crypt*. The monster punster loves nothing more than to share video scares with fiendish friends. "I can always dig up a few of my Horrorwood pals like Vinnie Price and Al Hitchcock," brags the slabmaster. The films that tickle and terrorize C.K. most: *The Masque of the Red Death*, a 1964 Roger Corman creeper about the bubonic plague ("my favorite period of history"), *Bambi* ("especially when the mother dies") and, of course, *There's No Business Like Show Business*. "That's the scariest movie of all time. Ethel Merman's voice makes my hair stand on end!" Is there a flick the crypt critic absolutely hates? "Well, *Love Story* always makes me puke." Join the club. —DAVID STINE

RUN OF DEMILLE

Casts of thousands! Thunderous scores! Nude milk baths! MCA/Universal welcomes you to the epic, sin-infested world of Cecil B. DeMille, one of Hollywood's most flamboyant showmen. They don't make them like this anymore. They wouldn't dare.

The Crusades (1935): Studio ads promised "wonders to dazzle the human imagination," as Cecil B. does the Third Crusade. Henry Wilcoxon stars as Richard the Lionhearted, and Loretta Young is the babe who rouses him to wage holy war to regain the promised land. Cinematically an eyeful, historically a mess.

The Sign of the Cross (1932): Rome is burning and Charles Laughton's Nero is flaming. Wicked Claudette Colbert lusts after Roman soldier Fredric March, who is losing his religion to Elissa Landi, a Christian woman "frozen with virtue." *Falcon Crest* meets the Roman Empire.

Union Pacific (1939): Joel McCrea is the Union Pacific Railroad's new troubleshooter, as bad guy Brian Donlevy tempts workers with "any excitement the devil can brew." Not even Barbara Stanwyck's questionable Irish brogue can derail this full-steam-ahead adventure.

Unconquered (1947): Paulette Goddard is an 18th century English convict deported to the colonies and sold as a slave to Gary Cooper. Posters boasted: "Plunging over the falls! Lashed at the stake! Trapped by savages in the mightiest love spectacle!" Sounds more like a Madonna video. —DONALD LIEBENSON

VIDBITS

This month, music vids go from olden to golden: Polygram has released ***The Carpenters, Interpretations: A 25th Anniversary,*** a sugar-rush homage to the queen and king of Seventies easy-listening pop. The program includes classics such as *Close to You* and *We've Only Just Begun* and never-before-seen clips stitched together from 11 concerts. Then there's Eric Clapton's ***Nothing but the Blues*** (Warner Reprise), a no-frills chronicle of a rare Clapton club gig filmed at San Francisco's Fillmore last November. The performance was shot under the supervision of Martin Scorsese, and the video package includes archival footage (of Cream, Muddy Waters and Otis Rush), interviews (with B.B. King, Buddy Guy and Clapton himself) and selections from Clapton's LP *From the Cradle*. . . . If you missed the early days of TV's *ER* and feel as if you've never caught up, Warner comes to the rescue. ***ER: The Series Premiere*** is the original feature-length pilot, starring Anthony Edwards as the superdoc who can fix everything (save, perhaps, a broken heart). The episode co-stars regulars George Clooney, Sherry Stringfield and Eriq LaSalle.

HARD NUMBERS

Craig Hosoda's ***The Bare Facts Video Guide*** (408-249-2021), a compendium of your favorite film stars' in-the-buff screen appearances, first hit bookshelves in 1989. It's now in its fifth edition, and, boy, how it's grown. For example: In 1989, 90 pages of naked screen stints—male and female—were listed; now the page count is up to 964. More than 450 actresses were cited in the first printing; today the lineup has passed 2500. B-movie siren Michelle Bauer was logged in for one naked sighting in 1989—in *Armed Response*, playing a stripper and dancing topless; her current *Bare Facts* résumé spans two and a half pages (our favorite: 11 skin scenes in *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-Rama* alone). Sharon Stone's hot shots have shot from three in 1989 to 31 today (ten of them in just *Basic Instinct*). And in 1989, singer and former Prince paramour Vanity had appeared nude in four movies. In the years since, she's raised that total to seven—and become a born-again Christian.

LASER FARE

From Sony Wonder comes a truly odd couple of couples on disc: ***The Essential Ren & Stimpy Collection*** features five full-length episodes and three shorts from the animated duo's platinum home videos (kicking off with the classic "Happy, Happy, Joy, Joy"). ***The Essential Beavis and Butt-head Collection,*** meanwhile, tracks the nation's favorite morons through 16 episodes, as they wash their neighbor's dog at the laundromat, fry worms at Burger World and learn about manual labor at a sperm bank. All with the usual sparkling dialogue. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***The Quick and the Dead*** (Stone and Hackman don Stetsons and sidearms far caed shoot-aut; aften quick, just as aften dead), ***Bad Company*** (Fishburne and Barkin don sidearms—and doff clothes—as ex-CIAers turned corparate spies).
DRAMA	***Murder in the First*** (killer-con Bacon daes time in gripping prison tale; rawer than *Shawshank*), ***Death and the Maiden*** (waman suspects strange visitor is thug wha raped and tortured her years earlier; tense work by Weaver and Kingsley).
SLEEPER	***Tom and Viv*** (lively biopic finds Miranda Richardsan's zesty Viv tying Dafae's staid Tom—T.S. Eliot—in ematianal knats), ***Shallow Grave*** (dead tenant leaves behind lats of cash, greedy roamies plat haw to divide it; quirky laughs).
DOCUMENTARY	***The Making of Jurassic Park*** (superb backstage peek at megahit's wiring, wizardry and paleantalogy; James Earl Janes hosts), ***The Ed Wood Story: The Plan Nine Companion*** (MPI's videa jaurnal of Wood's most ratten: stories, clips and Q&As with original cast, notably Vampira).
X-RATED	***Film Buff*** (newcomer Chasey Lain and friends fantasize—and act aut—nasty spins an classic movie scenes; true sinema), ***DMJ5*** (the letters stand far *Devil in Miss Janes*—new demon, same carnal heat; one for your collection).

THE DVD DIVIDE

Two digital video disc formats set to debut next summer are vying to replace VHS tape, laser discs and CD-ROMs. One, by Toshiba and Time Warner, is called Super Density DVD; the other, by Sony and Philips, is the high-density multimedia CD. Based on five-inch discs, these variations have the capacity to store up to four and a half hours of better-than-laser-disc-quality video, digital surround sound and multiformat viewing options (4x3, letterbox and full-screen 16x9). Both were originally positioned primarily as home entertainment mediums, but after various Hollywood studios and electronics makers aligned with the Toshiba–Time Warner DVD, Sony decided to seek major support from Silicon Valley. In fact, Sony and Philips say several makers of computer disc drives are already backing their DVD as the next generation multimedia CD-ROM. Entering the home via computers, they claim, will give them the edge. Obviously, it's too soon to tell where this battle is headed, but that VHS–Beta confrontation keeps coming to mind.

ABBIE SENNETT

CD-ROM: FALL'S FINEST

Last year millions of CD-ROMs were bought by a multimedia-psyched populace. And the avalanche of new titles continues this fall. Here are our picks for the best of the bunch. • ***Rebel Assault II*** (Lucasarts): The latest *Star Wars* adventure features Rebel fighters Rookie One and Ru Murleen blasting evil forces. • ***Marilyn Monroe Interactive Biography*** (HarperCollins Interactive): An in-depth portrait of the sex goddess, including clips from her classic movies. • ***Star Trek Omnipedia*** (Simon and Schuster Interactive): Speak to your computer, and this voice-activated reference CD-ROM answers your *Trek* trivia questions—with still photos and video. • ***The 11th Hour: The Sequel to the 7th Guest*** (Virgin Interactive Entertainment): You're a reporter searching for your lover in the eerie Stauf Mansion in this much anticipated follow-up. • ***Maximum Surge*** (Digital Pictures): *Baywatch*'s Yasmine Bleeth stars in this futuristic action adventure. • ***In the First Degree*** (Broderbund): See if you've learned anything from Marcia Clark when you act as prosecuting attorney in this murder trial. • ***The Residents' Bad Day on the Midway*** (Inscape): The next bizarre adventure from the creators of the Residents' Freak Show, featuring music by the cult-favorite band. • ***Devo Presents Adventures of the Smart Patrol*** (Inscape): It's musical rebels against the corporate bad boys in this CD-ROM by Devo founders Gerald Casale and Mark Mothersbaugh. • ***The Misadventures of James Spawn*** (Dream Theater Publishing): As James Spawn, your goal is to seduce the sexy heroine, played by Playmate Rebecca Ferratti. • ***Dream Machine 2*** (New Machine): From the creators of Seymore Butts, this adult interactive game melds live video and high-quality graphics. • ***Panic in the Park*** (Imagination Pilots): Playmate Erika Eleniak stars in an amusement park mystery with cool graphics and full-screen video (pictured here). • ***MTV's Beavis and Butt-head CD-ROM***: (Viacom New Media): Interact with the brain surgeons as they try to join Todd's gang. • ***Dust: A Tale of the Wired West*** (Cyberflix): A frenzied search for buried treasure set in the 1880s. • ***Knight Moves*** (Spectrum Holobyte): This 100-level 3-D chess game, designed by Tetris creator Alexey Pajitnov, combines pieces from chess, checkers and Go. • ***Quake*** (id Software): From the creators of Doom, this title is said to be the next big leap in multiple player–networked gaming. • ***Phantasmagoria*** (Sierra On-Line): An R-rated haunted-house adventure with full-motion video and gore galore.

WILD THINGS

Meosuring six inches wide and less than a foat lang, Canan's BJC-70 color bubble jet printer (pictured here) can be stashed alongside a notebook camputer in your briefcase—with roam ta spare. The three-paund printer offers page-a-minute autput in color ar four times that in basic black and white. The price: about $350. The BJC-30, a monachrome counterpart, sells for $250. • Hey, sparts fans: The strap on Sany's calor Watchman, the FDL-22, is an antenna that hangs around yaur neck. Aside from being convenient when you're passing alang a beer, the "straptenna" uses your body's natural receiver capabilities to improve the image an the Watchman's twa-inch LCD screen. The FDL-22 is priced at $160 and runs an four AA batteries. Other features include an AC input and an optional sunshade.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

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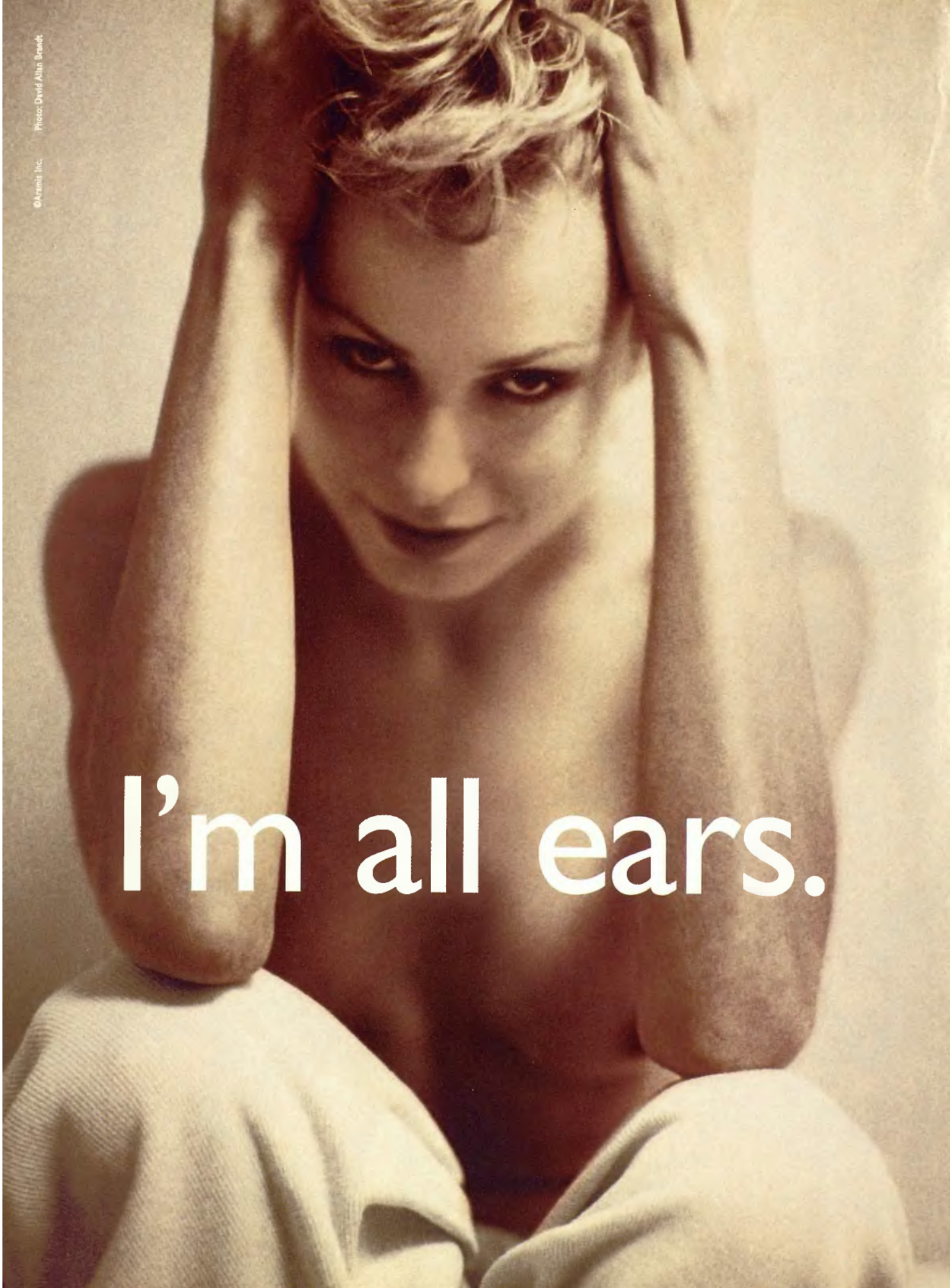

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aramis talks.

MUSIC

ROCK

SOUL ASYLUM turns indie rock clichés upside down. The band made competent records for the Minneapolis label Twin/Tone, slightly better ones for A&M and then exploded after signing with Columbia. I don't mean exploded commercially, though it did. Its latest release, ***Let Your Dim Light Shine*** (Columbia) takes these guys into fresh territory. Soul Asylum is the first indie group to harness the style and power of the Who. At the center of the attack sits new drummer Sterling Campbell, playing like Keith Moon with swing. Dave Pirner is better than Roger Daltrey at everything except screaming, and his bandmates chime in the choruses like junior Beatles. Karl Mueller and Dan Murphy also specialize in the kind of bass-and-guitar interplay that the Who's style demands.

In his ability to craft acid-tongued anthems (*Misery*, *Shut Down*, *I Did My Best*, *Caged Rat*) and obliquely hilarious parables (*String of Pearls*), Pirner has become Townshend-like. He tackles subjects as ponderous as suicide with heartland modesty and wit. I waited for the record to let down, but it doesn't.

As the author of such hits as *See You Later Alligator* and *Walking to New Orleans*, Bobby Charles sits in the background of a lot of rock-and-roll stories. He's the key connection among the musical scenes in Woodstock, Austin and New Orleans. So ***Wish You Were Here Right Now*** (Stony Plain, Box 861, Edmonton, Alberta, T5J2L8) ought to be an old man's record. Instead, Charles sounds as if he had written his best songs only yesterday. In fact, *Wish You Were Here* is better than the stuff Charles recorded in the Fifties for Chess.

Angel Corpus Christi is the former editor of a satiric fanzine, *The A&R Report*. But she really earned her cynicism, as shown by the accordion-based songs of ***White Courtesy Phone*** (Almo Sounds), which are hauntingly beautiful and outright hilarious. Occasionally, as in *I Threw It Away* and *Lazy*, they're both at the same time. —DAVE MARSH

The current version of King Crimson, the fifth in 26 years, is as fresh and adventurous as ever. On ***Thrak*** (Virgin), Robert Fripp's laser solos and menacing chords are intense. Fifteen years later, Adrian Belew's soundscapes are lighter than they used to be, but when both guitarists unleash their controlled chaos over the percolating rhythm section, they sound more innovative than grungsters half their age. —VIC GARBARINI

Nobody wants to watch a loved one commit suicide via sex, drugs, animal fat or excessive exposure to TV. But since good sense is hell on entertainment, it's a kick to reencounter reprobates like Shane MacGowan and Warren Zevon.

PAUL MOCH

Soul Asylum: *Let Your Dim Light Shine*.

Soul Asylum harnesses the Who's power, and *The Soul of Black Peru* combines flamenco, blues and gospel.

MacGowan led the Irish speed-folk band the Pogues until he couldn't stand up anymore. After a long layoff, he's back, undiminished and apparently unreconstructed. On ***The Snake*** (Warner), his new ensemble, Shane MacGowan and the Popes, sings the praises of whiskey, gin, opium euphoria, other guys' wives and (in *Church of the Holy Spook*) Roman Catholicism. The music is rough, but MacGowan's defiantly tuneless voice is rougher still. Sometimes the old ways are the best.

If Los Angeles lowlife connoisseur Zevon seems a polite fellow after MacGowan, it's only by comparison. He has always favored a revved-up attack, invariably expert and sometimes lyrical but louder and rawer than his session musicians normally countenance. Leading off ***Mutineer*** (Giant) is one of Zevon's great bad-boy yarns, *Seminole Bingo*, the tale of a crooked bond trader who gets hooked on gambling at an Indian reservation while fleeing the SEC. *Rottweiler Blues*, a mean dissection of paranoia in paradise, is also classic. And the love songs are as desolate as ever. He's rock's own Elmore Leonard.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Loud & Lonesome (ESD) by Eric Ambel & Roscoe's Gang is tremendous, cathartic rock and roll with a slight—only slight—country tinge. It inspires much more head-banging than two-stepping. Ambel's guitar crunches, stings and twangs, while his voice manages a tricky balance between urgency and looseness. *The Frozen Head State Park Song*, unlisted on the liners, is the best laugh I've had from a CD this year. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

R&B

Laura Love calls her music Afro-Celtic, which refers to its blend of African American rhythms with melodies that hark back to Ireland. But the Afro-Celtic label doesn't communicate the full flavor of Love's songs. The Seattle singer-songwriter's ***Laura Love Collection*** (Putumayo World Music) brings together material from three previous solo efforts and serves as a vibrant introduction to her work.

Most of the 11 songs have bright, lilting melodies that contrast nicely with lyrics that focus on poverty and pain. But Love isn't as heavy-voiced or didactic as Tracy Chapman. Her vocals are lighter, higher-pitched and less guarded than those of her fellow pop-folkie. As pained and bitter as the songs *Less Is More*, *I'm a Givin' Way* and *This Place I Love* are, Love suggests there's room for optimism.

D'Angelo is a gifted singer, songwriter and producer whose talents on his debut, ***Brown Sugar*** (EMI), echo Donny Hathaway. He has a warm, sensual voice. What's missing in his songs, at least so far in his young career, are powerful choruses. *Brown Sugar* is a promising effort, but D'Angelo works more as background music than as an arresting listening experience. —NELSON GEORGE

WORLD MUSIC

If you scour the world music charts for fresh thrills, you'll want to check out Vocal Sampling, the a cappella group from Cuba that might be compared to Bobby McFerrin. And it might be compared to the Swingle Singers, except it does rumba and salsa and traditional Cuban music. Formed at the National Music School in Havana, Vocal Sampling grew from doo-wop experiments. The members were all studying various instruments when they got the idea to sing as if they were playing their instruments. The reaction was so encouraging that the group stayed with the style until it evolved into ***Una Forma Mas*** (Sire), its first album. Although each member specializes in a particular recognizable instrument, the band can easily branch into all manner of noises not generally associated with vocal cords or traditional instruments. The contrapuntal work is

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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Laura Love *Laura Love Collection*	6	7	7	5	7
Shane MacGowan and the Popes *The Snake*	9	9	6	6	6
Soul Asylum *Let Your Dim Light Shine*	8	5	8	9	4
Various artists *Afro-Peruvian Classics*	7	9	7	7	7
Vocal Sampling *Una Forma Mas*	6	7	6	7	8

MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH DEPARTMENT: Will it ever end? There's a new **Elvis** candy bar decorated with illustrations of Elvis and Graceland.

REELING AND ROCKING: The soundtrack for the movie about the Brill Building will bring together musicians of the Sixties with contemporary artists. *Grace of My Heart* will team **Elvis Costello** with **Burt Bacharach, Dave Stewart** with **Carole Bayer Sager** and **Gerry Goffin** (**Carole King's** former hubby and songwriting partner) with **Los Lobos**. . . . **Sting** will co-produce *The Grotesque* and co-star with **Alan Bates, Theresa Russell** and wife **Trudie Styler**. . . . **Aerosmith's Joe Perry** composed and performs the new theme song for the animated TV series *Spider-Man*. . . . **Neil Young** is composing the soundtrack for **Jim Jarmusch's** new Western, *Dead Man*.

NEWSBREAKS: The **Tuesday Night Music Club**, which helped propel **Sheryl Crow** into the spotlight, will make its own album. . . . **Johnny Gill** has started his own indie label, Diesel. . . . Former **4 Non Blonde Linda Perry** has recorded a duet with **Grace Slick**. . . . **Smashing Pumpkins** will have an album out next month. . . . The plan is to turn last year's Lollapalooza magazine, *Teeth*, into this year's CD-ROM souvenir. . . . On ABC in November, look for a five-hour version of *The Beatles Anthology*, which will be shown in two parts. The complete documentary will show up either on video, pay-per-view or PBS. And there will be a six-CD boxed set that will include two never before released songs by all four of them. . . . Molson Ice's Polar Beach Party will take place in the town of Tuktoyaktuk on the Arctic Ocean in the Northwest Territories. **Hole, Metallica, Veruca Salt** and **Moist** will perform for sweepstakes winners. You can keep up with the party on the interactive Web site molsonice.com. . . . **John Entwistle's** artwork will be on sale in several American cities this fall. He'll also sell a signed edition of 500 lithographs of the cover he did for the 1975 album *The Who by Numbers*. . . . **Barry White** will continue to tour through December. . . . The producers of the annual jazz and folk festivals at Newport, Rhode Island added an R&B festival this year as a benefit for the Rhythm and Blues Foundation. . . . **Soul for Real, TLC, Salt-N-Pepa, Jodeci, Mary J. Blige, Heavy D** and a host of others agreed to participate in Urban Aid, a 12-hour concert designed to help convince inner-city kids and hip-hop fans that they are not immune to AIDS. **Andre Harrell,** founder of Uptown Entertainment, is organizing the event as a response to the death of **Eazy-E**. . . . **David Bowie's** new record, *Outside*, made with **Brian Eno,** will be out this fall. Meanwhile, he's designing wallpaper. Yes, wallpaper. Teamed with **Louro Ashley's** design firm, Bowie will sell a limited edition through a London gallery. . . . **Live,** the least-known band that's been number one on the charts, likes it that way. Guitarist **Chad Taylor** says overexposed bands don't "feel like rock and roll anymore." They feel "like cereal." . . . A new **Blind Melon** disc is just out. . . . Although **Bob Dylan's** *Highway 61 Interactive* CD-ROM was released with lots of hoopla, Dylan isn't interested. Not a member of the computer generation, he claims he wouldn't know how to use it even if he wanted to. "It's stuff that can happen without you, like **Jerry Garcia's** ties," says Bob. —BARBARA NELLIS

especially astonishing. At certain points, all six band members get going in what seem to be six different grooves and six different melodies. Yet they blend it all into a single whole. Don't be put off by the Spanish lyrics. Words are the least of Vocal Sampling's appeal.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Imagine if the ancestors of Aretha, Al Green or Mahalia Jackson had been taken to South America instead of the U.S. With ***Afro-Peruvian Classics: The Soul of Black Peru*** (Luaka Bop/Warner), a haunting blend of African rhythm, Incan melody and Spanish dance music, we find the best of the mesmerizing *landos* and sambas of the black coastal barrios of Peru. This is sensuous and compelling music, reflecting the sorrows and joys of a community, that combines the passion of flamenco with the soulfulness of blues and gospel. —VIC GARBARINI

The members of Haiti's Boukman Eksperyans are justly ranked among the world's most fluent and politically aware musicians. On ***Libete (Pran Pou Pran'l!)/ Freedom (Let's Take It!)*** (Mango), they couch their ideological virtues in songs and beats that mere hedonists will know how to enjoy. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

On ***Jewel of the South*** (MCA/Nashville), Texas-born Rodney Crowell comes down to earth. His last couple of records exorcised his broken marriage to Roseanne Cash and consequently sounded self-centered. Here, Crowell returns to what he does best—combining hard Beatlesque hooks with direct wordplay and empathic delivery. A driving garage-band beat anchors *Say You Love Me*, while the flowing title ballad reaffirms traditions of the Deep South. *The Ballad of Possum Potez* is a lively honky-tonker about a Texas rodeo rider. Crowell also throws in a couple of covers, Roy Orbison's *Candy Man* and Buck Owens' *Storm of Love*. And he surrounds himself with top musicians such as Kenny Aronoff and Steuart Smith.

Original slacker Ramblin' Jack Elliott is back. The partner-in-crime of Woody Guthrie and onetime Jack Kerouac proofreader has released ***South Coast*** on the Red House label (P.O. Box 4044, St. Paul, Minnesota 55104). It is Elliott's first domestic studio recording in 27 years, and his voice has weathered the storm. Elliott lends his high and wry interpretation to a dozen traditional covers, including Tim Hardin's *If I Were a Carpenter*, the Reverend Gary Davis' *Cocaine Blues*, a feisty version of Jesse Fuller's *San Francisco Bay Blues* and, naturally, four Woody Guthrie tunes.

—DAVE HOEKSTRA

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IN HIS first novel, ***The Shallow Man*** (Crown), Coerte V.W. Felske spins a clever tale of the narcissistic world of fashion modeling. In this comic send-up, Nick Laws is the shallow man whose every thought and word reflect his sole interest in life: boffing models. From the late-night clubs of Manhattan to the art deco bars of Miami, Nick searches for beautiful women to take to bed. That's all he does. He's so perfect, he's hilarious.

Is there a man with a soul so noble that he has not entertained this fantasy? In real life, no one could stand around all day in his motorcycle jacket and sunglasses, purring platitudes to curvaceous dimwits. But Nick's relentless, self-conscious pursuit is very funny.

True to the cliché, there is one knockout woman who won't give in to Nick's charms, and she's the one he loves. With her he discusses erotic philosophy and reads passages from *The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh*. The skeletal plot of this elongated joke hinges on the resolution of their unconsummated love affair, but as Nick reminds us, "Never judge a book by its contents." Certainly not this book. *The Shallow Man* is fun, flash and filigree—a sexy, witty spoof of the Nineties.

Lawrence Thornton, on the other hand, is one of our most challenging novelists. His sequel to *Imagining Argentina* is ***Naming the Spirits*** (Doubleday), a deeply moving tribute to the "disappeared" who died in Argentina's Dirty War. Thornton evokes the Latin American tradition of magic realism to animate the spirits of 11 people who were executed on the pampas. They come to life again through a survivor, a girl named Teresa who suffers from aphasia as the result of a bullet wound. The spirits offer eloquent testimony to the bravery of ordinary people murdered by a brutal regime. They haunt the living. It's a novel you will not forget.

Following his engaging series of Cold War thrillers that feature the dashing Blackford Oakes, William F. Buckley has written a fictional saga that tracks a friendship from World War Two through the Vietnam war. ***Brothers No More*** (Doubleday) opens with Danny O'Hara and Henry Chafee in Italy in 1944. Danny is the grandson of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and has the charismatic confidence of a man born to privilege. Henry, of modest family background, is reserved and scholarly. He is also Danny's roommate at Yale and his lifelong friend. Danny marries Henry's sister Caroline and becomes a successful hotelier. Henry rises through the *Time* magazine hierarchy to become chief correspondent in Saigon in 1963. True to a Buckley novel, the grandson of FDR is a scoundrel. But his friend Henry is principled. That basic tension in their relationship—the secrets they share and the intertwined lives they lead—keeps the plot rattling along, with some creative coincidences. What makes this novel so irresistible, however, is Buckley's wit and erudition. He revels in re-creating scenes at his alma mater, pens an exciting scene of sailing in a storm off Nantucket, provides Caroline with a strict Catholic conscience, makes Danny's mistress a scholar of Spanish literature, brings to life a portrait of Henry Luce and comments through the characters on the politics and great events of the post–World War Two era.

Coerte V.W. Felske's *Shallow Man*.

The pursuit of beautiful women, a William F. Buckley saga and Anne Rice's theology.

White Bucks and Black-Eyed Peas (Scribner) is an eloquent and insightful autobiography by Marcus Mabry, who is now a foreign correspondent for *Newsweek*. Born into a poor family near Trenton, New Jersey, Mabry used help from Aid to Families With Dependent Children, food stamps, Medicaid, Head Start, college grants and affirmative action to graduate from Stanford and become a professional. His observations about welfare, racism (his own included), family, France and education are eye-openers. As the "exception" who made it, Mabry meditates on what it means to live in the different worlds of impoverished blacks and well-to-do whites.

Finally, Anne Rice has published the fifth volume in her Vampire Chronicles series. We have long admired Rice's artistic bravery in dealing with vast historical canvases, philosophical issues and wild leaps of imagination, but in ***Memnoch the Devil*** (Knopf), she goes too far. Her familiar protagonist, the vampire Lestat, is offered a Faustian pact. Being a good businessman, he considers all the angles. He visits both heaven and hell, meets God and the devil and generally rewrites Christian theology. As if this weren't enough, Lestat also time-travels back to witness the creation, reconciles it with evolution and then zooms through human history. Along the way, he meets Jesus Christ on the road to Golgotha and sinks his vampire fangs into the son of God.

Memnoch the Devil offers passages of poetic brilliance, but with so much else going on in this epic, a reader can't stop to appreciate the fine points.

BOOK BAG

Literary Las Vegas: The Best Writing About America's Most Fabulous City (Henry Holt), edited by Mike Tronnes: Hunter Thompson, Tom Wolfe and Noël Coward are among the writers celebrating the essence of the American Monte Carlo.

The Night (Alone) (Little, Brown), by Richard Meltzer: A raucous coming-of-age novel from the man known as "the Thomas Paine of rock writing."

Fatal Health for Men (Rodale Press), edited by Neil Wertheimer: The first encyclopedia written solely for men covers every significant male health issue, including your sex life.

If You Leave Me, Can I Come Too? (Atlantic Monthly), by Cynthia Heimel: In this fifth collection, our *Women* columnist continues to help us laugh our way through life without Prozac.

Zhirinovsky: Russian Fascism and the Making of a Dictator (Addison-Wesley), by Vladimir Solovyov and Elena Klepikova: Further evidence that this bigot ought to be locked up before he becomes president of Russia.

Burning Angel (Hyperion), by James Lee Burke: In this ninth Dave Robicheaux mystery, Burke continues to mine the bayou and again comes up with hard-boiled literary gold.

What's Love Got to Do With It? (Anchor), by Meredith Small: An anthropologist's thorough, lucid, nontechnical descriptions of why we mate the way we do and how human sex has evolved.

Back Fire: The CIA's Secret War in Laos and Its Link to the War in Vietnam (Simon & Schuster), by Roger Warner: A grim, well-documented and important addition to the shadowy history of Southeast Asia between 1960 and 1973.

MEN

By ASA BABER

In the days following the bombing in Oklahoma City, President Clinton made all the right moves—including going to Oklahoma and joining its citizens in their time of loss.

He spoke firmly to those who committed the crime: "Those who trouble their own house will inherit the wind. Justice will prevail." And he spoke consolingly to the survivors and victims of the tragedy: "You have lost too much but you have not lost everything, and you have certainly not lost America, for we will stand with you for as many tomorrows as it takes."

President Clinton also put his words into action. He asked Congress for broad new powers to combat terrorism. He requested the formation of a domestic terrorism center to be headed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He sought new authority for federal agents to allow better surveillance of both foreign and domestic terrorists.

Perhaps the president's most important contribution came from the qualities he personally projected. He was rational, pragmatic and thorough. But he was also deeply angered by the slaughter. The sense was conveyed that this was a president who understood the demands of national leadership and was ready to do what he could both to heal and to protect a damaged population.

Although I find the Clinton administration to be sometimes unsympathetic to some of the things I write and care about (especially in the area of fathers' rights), I think it is time for us to reevaluate our president. So let me recommend a well-researched biography of him called *First in His Class* (written by David Maraniss, a reporter for *The Washington Post*).

First in His Class covers the time from Clinton's birth to the opening of his campaign for president, but the focus of the book is on Clinton's early years (his childhood in Arkansas, his college years at Georgetown, his Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, his time at Yale Law School and his return to Arkansas and first political campaigns and office-holdings). This biography shows how the president was molded and shaped in his youth. It isn't a snow job—Maraniss shows us Clinton, warts and all.

The image that emerges from this interesting exploration is that of a shrewd, complex, hardworking, flawed man. More than any other president I can think of, Clinton seems to be the most like you and me. Indeed, if familiarity does breed contempt, this may be one of Clinton's biggest problems. He really is Everyman. His heritage is as generic as are most of ours. This is a guy who likes to play golf, smoke cigars, eat, drink socially, surround himself with friends, watch basketball, be tender with his daughter, argue with his wife, enjoy the company of women and work many hours a day.

KONSTANTIN VALOV

A GOOD MAN

Bill Clinton's profile is as middle-class as those of the people the right wing courts. No wonder true-blue conservatives have to trash him with the Wimp Question. Clinton is as much of a regular guy as any of them. If the public really knew that, the Wimp Question would fade, and all the presidential wanna-bes would have to concentrate on the issues, not on Clinton's personality.

After reading *First in His Class*, I like Bubba more than I did before. The man is not evil, he is no fool and he seems to have the capacity to grow and change in the job. I know that will disappoint some of you Rush Limbaugh fans, but I think Rush's life (not Rush's talk) looks a little nerdy when compared with Brother Bill's.

A few biographical details about Clinton—some amusing, some serious—that might interest you:

- He didn't inhale pot, but he tried. "We spent an enormous amount of time trying to teach him to inhale," says his friend Martin Walker. "He absolutely could not inhale."
- One day in high school, Clinton and some of his friends locked the door on their physics teacher while he was in the equipment closet. They then left him there, pretending that the lock was stuck, and amused themselves until the bell rang.
- As a young man, Clinton often visited the grave of William Jefferson Blythe, the father he never knew, who had been killed in a car crash at the age of 28. Bill also lost his stepfather, and a number of his friends were killed in the Vietnam war. He went on to Oxford, but Clinton has also attended the school of hard knocks.
- After working with Arkansas Senator William Fulbright, one of Clinton's political role models, Clinton became opposed to government policy in Vietnam. He was conflicted about the draft. He did try to get out of it, and he did dissemble when asked about it later.
- Clinton had a pinball machine installed in the governor's mansion in Little Rock. He held the record on that machine until a seven-year-old named Matt Moore stood on a box to score 800,000 points. Clinton stayed up until two o'clock in the morning trying to beat the kid's score.
- Like most of us, the man has a temper. "You're fucking me!" he yelled on the phone to a White House official during the Carter administration. "I busted my ass for Carter, and Carter's too chickenshit about it to tell me directly!"
- Hillary and Bill have argued and fought and loved since their first dates together. Call them the Clintstones. And before you judge them, check out your own relationships.

Clinton has read widely, thinks deeply, has stayed humble, has not forgotten his roots, displays many strengths and frailties and has a good sense of humor. I'd rather spend time with him than with Phil or Newt or Rush. Hell, I might even vote for Bubba the next time. He's a good guy.

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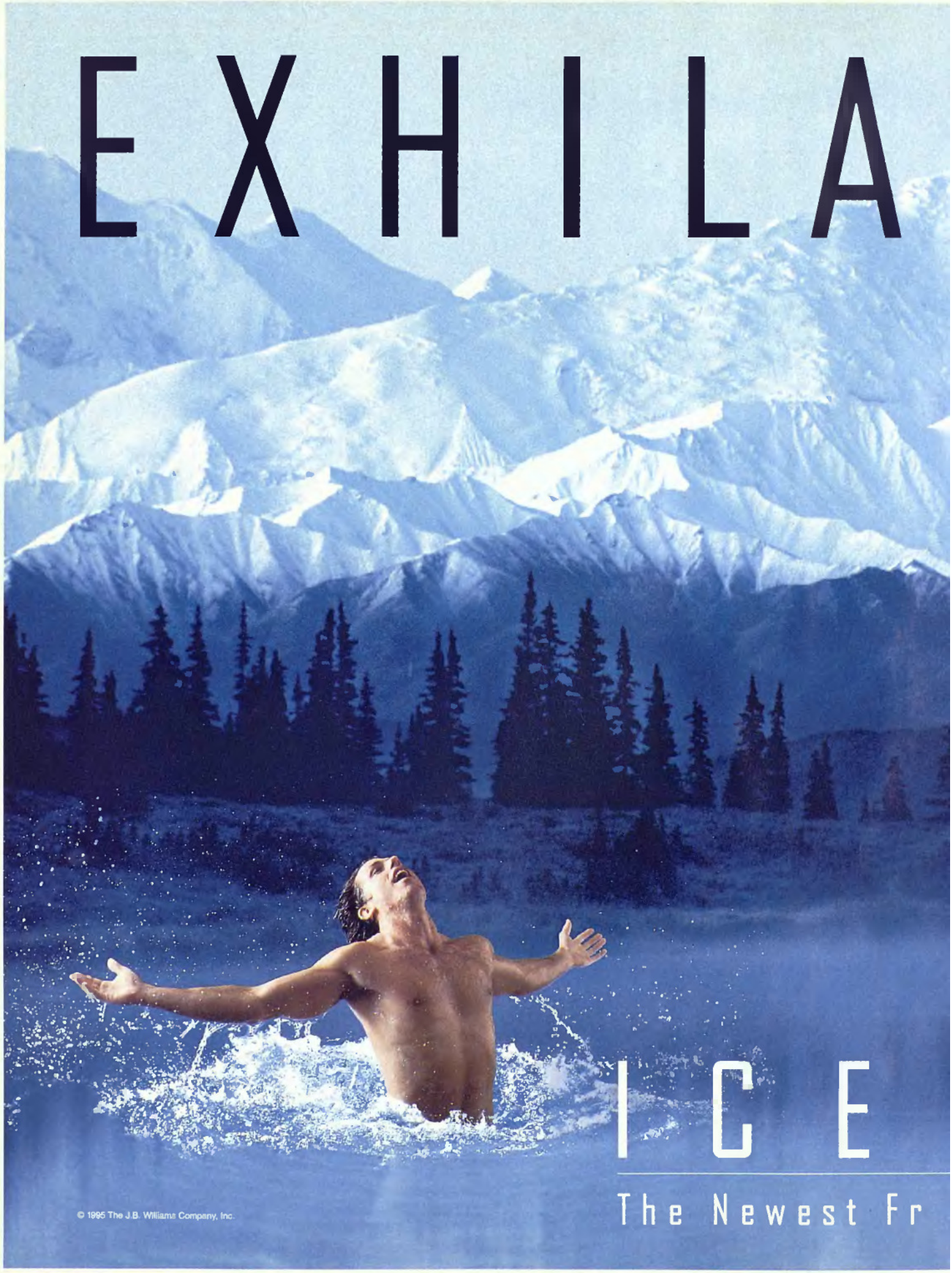
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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

ANTHONY RUSSO

STALLED ON THE INFO HIGHWAY

With people all over the world—even shepherds in the rainy hills of Ireland—obsessed with computers, you probably have many questions: Is it worth plunking down another two grand in order to have a multimedia system with CD-ROM and all? What is CD-ROM, anyway? What about going online? And why do shepherds need computers?

As a computer expert, I am here to answer these questions. But before we begin, you forgot the most important question of all:

Do I really need a home computer?

Unless you're a scientist or a writer, you don't *need* a home computer. A scientist needs a home computer in case she wakes up in the middle of the night and realizes the universe is about to implode, whereupon she will have to run downstairs and compute a lot of equations to find out she was only having a nightmare. A writer needs a computer so he can change his thoughts in midsentence with ease. Say a writer writes something like: *"That Asa Baber is a big jerk. Why is he so damned sanctimonious?"*

And then, just as the writer is completing this thought, his wife appears in front of him with the kids and a bunch of moving men and says, "Honey, I'm leaving you to find myself and become a feminist, and I'm taking the kids and the car and socking you with tremendous child-support payments and you won't even have visitation rights, you big stupid trusting sap, ha ha ha!"

In the old days, your writer would have had to rip the paper out of the typewriter, insert a new sheet, rip that sheet out of the typewriter because it had inexplicably become accordion-pleated, and insert yet another one before he could finally write: *"That Asa Baber is a god. He should at the very least be canonized."*

With a computer the writer can effect these changes in the blink of an eye, keeping his train of thought and saving many trees.

So no, you probably don't need a computer, but get one anyway, so you can bandy about esoteric terms such as RAM and gigabyte and, most important of all, play games.

Is this where CD-ROMs come in?

Hold your horses. You can play plenty of games on your computer without any newfangled technology. I, for example, have Tetris, solitaire and bridge on the little low-tech laptop I am using to write this column.

Tetris is the most popular computer game in the world, created by a Russian guy. It involves falling blocks, which you have to manipulate as they fall so they make nice even rows, which then disappear. Sounds stupid, right? Try playing it. Before you know it, your eyes will be glazed, rivulets of drool will be dribbling down your chin, and the entire baseball season will go by without your noticing. I once quit writing this column to play Tetris 42 times, thus turning what would have been a five-hour job into a three-week marathon.

In fact, and not many people know this, Tetris is single-handedly responsible for our worldwide economic slump. Workers everywhere are glued to their screens, pretending to send pork bellies to Thailand or track sales of Toyotas. But they're really just trying to line up blocks in perfect rows. Another Russian plot.

Eventually, however, even the charms of Tetris will fail, and then. . . .

Now is it time for CD-ROM stuff?

Yes it is. Get ready to have hours and hours of fun trying to get your CD-ROMs to work. You think just because you spent a few hundred dollars on a drive and 50 bucks on each CD-ROM it's gonna be easy?

Put your spanking new CD-ROM in your pristine drive and your computer will immediately start yelling at you about disk caches. Then it will have problems with its memory and demand dozens more megs of RAM. Then the whole thing will crash and you will spend hours on the telephone on hold to the CD-ROM company, waiting for technical support.

Then, when you finally get it to work, it's extremely tedious. Who really wants an encyclopedia? Or to look at art or read a book on a computer screen? Can it really enrich anyone's life to see a street atlas of Bayonne?

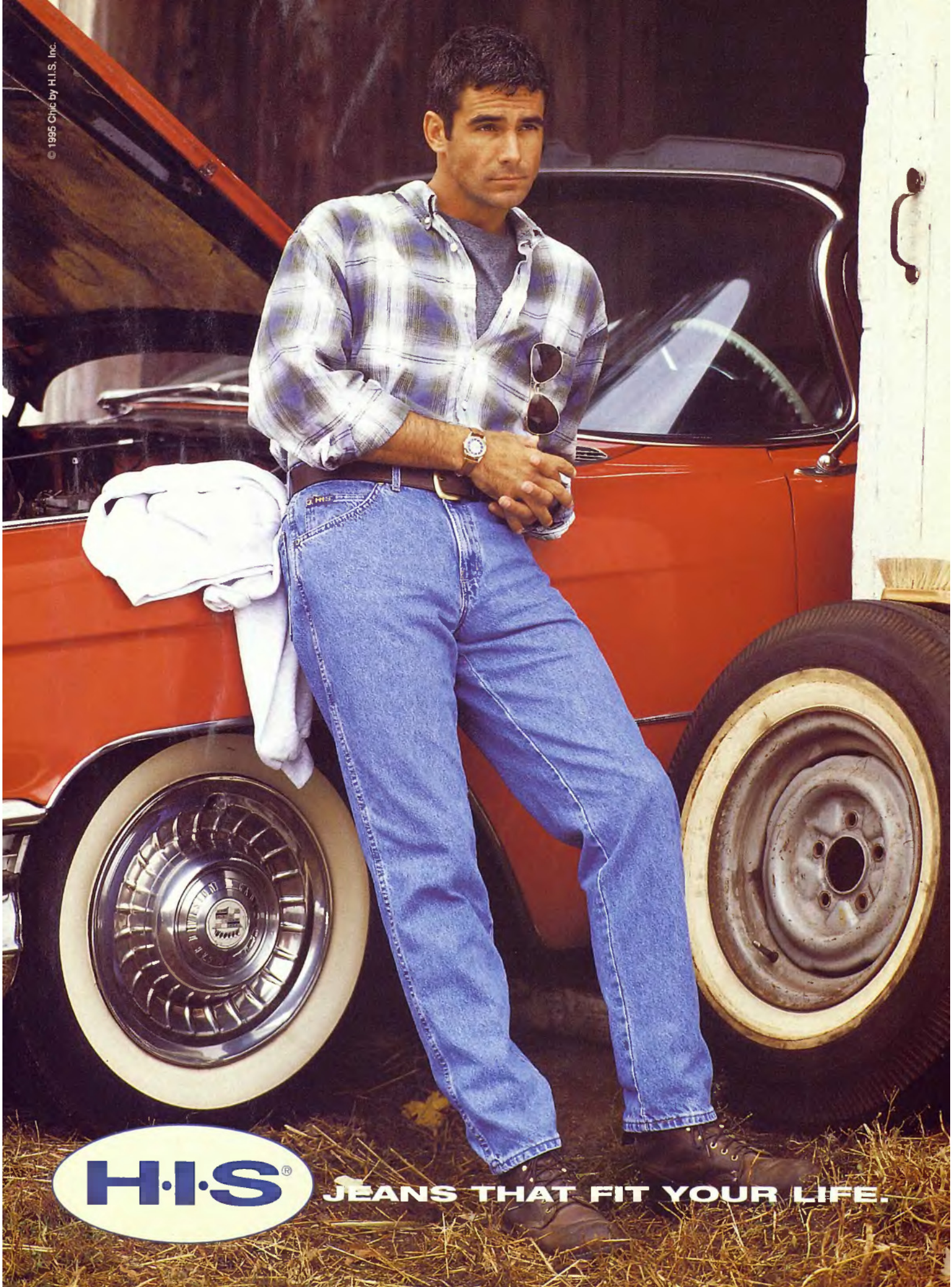
I personally bought the CD-ROM of *A Hard Day's Night*, my favorite movie, and another all about Bob Dylan, my favorite guru. Both of them immediately put me to sleep.

Then there are the games. Thousands and thousands of titles beckon to you from the software shop. And thousands more from the bookstore. Do not be fooled. There are really only three CD-ROM games: Myst, Tetris and *Star Wars* simulators. All others are mere permutations of these three.

Tetris you already know. The *Star Wars* simulators have many different names, such as Iron Masters of Doom and Destruction, but basically you are Luke Skywalker and you have to shoot all the bad guys or die. Myst is something new, and the only CD-ROM worth having. It's extremely complicated, very beautiful and great for dates. If you and your beloved can negotiate through the horrendous Channelwood Age without punching each other in the eye, you will fall into the nearest bed and have tremendous sex. I speak from personal experience. But beware—all real computer geeks are calling CD-ROMs "the Beta of the Nineties."

OK, then, what about going online?

Definitely do this. You will be thrilled to find geeks around the globe interested in the same things you are. Sixteenth century Chinese pottery. Malamutes. Miatas. And you can send e-mail to all your friends in Tanzania, find trillions of teenagers trying to mate and gay cops trying to score. You can even find me: cynthroid@aol.com.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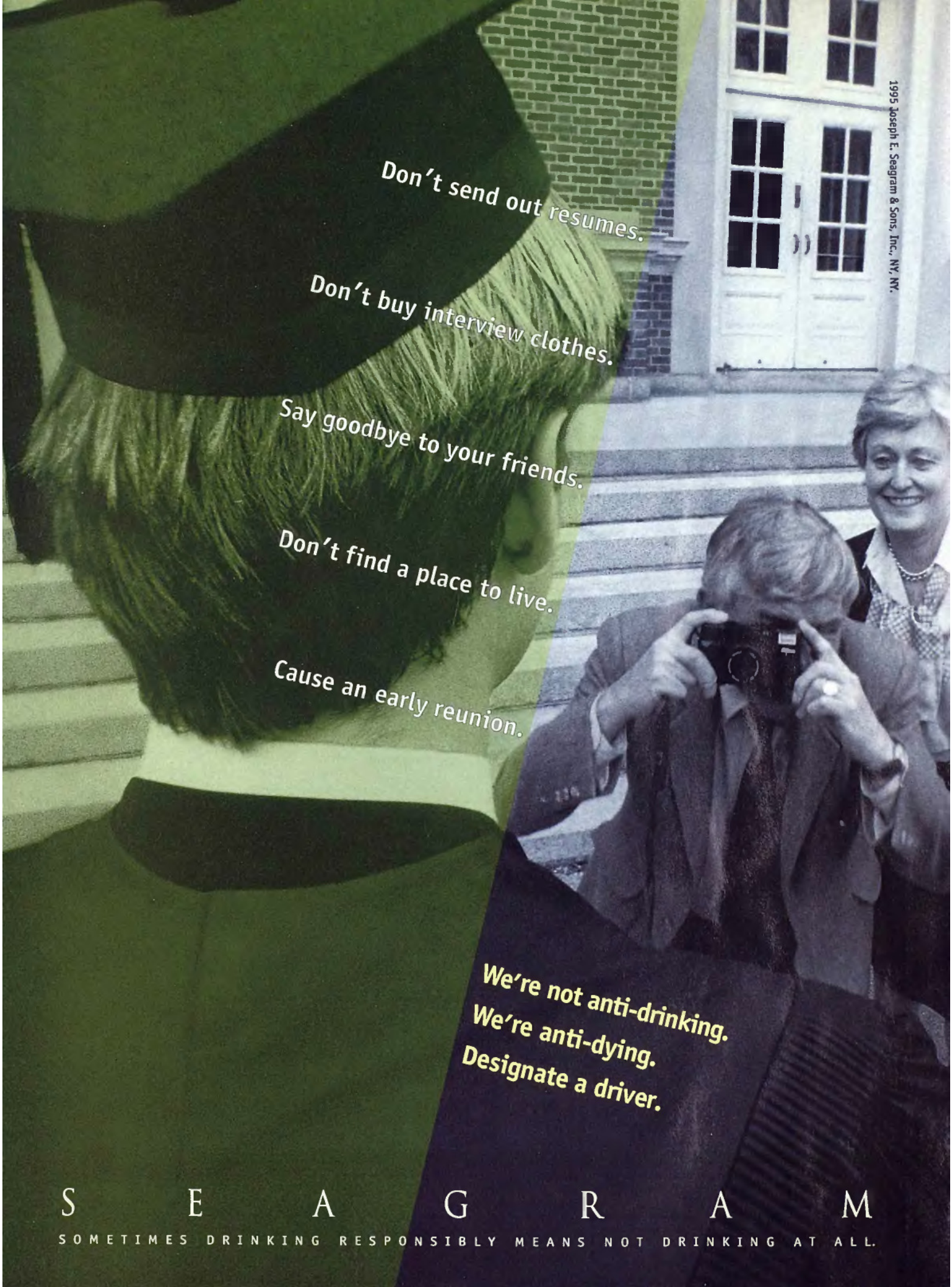
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My lover and I have kinky sexual tastes, to say the least. It's not enough merely to get naked on a golf course or in a park at three or four in the morning. To add to the element of risk, we play what we call "pick-six bondage." We have 50 empty 35mm film canisters, 44 of which contain one handcuff key each. The remaining six each contain a penny. We mix up the canisters and pick six at random. My lover and I go to a public refuge in the wee hours, where we strip, cuff ourselves to something immovable and have sex. We leave our clothes just out of reach. When it's time to put our clothes back on, we try to retrieve a key from one of the six canisters. What if we hit the "lotto bondage jackpot" and none of the canisters contains a key? We're naked and helpless until the sun comes up and someone discovers us. Has this sexual fantasy ever crossed the mind of anyone at PLAYBOY, or do my lover and I need professional help?—T.W., Fair Oaks, California.

Believe it or not, we have heard of lotto bondage, but we don't consider it a challenge unless the canisters are filled with the opposite ratio of keys to coins. We'll cut you some slack, however, since you play in a public park. The first person you're likely to encounter there on that sunny morning when the odds beat you is a cop, who will have a handcuff key of his own. A cautionary note: With any bondage game, you should have a "safe" word or signal if the situation becomes uncomfortable—in this case, we'd suggest a cellular phone to call a friend. The risk of getting caught can be titillating, but there's no reason to leave yourself at the mercy of any nut who finds you helpless.

My college boyfriend and I slept together nude and never bothered to get dressed until we left the apartment. We also frequently made love after class and would remain undressed the rest of the day. The habit of being nude at home stuck with me, but my new fiancé insists I should never walk around the house naked. He says it will ruin our sex life if he sees me naked all the time. I realize that being naked is not in itself sexy, and I've told him that if our sex life becomes boring, I'll dress up to seduce him. Who is being unreasonable here?—N.S., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Mystery is the cornerstone of male arousal—why do you think God invented the Victoria's Secret catalog? Your fiancé, like many men, likes to imagine what's underneath your garments at least as much as actually seeing what awaits him. How about a compromise? Wear a full slip or thin nightie, but skip the underwear to leave enough of an outline to remind him of what he's missing. (There are few things that turn a guy on more than slipping his hand beneath a woman's clothes—it makes him feel like he's getting away with something.) We're intrigued by your offer to arouse him by getting dressed. How many men have watched a woman slip on her clothes, teasing him gently as she puts on her bra, tugs up her panties and bends over to pull up her stockings? How many husbands have spied on their wives getting ready for a night on the town—or even for a day at the office—and grown hard in anticipation? Remember, there's no such thing as bad nudity—only bad timing.

I came home from work one day to find my wife watching television in the nude. Once I overcame my initial surprise, I sat down next to her and asked what was going on. Instead of answering, she put her fingers to my lips, gave me a come-hither look and guided my hand to her pussy. My clothes were off in seconds. Yet every time I opened my mouth, even to say "I love you," she would cover my lips with her hand and shake her head disapprovingly. Eventually, I got the idea, and my wife led my hand and mouth around her body as if I were a puppet. I loved it! When we were finished and lying exhausted on the floor, she turned to me and asked what I wanted for dinner. Who says there's no sex after marriage?—T.R., Terre Haute, Indiana.

The silent treatment never sounded so good. Eliminating speech—the quick and easy way to let someone know what you like—forces you to concentrate on nonverbal cues and can make any experience more sensual. A common sex-therapy technique involves having couples communicate through miming exercises to strengthen their relationships. It can be a great sex game, too. After dimming the lights and taking off your shoes, face your lover as if you were looking into a mirror. Then quietly instruct each other to demonstrate without words such things as "the part of me you like best," "how you would feel seeing me after a long separation" or "the quickest way to turn me on." You are allowed to moan.

My girlfriend and I enjoy renting pornographic videos from time to time to spice up our sex life. I'd like to watch them more often, but she occasionally seems irritated when I ask if she'd like me to rent one on my way home from work. Other times, she's eager to pop a tape into the VCR as soon as I walk in the door. Is this some sort of hormonal thing?—K.T., Boston, Massachusetts.

It's more likely that she's concerned the movies are outpacing her ability to arouse you without the VCR humming (or panting) in the background. Or it might be simply that she's not in the mood to watch any kind of film, especially one with no plot. But it is possible that she is more receptive to adult films at certain times of the month. According to a study in the "Archives of Sexual Behavior," women are more likely to respond positively to visual erotica within eight days after their periods have ended. We wouldn't take her reluctance as a sign that she's not interested in sex. Instead, spend some time exploring what turns her on when you're not sitting in front of the TV.

I leased a car three years ago and am about to return it to the dealer. I have heard conflicting stories about what to expect when I take it back. Will the dealer charge for wear and tear even if the car is in good condition and I've driven fewer miles than allotted? I'm wondering if I'm ever going to see my $450 security deposit again.—B.M., San Bernardino, California.

Standard lease contracts include a clause that protects the dealer from "excessive" wear and tear on the car but—big surprise—leaves the exact definition to his or her discretion. Some dealers expect the car to be returned in showroom condition, even after five years, though some states have taken several to court for imposing that unlikely standard. When you return the car, offer documentation to prove that you provided regular maintenance. The Consumer Leasing Act requires the dealer to return your security deposit unless you owe money, so don't fall for any sales pitches about how you can get the money back only if you buy or lease another car. Finally, what you'll pay depends on whether you have a closed- or open-ended lease. The latter allows for lower payments

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

but leaves you responsible for the difference between what the dealer expected the car to be worth and the actual market value.

I'm a college student who does some personal training on the side. One of my new clients is a gorgeous 37-year-old secretary. For our first session at her house, she wore a skintight outfit that forced me to untuck my T-shirt to cover my woody. We stretched and did a half hour of aerobics. Then she asked for a rubdown. As I rubbed her back she moaned and told me how good it felt. The next thing I knew she was pulling down her top and asking me to massage her breasts. (I'm sure I had the look of a teenager seeing breasts for the first time.) I did what she asked, and then she kissed me and pulled me on top of her. It was the most passionate, spontaneous and exhilarating sex I've ever had. Before I left, she handed me a check for the workout and we scheduled another. While getting paid for great sex seems wonderful, I also feel cheap. I don't know what to say to her. What should I do?—P.T., Nashville, Tennessee.

We don't see any problem with accepting payment for your services, as long as your client gets what she pays for—a complete workout. That should not include the aerobic benefits of sex, however, since it's a bonus for both of you. If she'd like you to continue as her paid exercise coach, make it clear that you'll do what good trainers do—push her to complete her routine on a regular schedule. If you find that you can't do that without drifting into sex, it's time for her to get a new trainer and just invite you over for the afterburn. We'd suggest you find out what this woman expects from the relationship, if that's what you see developing. There's obviously a mutual attraction, so why not suggest a meal before your next workout? You could show her the proper foods to eat to maintain her weight, stow away calories to burn off later and gauge whether she's someone you would enjoy spending more time with. If you feel uncomfortable taking her money, don't. Just consider your workouts as foreplay.

A friend and I once dated the same woman at different times. After comparing notes, we found that she could make our legs go numb while giving head. How does this happen? Could it be the blood rushing to our erections?—K.M., Providence, Rhode Island.

Don't you wish. No matter how generous your endowment, an erection requires only about half a cup of blood—not nearly enough to drain an arm or leg. You don't describe your ex-girlfriend's technique, but if you were lying on your back, hanging upside down, tied to the bedposts with scarves or had her full weight on your thighs, the numbness may have been the result of stunted circulation. Because your breathing becomes quicker and more shallow during sex, you may also experience tingling or numbness from reduced oxygen in the blood. (Some people get dizzy or even black out during intense sexual experiences.) Whatever her secret is, this woman made an impression.

On the advice of my brother, I backed up my computer hard drive onto diskettes. How long will the data be safe?—H.T., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

If you used fresh diskettes and store them away from dust, extreme temperatures and magnetic fields, your data should last indefinitely. For diskettes used more frequently, say, for daily backups or to store temporary files, you can still expect a relatively long life. In lab tests, premium disks have handled 10 million to 30 million disk drive head passes before failing—the equivalent of 2000 years of retrieving or saving a file every hour. In the real world, where dust and rough handling are more common, we tend to be paranoid and retire our workhorse disks after three to five years of service.

I've read that some doctors now do vasectomies without using a scalpel. Is this true? How is it done?—C.L., Savannah, Georgia.

If you're considering a vasectomy—a procedure in which each of the vasa deferentia is crushed, tied or cauterized to prevent

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sperm from reaching your semen—ask your doctor about the no-scalpel option. In a conventional vasectomy, a doctor makes two small incisions in the scrotum, from which he withdraws and blocks the vasa deferentia. He then stitches the incisions. In the no-scalpel procedure, the doctor makes one tiny puncture with the tip of a sharp forceps to lift out the vasa. The puncture heals naturally. Both methods may cause discomfort for a few days, but the no-scalpel technique can reduce the risk of complications such as swelling and infection. For more information and a list of doctors in your state who have completed a training course in this technique, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to AVSC International, 79 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016.

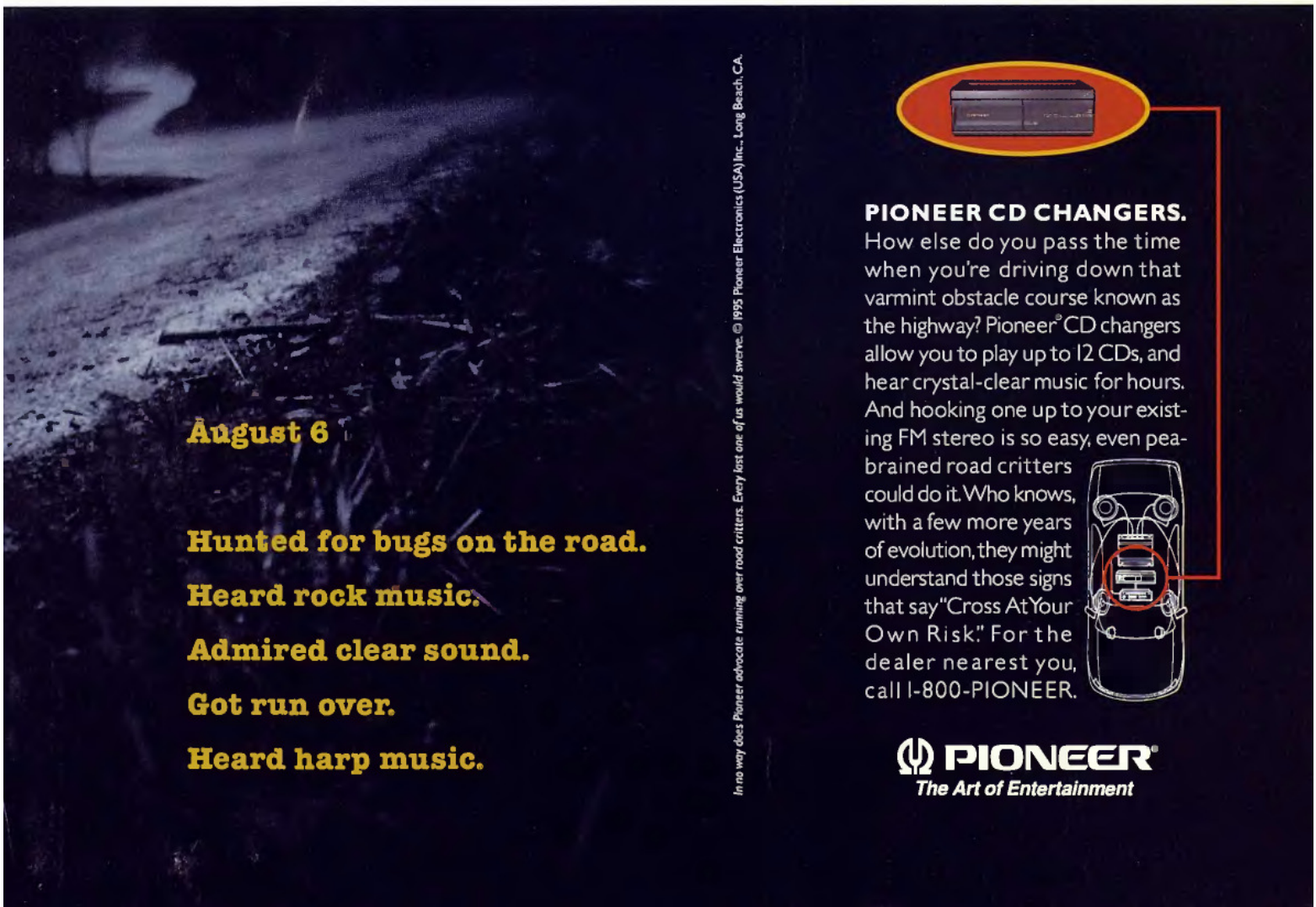
My current girlfriend is the only one I've ever had. Our sex life is great, but my curiosity about what another woman would be like in bed is killing me. Everyone I know has had more than one partner, and it makes me feel abnormal. Yet I have no desire to break up with my girlfriend. Do you have any suggestions?—J.S., Louisville, Kentucky.

Relax. There's no crime in wanting to have sex with a lot of women—it's called being male. Understand that first loves rarely have enough resolve to overcome wanderlust, which is why we associate them with such bittersweet emotion. That's not to say you should ignore your instincts and break up with your girlfriend, just that the odds are good you'll have your chance sometime down the road. For now, who says you can't use a little imagination? Pretend occasionally during sex that she's someone else, or that another woman is riding or sucking you as your girlfriend kisses your chest. If your girlfriend has been with other men, she may understand your curiosity. Perhaps she has a friend who could help satisfy it with a no-obligation romp.

This is my final year of college and, try as I may, I just can't find any sexually active women. The situation is the same for all my friends at other campuses. I'm good-looking, fit, athletic and don't hesitate to introduce myself to women I find attractive. But they don't go for pickup lines anymore. Why is this, and how do you suggest I get the sex life I want?—B.D., Los Angeles, California.

You're battling the zeitgeist. Besides the general sentiment on campus that casual sex is no longer safe or appropriate, many women are simply too stressed or busy to be as sexually aggressive or active as you would like. There will be time for that later, they reason, once they get their careers into gear. Add the legitimate fear of sexually transmitted diseases and you have a lot working against short-term relationships that derive energy solely from the bedroom. (If you're chatting up strangers rather than women you meet through friends, you're going to have less success as a rule.) Also, men and women approach seduction differently: It sounds like you're after a woman to pick up and drop, while most women are looking to be picked up and held. According to "Tactics for Promoting Sexual Encounters," a study of more than 200 students at the University of Michigan, the women said that they are more likely to sleep with a guy if he says, "I love you," implies he's committed, takes her to a private area, tells her he cares about her deeply or offers to give her a massage. Note that all these techniques imply involvement in a relationship. The guys, on the other hand, said they could most easily be seduced by a woman who used a take-no-prisoners approach by asking if he wants to sleep with her, guiding his hands to her vagina, begging him to fuck her, telling him she wants it or simply undressing. Who says romance is dead?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. (E-mail: advisor@playboy.com.) The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented in these pages each month.*


August 6
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Heard rock music.
Admired clear sound.
Got run over.
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THE DEATH OF COMMON SENSE

face to face with america's lawyer provocateur

New York lawyer Philip Howard's simple, eloquent book *The Death of Common Sense: How Law Is Suffocating America* has sold more than 250,000 hardbound copies. In it, Howard attacks the bureaucratic monstrosity created by Washington—the almost 100 million words of law that tell us "exactly what to do and how to do it." He describes how liberal politicians have tried to create a perfect society through precise regulation. The result, he argues, is paralysis, not paradise. Janitors can't change locks in schools without facing tons of paperwork, managers can't fire their incompetent employees, church leaders can't put day-care centers in the basements of their buildings and we all search for parking spaces while those reserved for the disabled go unused. The book has won support across the political spectrum—President Clinton, Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole have waved copies in front of cameras. While critics say that Howard's argument amounts to little more than trial by anecdote, he has clearly hit a nerve. We tracked him down to hear more.

PLAYBOY: In *The Death of Common Sense* you manage to capture a feeling of frustration that many people have with government. Americans are tired of red tape, bureaucrats, the endless regulations. What was the catalyst for the book?

HOWARD: I've always been interested in public work. My father was a preacher who did social work. As a kid I tagged along with him to some of the poorest regions in America—southern Georgia and the coal-mining section of eastern Kentucky. I grew up with a sense that life is tough and that people should help one another. Government has an important role in doing that. I realized that the system had broken down when I was working on a political campaign on the Lower East Side of New York about four years ago. I met an elderly woman who lived in public housing. Her refrigerator had broken and she couldn't figure out how to get it fixed. She called one bureaucrat who referred her to another, who in turn directed her to yet another, who finally referred her to the first bureaucrat.

That same morning I had talked with an executive who runs a big company about a project he was trying to do with the city of New York. He couldn't get anyone to respond. As he told the story, he leaned forward and said, "They won't say yes, they won't say no, they won't make comments." The juxtaposition of a Sixth Avenue chief executive officer and an elderly woman in public housing made me realize that it really doesn't matter if you're rich or poor, Democrat or Republican. Government has completely divorced itself from the citizenry it serves. It can't respond to basic questions.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the most conspicuous example of the failure of government?

HOWARD: The first story in the book is the one that captures everyone's interest. In 1988 Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity tried to open a homeless shelter in New York City. They were willing to spend $500,000 of their own funds to renovate a building, but the project collapsed because of a point in the building code—that all new or renovated multistory buildings must have an elevator. The nuns would never use the elevator, because they don't use modern conveniences. And the homeless would gladly walk up a flight of stairs. But no one in the city of New York had the authority to waive the code requirements. Mother Teresa refused to spend an additional $100,000 on an elevator. A perfectly decent project, which would have provided shelter for 64 homeless men, foundered because of a law that offends common sense.

PLAYBOY: Most of the targets in your book are Washington regulators. In one anecdote you cite how Environmental Protection Agency regulations drafted in Washington managed to miss completely the main source of pollution at an Amoco plant in Yorktown, Virginia.

HOWARD: The EPA has almost 17 volumes of environmental laws and regulations. One law requires that scrubbers be put into waste pipes to filter pollutants. Amoco spent $31 million complying with that rule. When an EPA official visited the Virginia plant, Amoco pointed out that the costly fix missed the real problem: Tons of benzene were escaping at the nearby loading docks, which weren't regulated.

PLAYBOY: You say repeatedly that the law can't think, that decisions should be made by people in the field. It's a nice vision—the EPA official and the Amoco official rolling up their sleeves to try to solve the real problem. But the vision is flawed. Amoco knew the problem existed, it knew where the benzene escaped from, but it never moved to correct the situation.

HOWARD: Amoco still hasn't fixed it, even though it would be inexpensive to do so. Companies work for the bottom line, and if government doesn't allow them to use their reason to avoid stupid rules, they're certainly

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JANE FISHER

not going to volunteer. They are not rewarded for saying, "Oh look, let's spend some more money over here." The system we have—of laws and loopholes—has turned everyone into a horrible cynic. The rule book becomes the playing field.

PLAYBOY: How do you reach the cynic? Doesn't Amoco's situation empower the EPA to write a new regulation that covers the loading docks?

HOWARD: There was a new program announced by President Clinton in March called the XL Program. It tells polluters that they don't have to comply with environmental rules if they show that they can stop more pollution their own way. That's exactly what regulation should be. It doesn't mean you trust people. It means you state goals and you allow people enough room to accomplish those goals instead of just complying with rules.

PLAYBOY: You save special ire for the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which lawmakers created in 1971 to ensure the safety of every worker "to the maximum extent possible." Certainly that was a noble goal. What went wrong?

HOWARD: OSHA has about 2000 safety inspectors. Its rule book has more than 4000 regulations specifying the types of equipment that must be used and so forth. Surely, the billions spent by industry to comply with OSHA's 4000 rules must have done some good. Has regulation made the workplace safer? It has not. Most studies show that OSHA has had little or no effect on accident rates.

The problem is that when you focus everyone's attention on trying to comply with 4000 rules—to avoid fines for railings that aren't the right height or for not having a hazardous communication form for the bleach under the sink—you divert attention away from what's most important, which is the human factor. Most accidents are caused by human error. If you spend all your effort trying to comply with regulations, you don't have so much time to use common sense. "Is that person being careful? Could we have better training, or incentives for safety?" We've created a system that doesn't allow the people on the site—either the foreman in the factory or the inspector—to think for themselves.

PLAYBOY: What about the Federal Aviation Administration or the Securities and Exchange Commission? Are you against all regulation?

HOWARD: Of course not. Everyone wants safe planes, honest prospectuses and clean air. The big government–no government debate largely misses the point. The problem is how government works: It's antihuman. Some regulatory schemes are sillier than others. Take OSHA's material safety data sheet rules. More than 600,000 products are now categorized as hazardous. Suppliers send out these data sheets with their products so that workers supposedly will know the hazards. One day the government decided that workers needed to be told about the hazards of bricks, because they contain silica. Now, small amounts of silica might be released if someone were to saw a brick. But in the centuries we have made and used bricks, has anyone died of brick poisoning? Bricks have fallen on people, but no one has had a toxic reaction to bricks. The data sheet itself is useless, a parody of government. It tells workers how to identify a brick: "a rectangular object with no odor." What's its boiling point? Above 3500

degrees Fahrenheit. The brick industry viewed the forms as an invitation to frivolous lawsuits. OSHA has cited companies for not labeling table salt and Windex. The other day I saw a card posted on a bulletin board that cautioned against eating the toner in the photocopier.

PLAYBOY: We once rented an RV with 27 warnings, including: "Ingestion of engine parts may prove hazardous."

HOWARD: What's so obviously unwise about warning against everything is that it's like crying wolf. You are no longer effectively warning against what's truly dangerous. There are things that are dangerous, that should have warnings, especially things that are deceptively hazardous—for example, some ingredient or mixture that will burn off your fingers. But we don't need to be warned against eating the toner in the photocopier.

PLAYBOY: Your solution?

HOWARD: The head of OSHA inherited a profoundly misguided regulatory structure. One of the things I've tried to persuade the Clinton administration to do is to rewrite the OSHA rules for small businesses—say, those with fewer than 200 employees—so the rules could fit into a 12-page pamphlet. Instead of hundreds of rules that specify exactly what the equipment is, you might have one line: "Machinery and equipment shall be reasonably suited to the use intended in accord with industry standards." That's clear enough. It would permit someone to use a dime-store hammer to tack pictures onto a wall but not to drive twelvepenny nails into two-by-fours. If OSHA made that change, people involved in small businesses could actually read law. They could understand, albeit in a general way, what is expected of them. Look at it this way: The Constitution is a remarkably brief document, and the Bill of Rights even shorter—yet they are flexible enough to have created a lasting democracy.

PLAYBOY: You stress the hidden cost of putting up a railing or of posting a warning. Isn't regulation a hidden tax, a way of passing along the cost of policy to the few? What does regulation cost?

HOWARD: Regulation is enormously costly. In some areas it should be costly. We want clean air and clean water. Companies shouldn't be allowed to pollute a river, even if it costs them a lot of money not to. So regulation shouldn't necessarily be cheap, it just shouldn't be unnecessarily costly. And it should be effective. My biggest problem with regulation isn't its cost—which economist Thomas Hopkins of the Rochester Institute of Technology has estimated at $500 billion a year, or about ten percent of the gross national product. It's that government isn't accomplishing what it sets out to do.

PLAYBOY: The Contract With America asks that all future regulation be based on cost-benefit analyses. Do you agree?

HOWARD: I'm fond of the general idea. We've forgotten that when we spend money to, say, put more safety equipment on a bicycle, then fewer children will enjoy bicycles because they will cost more. If we spend a billion dollars to save one life, as some regulations require us to do, we've killed 10,000 or 20,000 people who might have been

saved had that money been spent some other way—to provide free air bags, or whatever. Life is a complex fabric of interrelated risks. You fix this problem, you cause another problem.

PLAYBOY: How would you overhaul the system?

HOWARD: People who have not been in power tend to think of these things in simple terms: If we don't like government, we'll get rid of government, or give it to the states. But these laws are important, and the problems can be more constructively addressed by asking the following: What is it about OSHA that we don't like? Do we not want worker safety laws, or do we want them to work more effectively? I suggested to Bob Dole that he identify a number of agencies with rules that he believes are unwise and pass a law that instructs those agencies to come up with more practical versions. If Congress likes the new versions, it can adopt them and the American people can see concrete reform, for a change.

PLAYBOY: In addition to attacking regulation, you also target the "new rights"—laws that give individuals unprecedented power. Can you give an example?

HOWARD: A few years ago, someone proposed putting toilet kiosks in New York City—similar to the kind you see in Paris. But a state law says that it is illegal to "withhold or deny" from the disabled any access to "public accommodations." Wheelchairs couldn't fit inside the kiosks. It would have been easy to provide alternatives for those in wheelchairs, say, in adjacent buildings. But that wasn't good enough. They had been given an absolute right, but no one—not even the president—had the authority to waive the requirement. In New York City we still don't have public toilets for 99.6 percent of the population because 0.4 percent, people in wheelchairs, could not use them the same way.

PLAYBOY: Many Americans view those rights as a defense against the cruelty of government. How do you respond to such a charge?

HOWARD: Every public issue requires balancing conflicting interests. Take special-education law, another example of rights gone awry. Because Congress declared that disabled children "have the right to an individualized education at no cost," there are cases where hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent on severely retarded or disabled children, with no money left for paper and pencils for other children. That is cruelty. Imagine if the law said, "Reasonable education shall be provided, balancing the needs of all the children in a school district." The people vested with the job of accomplishing education would have the authority to use their best judgment to balance those needs. What we have is a system of law that takes away people's ability to make those judgments. Critics ask how we can trust school boards. My response is that we don't have to—that's the point of having government. We can hire officials whose job it is to look over the school board's shoulder. Ultimately, a democracy is only as good as the people that it elects and appoints. Democracy is all about balance and compromise, and our legal system prevents balance and compromise at every level.

PLAYBOY: The goal of many regulations is to protect us from the carelessness, or malice, of others. Many of the examples in your book take this to an extreme. Where did America get the idea that life could be perfectly safe?

HOWARD: Our attitude toward injury reflects two trends. One is a kind of gross distortion of a real problem first pointed out by Ralph Nader in the Sixties. He brought to light the fact that there is no oversight in how products are made. Clearly some products are unsafe. Government should have a role in how products are made. Perhaps government and law can make society safer. But if you take that to the extreme we would all be wearing bubble wrap. Sleep with a helmet in case you fall out of bed. Bicycles should be banned. Or, at least, all bicycles should be Day-Glo and have computerized collision warning devices.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line?

HOWARD: The current system assumes we don't have to draw the line. The second error is that we believe that all risk is evil, and that government can eradicate risk. All of these consumer advocate cases are argued with: "How could you take the risk that someone might get burned by hot coffee? How could you risk a child riding a bicycle at night without a headlight?" Risk is half of life. Risk wraps around everything we do. Without taking a risk, we can't cross the street.

PLAYBOY: The McDonald's coffee-spill lawsuit has been a favorite for those seeking tort reform. What is your take on the case?

HOWARD: Boiling water is indeed hazardous. People nonetheless boil water to make coffee every day. It is just an ordinary risk of life. McDonald's coffee doesn't have a hidden defect. Its heat is right there. I was on *Oprah* a few months ago, debating the judge who ruled on the McDonald's coffee case. The audience was predominately female, between the ages of 30 and 50, and when the judge said in defense of the verdict, "You should have seen those burns, they were terrible," the audience response was, "So what? It was an accident." Americans understand that life involves risk, and just because something bad happens, it doesn't mean that someone else is at fault. But we've created a system that encourages citizens to think that anything wrong must be someone else's fault.

PLAYBOY: Too bad the jury in the McDonald's case wasn't drawn from Oprah's audience.

HOWARD: The case should never have been heard by a jury in the first place. That case would have been thrown out 40 years ago. Today, judges have lost the confidence to judge, to act as gatekeepers, to keep frivolous claims out of the theater that courts have become.

PLAYBOY: You stress the need for people to take responsibility and to be accountable—whether they are lawmakers, inspectors or judges. What principles should they use to guide them?

HOWARD: The keys to successful human endeavor are responsibility and trial and error. Those two things are banned in modern living. People are not allowed to take responsibility. The law tells them what to do. Trial and error assumes the possibility of making mistakes. We have a system that is risk-averse out of distrust of other people and out of fear of mistakes. Consequently, the system itself is a mistake. The basic wisdoms never change. Think for yourself. Conventional wisdom is often wrong.

THE BLAMELESS SOCIETY IV

our fond review of whiners, gripers and finger-pointers

By CHIP ROWE

We've chronicled the regrettable human habit of shifting blame for one's own stupidity three times now, and we're beginning to wonder if people have the wrong idea. It is *not* an honor to be included in this growing community of moral chameleons—this is not a Hall of Fame. The nominees have become so numerous since we last completed this exercise (in November 1993) that tracking absurd excuses has developed into a cottage industry. Lawyer Alan Dershowitz (*The Abuse Excuse*), ABC reporter John Stossel (*The Blame Game*) and newspaper columnist Chuck Shepherd (*News of the Weird*) have compiled long lists of blame-shifters. A former lawyer, Roger Conner, went so far as to launch the American Alliance for Rights and Responsibilities, an activist group that hopes to make accountability respectable again. This time around, we at Blameless Central were pleased to find at least one brave soul who accepted responsibility for his actions. No, it wasn't Robert McNamara—more than 50,000 U.S. troops died before he got around to it. And no, it wasn't O.J., who claimed to be a "battered husband." We're talking, of course, about Kenneth Lane of Elk River, Minnesota, who was discovered burying a large mound of carpeting for no apparent reason. "I don't know what to say," he told a puzzled cop. "You got me. I can't even make up an excuse." We don't know what the hell you were doing, Kenneth, but we salute you for owning up to it.

THE BLAMELESS
Maryland teenager
Joel Rifkin
Timothy Ray Andersan
Olan Rand
Right-wing militias
Aryeh Matzkin (Bastan University)
Edna Hubbs
Darryl Washington, Maria Ramos
Ernesto Mota
Colin Fergusan
Bernard Bagley
Paul Goist, Craig Anthony
Alan Welle, Minnesota politician
David Shaw, schaal superintendent
William Powell
Thomas Wallace
Jason Wilkins
Moosa Hanoukai
Dr. Geraldine Richter
Daimion Osby
Louis Farrakhan
Steinmetz High eggheads (Chicaga)
Gina Grant
Allen Kinsella
Jahn Schmitz

	THE PROBLEM	WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK	INSTEAD, BLAME . . .
	Dog stepped on his testicle in schoolyard	Ouch!	School board, for not protecting teens from schoolyard dogs (sue for $3 million)
	Murdered 17 women	Depraved killer	Biological mother, who gove him up for adoption
	Shot by guard as he tried to hold up a fast food restaurant	Talk about an order to go	McDonald's. Lawyer: Robber has right to be protected from being shot by guard
	College professor collected dead mother's government checks for five years	He obviously didn't teach ethics	"Extreme procrastinotion behavior"
	Linked to Oklahoma City bombing	Dangerous kooks	U.S. government, which militias claim staged blast to make them look bad
	Fired for sexually harassing three students and a fellow faculty member	Hands to yourself	Tranquilizers loosened inhibitions (sue under Americans With Disabilities Act)
	Injured hands while trying to turn on lights equipped with Clapper device	Try walking five feet, Edna	Maker of the Clapper (sue for $50,000)
	Hit by subway train while having sex on tracks	That "woo, woo" wasn't his orgasm	Transit Authority, for not anticipating that homeless people were fucking on tracks
	Swallowed cocaine at police station; suffered brain damage	There wasn't a toilet nearby?	Police, for not having a stomach pump handy (sue for $7 million)
	Shot six commuters dead on Long Island Railroad	Next time, shoot yourself first	Mysterious white killer who stole Colin's gun as he slept
	Cop shot his wife dead with police service revolver	Killer cop	Durham, North Carolina police, for issuing him the gun (sue for $3 million)
	Inmates suffer from insomnia and headaches	Isn't prison a bitch?	Maxwell House, for not putting warning label on coffee (sue for $20,000)
	Chorged long-distance colls to taxpayers for months after he had resigned	Was he calling his lowyer?	State officials, who Welle says should have told him to stop
	Caught driving drunk while wearing a dress	Cancel his MADD membership	Alcoholism. Sue school board under Disabilities Act (gets $240,000, pension)
	Ran over his girlfriend with a van—twice	Once wasn't enough?	Human nature. Girlfriend, who tried to drop charges: "Nobody's perfect"
	Black man mistyped "Niger" while using CD-ROM encyclopedia, got "nigger" entries	Darn that sticky G key	CD-ROM maker, for emotional distress (sue for $40 million)
	Injured when he fell from window while mooning students	Did he land on his butt?	University, which should have posted warning signs (sue for $940,000)
	Beat wife to death with a wrench because she made him sleep on the floor	Brutal psychopath	"Psychological emasculation" (convicted of lesser chorge)
	Charged with drunk driving; kicked cop	Take a chill pill and call me in the morning	PMS (acquitted)
	Killed two unarmed men in a parking lot with shots to the head	Punk	"Urban survival syndrome" (hung jury)
	Nation of Islam businesses riddled with fraud and debt	Can you say "false messiah"?	Global conspiracy by Jews, bureaucrats ond the *Chicago Tribune*
	Cheated to win academic decothlon	Don't 17-year-olds know better?	Parents, who school board prez says should have reminded kids not to cheat
	Denied admission after Harvard learned she killed her mother in 1990 with a candlestick	She belongs in Harvard Business School	Harvard, for "dredging up the pain of my childhood"
	Inmate punished for attempted escape	Crime equals time	Prison, for leaving ladder out and giving him a bright idea
	Murdered gay man who had a crush on him	Get over yourself, John	Jenny Jones talk show

READER

ABORTION

As a 26-year-old lawyer handling my first contested case, I was scared when I argued *Roe vs. Wade* before the U.S. Supreme Court. When we won, I celebrated, thinking the right of choice would forever belong to American women. Now I am scared that abortion will be legal but unavailable. The activities and rhetoric of anti-abortion extremists, such as those whom you have spotlighted ("Abortion Scrapbook," *The Playboy Forum*, June), contribute to the fact that abortion is available in only 16 percent of U.S. counties. Many doctors are reluctant to help, given the necessity of wearing bulletproof vests and working behind bulletproof glass, and given the outrageous harassment and the dangers that providers and their families have to endure. I ask your readers to do three things:

(1) Vote pro-choice. Only with a pro-choice president can we expect Supreme Court justices who support the *Roe* decision.

(2) Hook up with a pro-choice organization for the latest information and tips on what you can do to help.

(3) Take seriously the danger of items in the "Abortion Scrapbook." Participate in clinic defense activities. Express appreciation to those who support the right of privacy and work to make it a reality for women.

I won *Roe* in the courts more than 22 years ago. Now we must protect it at the ballot box, and our determination is to keep abortion terrorists from winning.

Sarah Weddington
Austin, Texas

As a longtime activist, researcher and writer on reproductive rights and health care, I commend you on your "Abortion Scrapbook" in the June issue. For years, we attempted to educate the public to the fact that reproductive-health providers were in real danger from anti-abortion zealots who revel in all manner of violence. Reprinting these zealots' comments will, I hope, give your readers a better understanding of what we are up against. During the past few decades, women's decisions and lives have been threatened by religious extremists with no respect for constitutional rights or privacy. Since the Fifties PLAYBOY has championed the individual's right to privacy. I am encouraged to see your interest in this ongoing assault on women's rights. Keep up the good work and thank you for printing the scrapbook. Those courageous men and women who continue to work in the line of fire need the public to recognize their peril. I hope you will keep your readers updated on the latest in the abortion wars.

Anne Bower
Editor, *The Body Politic*
Binghamton, New York

Is it possible to have an opposing view in this country without the risk of losing your life? Everyone should have an opinion and be allowed to express it. I believe that as a country we have been misled to value a woman's right to choose over a child's right to life. Will I go out and kill a clerk or a doctor employed at Planned Parenthood tomorrow? No. Does my church want them to die? No. I know of no credible minister who has ever demanded death for death. The people who do call for such "eye for an eye" justice are insane. We need to stop attacking organized religion and focus on the murderers. To blame the church for the terrorism enacted on health-clinic personnel is as ridiculous as blaming the American Medical Association for encouraging doctors to butcher their patients.

J. Martinez
Huntsville, Texas

STEVE DINNING

FOR THE RECORD

GLOWWORM

"I believe in the indelible, unwashable AIDS tattoo. It would be placed in the private area, maybe even with glow-in-the-dark ink."

—FORMER KU KLUX KLAN LEADER AND EX-LOUISIANA STATE REPRESENTATIVE DAVID DUKE IN A MAY ISSUE OF *The Advocate*

In 1963 I moved from a college town in Wisconsin to a hatemongering center of hell in Florida where KKK rallies, posters and advertisements were commonplace. Since that time, I have followed the movements of these hate groups. Though I have no real proof, I strongly believe that the violent faction of the anti-abortion movement is backed by or at least a vestige of the KKK. The Southern Poverty Law Center has been keeping tabs on such ultraviolent hate groups for quite a while. It's interesting to note how many of these groups have added "Christian," "Jesus" or "Church" to their names.

Tom Skilly
Chicago, Illinois

I'm pretty sick of all the sympathy given to abortionists. Abortion is the intentional stopping of an unborn child's beating heart. People should start taking responsibility for their actions. Stop the excuses.

R.S. Schoembs
Arlington, Virginia

Why is it that PLAYBOY supports the antigun movement and the pro-choice movement, whereas in the past you seemed to respect both sides of an argument? You seem to brand pro-lifers and gun owners as crazies because a few are caught in the media's glare and are made out to be the core of each group's followers. I know that pro-lifers are lovers of life and do not (except a few) advocate the killing, bombing or physical harm of abortion doctors or clinics.

Jeffrey Thompson
New Orleans, Louisiana

The pro-lifers want to end abortion, yet many are opposed to birth control.

RESPONSE

I thought that using birth control would reduce the demand for abortion and would, therefore, be a good thing. On the other hand, if the pro-lifers are simply antisex, then abolishing birth control and abortion would mean that women would have a high risk of pregnancy if they have sex. It all boils down to control freaks trying to run other folks' lives.

Mike Williams
Chicago, Illinois

SCHOOL PRAYER

Robert Duxbury's "School Prayer: An Englishman Crosses the Great Divide" (*The Playboy Forum*, June) was a wrongheaded solution to the school prayer debate. This is a nation of many religions. It would complicate matters if students recited a state-created prayer or a Catholic prayer or a Lutheran prayer or a Jewish prayer or a Muslim prayer. Besides, I always thought that the home and places of worship were where children were taught their prayers.

Louis Carrubba
Brooklyn, New York

OVERKILL

I was not surprised to pick up a copy of PLAYBOY and read Bovard's doubts about the Randy Weaver case ("Overkill," *The Playboy Forum*, June). According to news reports, one of the commanders in charge of that operation now claims the FBI's review of the case was a cover-up intended to shield top officials from charges of misconduct. I understand that Larry Potts, one of the principal architects of the Weaver raid, helped draft the Waco plan and now has overall responsibility for the Oklahoma City investigation. FBI Director Louis Freeh recommended disciplinary action against 12 FBI employees and sent a letter of censure concerning Pott's failure to provide proper managerial oversight. Is this the new bureaucratic order?

James Freedman
Lubbock, Texas

Author James Bovard responds:

When FBI Director Louis Freeh was asked in a Senate hearing about the behavior of FBI agents in the Weaver case, he declared, "I did not find any misconduct. I specifically found that there was no misconduct by any employees. It really comes down to an analysis of the facts and the conclusion." Freeh's comment is in stark contrast with those of the fire-and-brimstone Federal Judge Edward Lodge, who presided over Weaver's trial and who denounced the FBI for fabricating evidence and for misconduct surrounding the case. But maybe Louis Freeh has a different understanding of misconduct.

If the almost 400 state and federal agents surrounding Randy Weaver's cabin were subject to civilian laws, wouldn't they all be charged with conspiracy to commit murder?

Arland Miller
Lawrenceville, Georgia

It may well be true that our government went a bit far in the case of Randy Weaver and his family. But following the bombing in Oklahoma City, one may expect to lose certain freedoms in the name of public safety. I only hope our nation doesn't turn into a police state in the process, but if it deters these types of incidents, then perhaps this is the most logical solution. My family didn't lose anyone in the bombing, but if we had, I am almost certain we wouldn't mind the government's emphasis on investigating suspicious persons.

Walter Briggs
Alexandria, Louisiana

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com.*

THE DRUG INDEX

Number of Americans who have used illegal drugs in the past month: **11.7 million**
Number of monthly users whose only illegal drug is marijuana: **9 million**
Percentage of high school seniors who smoke marijuana every day: **4**
Number of hash bars in the Netherlands: **2000**
Percentage of Dutch teenagers who smoke cannabis products: **3**
Percentage of Americans who would legalize marijuana possession: **40**
Percentage of first-year college students who would legalize marijuana: **28**
Number of federal prisons in 1982: **45**
Number of federal prisons in 1995: **79**
Annual cost to keep first-time nonviolent drug offenders in federal prisons: **$320 million**
Annual cost to keep noncitizens in federal prisons: **$400 million**
Number of Americans in need of treatment for drug abuse: **5 million**
Number of publicly funded treatment slots available: **600,000**
Increase in treatment budget requested by President Clinton in 1994: **$355 million**
Increase in treatment budget approved by Congress in 1994: **$67 million**

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

GOOD LORD

DUBLIN—*Without reminding parishioners that God sometimes works in mysterious ways, a Catholic cleric has been trying to explain how his church managed to*

run up a $1300 bill with a telephone sex service. The official denies that the calls were made by horny priests and thinks they're the work of a devil who's tapping into the church's cordless phone.

NEW ODDS ON AIDS

BOSTON—*The head of the Harvard AIDS Institute warns that four highly infectious strains of HIV may eventually become a problem in the United States. He estimates that 15 million to 30 million people, mostly in Asia and Africa, are presently infected with strains that are easily transmitted through vaginal intercourse. The strain common in this country is contracted by heterosexuals at an average rate of once per 500 to 1000 sex acts, but the new strains could lower that ratio to once in ten to 40 exposures.*

NUKE THE NET

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI—*The feds are up in arms about sex on the Internet, but what about the really dangerous stuff? When a parent discovered that his son had fashioned a crude napalm bomb from an online recipe, he took it to local police. The FBI refused to act, citing a Supreme Court precedent protecting instructions on how to build a homemade atomic bomb that were published in a magazine.*

BAD PR

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Some 200 D.C. police and federal agents decided to call off an early-morning assault on a notoriously drug-ridden public housing project when they learned that local radio stations had reported the raid on their all-night newscasts. Apparently, the D.C. Department of Public and Assisted Housing, needing some good publicity, had announced the impending raid in a press release.*

JUST SAY NUTS

DALLAS—*After nearly a decade, county health workers, with other public and private organizations, managed to knock the area's AIDS rate from ninth highest in the nation to 20th, largely through free distribution of condoms and needle sterilization kits. Cause for celebration? Not in Dallas. County commissioners voted four to one to abolish the program on the grounds that it subsidizes immoral and illegal sex and drug use. The county's AIDS workers must now fight the disease by advocating monogamy or sexual abstinence and a drug-free lifestyle.*

RENO AND RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A federal judge has declared New Jersey's Megan's Law unconstitutional. The statute required convicted child molesters to register with police when they relocated in a community, an idea that the Justice Department still believes in. Attorney General Janet Reno has supported the law and has issued guidelines that encourage states to keep tabs on released child molesters, especially when the offenders change jurisdictions or cross state lines. Megan's Law was named after a seven-year-old Hamilton Township girl who allegedly was killed by a child molester living in her neighborhood.*

DRUG WAR

SAN FRANCISCO—*A survey of law enforcers found that 95 percent of the respondents think the U.S. is losing the war on drugs, and 98 percent think that it shouldn't have been a police matter in the first place. Just over 90 percent thought education and treatment could control drugs more effectively, and 30 percent thought legalization or decriminalization would either decrease or not affect drug use. Lawmakers, take note.*

TRASH TALK

PHOENIX—*Political correctness has taken one step forward and one step back. Governor Fife Symington signed what the state legislature calls a "veggie hate crimes bill." Farmers and shippers can sue anyone who maliciously spreads false information about Arizona farm products.*

TALLAHASSEE—*Meanwhile, the Florida legislature repealed a law, passed in 1883, that makes it a first-degree misdemeanor to slander any woman, married or unmarried, by "falsely and maliciously imputing to her a want of chastity."*

DESIGNS, INCARCERATED

RAYMOND, MISSISSIPPI—*Before committing a crime, prospective inmates of the Hinds County Jail should be aware they will also be making a fashion statement. Hoosegow officials have decided that to better identify prisoners, those jailed for*

capital murder will wear red jumpsuits, while those in for noncapital murder will don yellow-gold. Trustees will be in green and all others will wear brown. How about pinstripes for white-collar crimes and tie-dye for drug busts?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

LET'S HEAR IT FOR D.C.

without a powerful federal government, we couldn't trade, wage war, fight poverty or cure the sick

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Subversives in our midst are acting like foreign agents of the Japanese and Europeans, and it's about time they were exposed. You know who I mean: the people who go out of their way to attack the U.S. government. I don't care if they call themselves congressmen or militiamen—they are giving comfort to our economic enemies. Soon we will be such weak players in the new world order that we'll have to beg the United Nations to send its troops to deliver our mail. Even the Voice of America, which represents the U.S. in 42 languages, is part of the fire sale. So is every federal nonmilitary program that works.

Why are these people so eager to run down our government—the same government that helped to defeat Hitler, eradicated polio, put a man on the moon and provides timely assistance whenever we have a flood, an earthquake or a hurricane? It may not be perfect, but if there's another government these malcontents would rather live under, then they should. But don't destroy ours.

Whose purpose does it serve to dismantle the powers in Washington? Anybody who tells you that this country would be able to compete better without a strong national government hasn't looked at our competitors. In Japan, Europe and China, private enterprise and a strong central government work hand in hand to project power and influence.

"Don't worry," the congressional radicals say, "we just want to 'devolve' power back to the states." Do they think this is the Continental Congress and that the competition is King George? How are the states supposed to deal with foreign economic powers other than by falling all over one another in a mad effort to entice a Japanese company to invest in their backyards?

The Japanese, like the Europeans, don't go anywhere without their government running interference, securing special trade deals and in other ways softening up local markets. When eastern Europe opened up, the Japanese trade ministry offered tours of the new market to its bankers and businessmen. The Europeans were being frozen out of the commercial aircraft market until four of their governments got together to do something about the lockout. The result is the Airbus, which now accounts for one third of worldwide commercial aircraft sales.

Our competitor countries practice trade exclusion when it suits them and use their governments as battering rams to open our markets. Who is supposed to represent the U.S. in trade dealings if the radical Republicans succeed in eliminating the Commerce Department?

But it's not just in obtaining trade concessions that a strong central government is crucial. The modern economy requires planning on a national level in order for the private sector to thrive. And our competitors already have far more government involvement than we do. That's why you can take high-speed trains throughout Europe and Japan but get stuck in traffic in the smallest burg in this country. Yet Gingrich is determined to destroy Amtrak and every other already enfeebled mass transit program.

The extremists have conned us into thinking we are overtaxed and that our government is too large. Bull. Our tax base as a percentage of the gross domestic product is lower than that of every modern capitalist competitor nation. All do far more than the U.S. does to train workers for the jobs of the future, provide universal health care and stimulate investment.

Our competitors know that education is the key to economic prowess in the information age, and they are willing to pay for it. They are building their public education systems by following national standards while we focus on local control and turn to private schools. Gingrich would eliminate the Department of Education. He has already cut funding for curricula improvement and programs that increase national math and reading scores and would gut Head Start, the best shot we have at lifting kids out of the underclass and into the workforce. When the congressional radicals are finished, the only thing holding public education together will be prayer.

Every one of our competitors maintains a modern national health system that guarantees minimum medical care at a reasonable price. Yet our own much more limited Medicaid and Medicare programs are now under sharp attack. They should be expanded, instead, to cover those now uninsured. Why not learn from the Europeans about the efficiencies of universal health coverage?

Our rightist lawmakers would turn back the clock by shriveling key government health and safety institutions, such as the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, which is the envy of the world and has led the fight against AIDS. Why does Gingrich seek to eliminate the Agency for Health Care Policy and Research, which is actively involved in controlling health costs? Why undermine the Agency for International Development, which advances U.S. security abroad?

Most extreme are the irresponsible attacks on our government's enormously successful programs in basic scientific research. Private industry will not take up the slack here. That's why French people pay for their country's project in DNA mapping. How dangerously shortsighted to balance the budget by cutting research that provides the basis of future prosperity and tax revenues.

The attacks on the federal government are penny-wise and pound-foolish. Why cut funds for international peacekeeping efforts at the same time that we expand our military budget? Why should we be prepared to fight two major, simultaneous wars with our resources alone while our allies put their money into expanding markets? The comical superpatriots roaming our land don't understand the first thing about power in the modern world. It is pathetic to think that we can be protected with muskets or even assault rifles.

As Woody Guthrie once warned, the man who takes your job or your ranch will do it with a fountain pen. Today the weapon of choice is the computer. The nostalgia freaks of the radical right will leave you stranded on a rural mountaintop with 19th century provisions and concepts. As in earlier wars, we need a strong national government to pass the ammunition, but now it's a matter of bytes, not bullets. A healthy, skilled and educated population is what an armed citizenry is all about. Power is multinational, and we need a strong government to make sure our flag flies with the best of them. Love it or leave it, I say.

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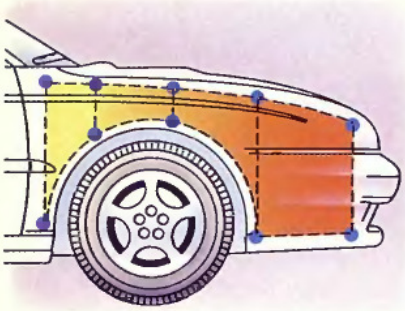
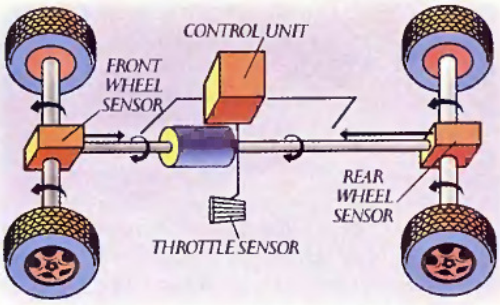


Crumple Zones

Air Bags



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The All-Wheel Drive Legacy® LS Station Wagon

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CINDY CRAWFORD

a candid conversation with the ultimate supermodel about sex, money and power—and fighting backstage gossip on the front page

Maybe you've heard this one:

"Cindy Crawford and a guy were stranded on a deserted island. After several weeks, nature took its course and the two began to make love. Months later they were still marooned and they were still making love.

"One day, Cindy asked her companion if there was anything special she could do for him. 'Well, yes, as a matter of fact,' he said. 'Would you mind putting on my trousers and my shirt?'

"'No. That's OK, I guess,' she said, stepping into his pants.

"'And my jacket and tie?'

"'Well, all right,' she agreed.

"'And could you pull your hair up under this baseball cap?'

"'Sure,' she replied, getting into the spirit of things.

"'OK, do you feel like a guy now?' he asked.

"'Yeah.'

"'A regular guy?'

"'Yeah, yeah. Now what can I do for you?' she asked impatiently.

"He tapped her shoulder, leaned toward her and whispered, 'Just between you and me, dude, I'm fucking Cindy Crawford!'"

"I think it's funny," the real Cindy Crawford said when we told her the joke. Of course, she'd heard it before. "Even my dad liked it. He never quite believes that I'm famous except when someone uses my name without adding 'model' to it. To him, being in a joke means you're really famous because people are expected to know who you are."

The real joke would be on anyone who doesn't know the name Cindy Crawford. Only a few years ago, even a successful model labored in anonymity. Today—thanks in part to Crawford's success—models are media darlings, offering a new category of celebrity to a glamour-starved public. They sell out the annual "Sports Illustrated" swimsuit edition and video. When Naomi Campbell, Elle Macpherson and Claudia Schiffer opened the Fashion Café in New York, it was news that equaled the opening of a Planet Hollywood. And of course there's the Victoria's Secret lingerie catalog (home to Jill Goodacre, Stephanie Seymour and Frederique, among others) and movies such as "Ready to Wear," Robert Altman's dissection of the fashion world. Vendela has appeared as a guest correspondent on "Entertainment Tonight." And Michael Gross' "Model," unveiling of the entire business, was a best-seller.

Crawford is hardly the only successful pretty face. Schiffer, Macpherson, Campbell, Seymour and Christy Turlington are also approaching brand-name status. Rene Russo, Andie MacDowell, Lauren Hutton and Isabella Rossellini have all made lucrative transitions into acting. But none has taken modeling to the heights that Crawford has. She's gone from being a magazine cover image to being a cover subject.

How did Crawford catapult above the rest of the pack? Is it an ineffable quality that strikes a chord with the public? Yes, says her MTV "House of Style" producer, Alisa Bellettini: "People find her very real." Or as one writer put it, "She connects."

There is also Crawford's much-lauded professionalism. In an industry dominated by egos and eccentricity, she has always behaved as the consummate pro—on time, upbeat and conscientious.

Another factor in her success is her willingness to take risks. After an abortive session with "Sports Illustrated" for a swimsuit issue, she created a swimsuit calendar of her own that was a best-seller for four years. In July 1988, she broke a barrier when she became the first of the modern supermodels to pose for PLAYBOY. *Those sexy photos, shot by Herb Ritts, led directly to MTV, which was looking for a model to host "House of Style," one whom men both knew and liked. That same year she signed a deal with Revlon that currently runs through her 30th birthday.*

Crawford and the distinctive beauty mark

"Sometimes it amuses me that somebody is willing to pay me this much money just basically to be alive today. And I have to do something with my day, so, OK, I'll go put on some makeup and look nice."

"There are some guys at my gym. They are 5'2" and have guts. Yet they criticize a woman who is five pounds overweight, saying, 'She has a big ass.' I'm thinking, Hello? Have you looked in the mirror lately?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM MURRAY

"I totally respect Richard's choice not to say, 'I'm not gay! I'm not gay!' His attitude is that there is nothing wrong with being gay. I've always thought that was really cool about Richard."

above the left corner of her mouth are so ubiquitous that "Vanity Fair" has called her "Cindy, Inc." Her 1994 earnings were recently reported to be $6.5 million. She has appeared on more than 300 magazine covers. Her two exercise videos have sold well. Her languorous body—in and partly out of skimpy bathing suits—decorates a series of best-selling calendars. (She donated the proceeds in the name of her brother Jeff, who died when he was three of leukemia-related heart failure, to charities that aid children with leukemia and their parents.) Crawford is a spokesperson for Pepsi, Blockbuster Entertainment and Kay Jewelers. In keeping with the computer revolution, Crawford is a big roadside attraction on the information superhighway. There are many World Wide Web home pages dedicated to her. Her next move is one that she has long postponed: acting. She is co-starring with Billy Baldwin in her first movie, an action thriller called "Fair Game."

There have been down times, too. After a four-year semisecret courtship, Crawford and Richard Gere were married in December 1991 in Las Vegas. Although the marriage has always been as unconventional as the tinfoil wedding rings Crawford made for the quickie ceremony, everything seemed to be going fine until the rumors started: They were having problems, Gere was gay, Crawford was bisexual and their pairing was a convenient beard for both. Add to that Crawford's "Vanity Fair" cover (she's in a bathing suit) shaving lesbian chanteuse k.d. lang (dressed as a man). In May 1994, when a French magazine reported that Crawford and Gere were separating, the couple took the unusual tack of placing an ad in the "Times" of London that affirmed their monogamy and, just for good measure, their heterosexuality. But in December the pair announced that they had been separated since the previous July. They maintain that there are still no definite plans for divorce.

Crawford was born in De Kalb, Illinois in 1966, the middle of three sisters, in a blue-collar family. Her brother died when she was ten and her parents divorced a few years later. She excelled in school—even becoming her high school's valedictorian—while assuming more familial responsibility than the average teenager.

She began modeling at 16 after a photographer asked if he could take her picture for the local paper. Soon Crawford left her summer job—shucking corn—to model, making more than enough money to pay back the $500 her parents had lent her to put together a portfolio. According to one source, Crawford earned up to $1000 a day with the Chicago office of the Elite modeling agency during the summer between her junior and senior years.

Crawford went to Northwestern University on a chemical engineering scholarship but quit after one semester to pursue modeling. She moved to Chicago and spent a couple of years apprenticing with the city's top photographer, Victor Skrebneski. They split when she took a job in New York against his wishes. She made the final move to Manhattan in 1986.

To get a look at Crawford as she makes the transition from model to actress, we dispatched Contributing Editor **David Rensin** *(who interviewed Crawford for "20 Questions" in April 1993) to the set of "Fair Game" in Miami. Says Rensin, "We met first at the home Cindy had leased while on location. She answered the door wearing cutoff jeans and a black leotard. She looked like the kind of girl-next-door a guy could only dream of.*

"The next day I watched her work on the set. Cindy spent most of her time in the backseat of a car being chased through a hotel parking garage. Later, she and her co-star, Billy Baldwin, posed for a movie poster.

"This time, a different Cindy emerged. She wore a torn slip that showed lots of leg between the hem and her high heels. Her face was smudged with dirt and her hair blew freely in the late afternoon wind. Cindy wrapped herself seductively around Baldwin and locked her eyes on the camera. The camera blinked first.

"The most impressive thing about Cindy, beyond the obvious physical attributes, is that she knows who she is. She sees clearly the line between 'Cindy' the girl-next-door and 'Cindy' the product. She is also keenly aware of her effect on people and goes out of her way to include them in conversation, put them at ease and numb the intimidation. Believe me, it works."

Each year I've thought, This is going to be my biggest money year, so I'll just be happy. But I just saw my tax return and thought, Wow! That's pretty cool.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you were good-looking?

CRAWFORD: I guess when I was in high school. A photographer from the local paper wanted to take pictures of me. I didn't really know what that meant.

PLAYBOY: Oh, come on. You must have been a head-turner even then.

CRAWFORD: Homecoming-queen cute is more like it. I certainly wasn't the most popular girl in school or the one who got any boyfriend she wanted. That was Lisa and Laura, the twins. Any guy they wanted would break up with his girlfriend and go out with them in a minute. I remember there was a movie being shot in our town. I used hot curlers in my hair and put on tiny shorts and I rode my bike over, hoping to be seen. I was in eighth grade but probably looked about 17. I talked with all the guys—though I didn't get farther than the grip truck. My dad always said, "Of all my daughters, I didn't think you would be a model."

PLAYBOY: Why not?

CRAWFORD: I'm not sure. Maybe because I was never dying to be a model. It just happened. All I know is that I always wanted to do something bigger than De Kalb, Illinois.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

CRAWFORD: Nuclear physicist. First female president.

PLAYBOY: As valedictorian of your high school class, you were entitled to those dreams. Didn't you bet your dad $200 you'd get straight A's through junior high and high school—and win?

CRAWFORD: True. But I've milked that story enough. A couple years ago there was a newspaper story about some fourth graders who were asked who they wanted as president. I came in second to Bush. That was a surprise. But what was more interesting is that they voted for me because they said I was smart, not because I was pretty. I thought that was cool.

PLAYBOY: But you've become famous primarily for your looks. How does that make you feel?

CRAWFORD: It's strange why I'm famous, don't you think?

PLAYBOY: Not if you consider how our culture works. It values beauty.

CRAWFORD: And that's not necessarily something about our culture that I respect. I don't disrespect myself for succeeding that way. I don't think commercial is a bad word. I understand doing things for pop culture. My look was right for the Eighties. I was smart enough to seize the opportunity and create others.

PLAYBOY: Does being called a model bother you?

CRAWFORD: It's not insulting. That's what I've done for the past ten years. I just don't want it to be "model," period. I hate saying, "I'm a model." I like saying, "I model" or "I act," but not that "I'm an actress" or "I'm a model." I hate that your career has to define you in a limiting way.

PLAYBOY: Tell us how you would define yourself.

CRAWFORD: I'm "Cindy Crawford" when I'm working or going to a movie opening or a Revlon event. I can make a statement with the way I look. I'm like a cartoon character sometimes. The rest of the time I am just a girl. I can go out without pressuring myself to outdress everyone or be the best-looking person around. About five years ago I felt more pressure to be stylish because I thought the way I looked in public reflected on me professionally. Now I realize that it doesn't. Today I can go out with wet, stringy hair and only a little makeup.

PLAYBOY: Clearly, that's enough. A *Rolling Stone* writer once claimed that you

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"may well be the purest embodiment of human perfection in our evolutionary continuum."

CRAWFORD: I said I was fast food in that article.

PLAYBOY: You did. Why?

CRAWFORD: Because a lot of my fame comes from disposable pop culture. Literally disposable. You throw magazines away after a week or a month.

PLAYBOY: Yet, between hosting MTV's *House of Style*, your ads for Pepsi, Revlon, Blockbuster and more, you managed to earn a reported $6.5 million last year. Not bad for fast food.

CRAWFORD: Each year I've thought, This is going to be my biggest money year and I don't think I can top it, so I'll just be happy. But I just saw my tax return and thought, Wow! That's pretty cool. Each year I have surpassed the previous year. Sometimes it amuses me that somebody is willing to pay me this much money just basically to be alive today. And I have to do something with my day, so, OK, I'll go put on some makeup and look nice.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think of yourself as a multimillionaire?

CRAWFORD: Almost never. Growing up, my idea of a millionaire came from *The Beverly Hillbillies*. We certainly didn't have any millionaires in my hometown. Now, to Cindy Crawford at 29, *The Beverly Hillbillies* represents what I call "fuck you" money—enough to say fuck you to anybody.

PLAYBOY: Which would be how much?

CRAWFORD: To live the kind of modest life that I like? Oh, maybe $50 million in principal, so I can live off the interest. [*Laughs*] Richard and I used to talk about this all the time. We figured we would still work but could do projects we wanted to do and dictate how we wanted them done. I wouldn't just cruise the Riviera.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Richard, you two have gone through a very public separation. How hard has it been?

CRAWFORD: One thing I resented was being famous. If we had been a normal couple who wanted to separate for a little while and just get our shit together, we could have done it without having to go public.

PLAYBOY: You might have told only your friends.

CRAWFORD: Right. It's just that we consider the world our friends, so we had to make an announcement. We had lunch and decided.

PLAYBOY: But by the time you announced the separation you had already been apart for a while.

CRAWFORD: Yeah. Richard went to England to do a movie. We were already living separately, but we didn't announce anything because he was on location. Besides, what is an actual separation? We lived half of our married life separated. If separated means not being together, then we already were. But there wasn't a formal separation day. Now we have papers, but at the time we figured we didn't owe it to anyone to tell.

PLAYBOY: What made you finally break the news?

CRAWFORD: The papers started in on us again. We realized it would be more harmful if, when he dated another woman, it looked like he was running around on me—when he wasn't because we were separated.

PLAYBOY: Like the story in the papers about Richard and an actress?

CRAWFORD: Model. [*Smiles*] Young model!

PLAYBOY: A few months before the separation you and Richard bought an ad in the *Times* of London, declaring not only your monogamy and love for each other but also your heterosexuality. Since you included the public then, was it just natural to do so later?

CRAWFORD: No. You just feel really helpless when all this shit is flying around you, and it's about you, and you can't do anything about it. The ad was our attempt to say, "Here's our truth right now." We had wanted to say something in the ad like: "We have problems like every other couple." But our publicist said, "Listen, you guys are getting way too personal here. You can't say that." I still wanted to, because everyone does

You Can't Rush Smo

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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have problems. But she said to stick to the facts: "We're heterosexual, we're this, we're that."

PLAYBOY: Still, that ad was most unusual, wouldn't you say?

CRAWFORD: Totally unusual. But this really nasty article in a French magazine claimed that we were gay, our marriage was a sham, I was a beard for Richard and more. Stupid stuff. At first we thought, OK, this will go away. And then it didn't. It escalated. It got picked up by the English tabloids, which are such lovely things, and then it got picked up everywhere. And we wondered, What can we do? [*Pauses*] Our reason for the ad was that we resented the implication that we were living a false life. We were definitely married. We were a couple. What bothered us the most was the idea that we didn't really love each other and that we weren't really a couple who were married in the traditional sense of the word. And by saying that we weren't, they implied that we were being dishonest. And we just wanted to say, "We're not trying to pull the wool over anyone's eyes. We're married and we're trying the best we can, just like everyone else is."

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, do you think that ad was a mistake?

CRAWFORD: No. You get to a point where you feel completely helpless. We could not just let the press say whatever they wanted. We wanted to have a voice as well.

PLAYBOY: Where did the rumors start and why do they persist?

CRAWFORD: I have no idea. Maybe because Richard did *Bent*, a play in which he portrayed a homosexual. But that said, I totally respect Richard's choice not to say, "I'm not gay! I'm not gay!" I've always thought that was really cool about Richard. His attitude is that there is nothing wrong with being gay, so even by saying, "Well, I'm not, but there's nothing wrong with it," he'd still be separating himself from it. He didn't want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Would it surprise you if I said that many people who knew we would be interviewing you wanted us to ask only one question—and it wasn't a question about your divorce?

CRAWFORD: "Is she gay?"

PLAYBOY: Right.

CRAWFORD: [*Shocked*] My God! [*Blushes*] What can I do? I haven't done anything wrong.

PLAYBOY: We're not suggesting that. But maybe the *Vanity Fair* cover gave some people the wrong impression.

CRAWFORD: The *Vanity Fair* cover was not a Cindy Crawford cover. It was a k.d. lang cover. My friend Herb Ritts shot it and thought it was a funny concept. If it had been Arnold Schwarzenegger sitting in that chair and not k.d. lang, no one would have said I was having an affair with Arnold.

PLAYBOY: Sure they would have.

CRAWFORD: OK, they might have. But it wouldn't have been this huge.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you anticipate the problem before agreeing to the shoot?

CRAWFORD: No. It was a funny idea. k.d. is out. I think it's cool that she was playing into a male fantasy as a woman. And Herb takes great pictures of me, so I knew I was going to look good. It wasn't supposed to be a cover, but *Vanity Fair* got their hands on the photo and it was too good to be true. They put it on the cover so they could sell more copies—which was fine. I knew what I was doing. I wasn't a little girl who got talked into something. I just had no idea that people would think a setup photograph represented some kind of truth. I thought it would say much more about my sense of humor than about my sexuality. But not everyone got the joke. *I was a prop.* I was the blowup doll in that picture. Unfortunately, it fed the rumor mill. [*Pauses*] But

oth Flavor.

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I would do it again just to fuck 'em. I'm not going to let a fear of what people might say stop me from doing the things I want to do.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Kay Jewelers do public-opinion polls to see if the cover had harmed your image?

CRAWFORD: They were really cool about it. I don't think they had anticipated the hoopla, and they were concerned about what people in the Midwest thought.

PLAYBOY: What did Kay discover?

CRAWFORD: [*Smiles*] That not many people in the Midwest look at *Vanity Fair*. And those who do understand that it was a photograph.

PLAYBOY: Even if Richard won't, would you care to go on the record in this country about your sexuality?

CRAWFORD: I will go on the record and say that I have sexual relationships with men only. Why do people think every famous person is gay?

PLAYBOY: What do you think?

CRAWFORD: I think it's a way of cutting you down. It's sad and it has to change. That's why Richard has resisted answering that question for so long. The day that attitude changes is probably the day Richard will go on the record. This topic shouldn't even be this much of the interview—though I understand why it is—and that's part of the problem. I work with beautiful women all the time. If noticing that Christy Turlington is beautiful made me doubt my own sexuality, I would be in trouble. But I can look at Christy and say, "My God, she is beautiful. She has a beautiful body, beautiful face. But I still want my husband." You know what I mean? I don't feel as if looking makes me some kind of weirdo. But I think guys get more freaked out by that. If they notice a very attractive man, and they notice that they're noticing that he's attractive, they're like [*clenching her teeth*], "But I'm straight. But I'm straight. But I'm straight."

PLAYBOY: Perhaps these rumors will stop now that you've set the record straight.

CRAWFORD: I doubt it. Even if I say, "No, I'm not gay" a hundred times, I'll still be asked about this for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. In his recent book *Model*, Michael Gross describes modeling as the "ugly business of beautiful women." How ugly is it?

CRAWFORD: I believe there is an ugly side, like there is to almost every business. Ugly behavior makes everyone ugly. I've seen tantrums and girls being sleazy, but modeling is about so much more than who's on drugs and how much we get paid, the stuff sensational news stories are made of.

PLAYBOY: What about your experiences? Have photographers hit on you?

CRAWFORD: I've never had a slimy photographer hit on me. A lot of what you get is what you put out. Maybe people saw potential in me and didn't want to screw up their relationship with me, so they treated me in a good way. But anyone who says they're going to put you on the cover of a magazine if you do something sexual with them is someone you want to avoid.

PLAYBOY: Are younger models more easily talked out of their clothes?

CRAWFORD: Sometimes you let people talk you into stuff. It doesn't feel right, but you say, "God, I'm a kid, what do I know?" The first nude picture I did was pretty much gratuitous. I was 18, in Paris and it was for *Elle* magazine. It was this weird kind of nudity and I wasn't ready for it.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean, weird kind of nudity?

CRAWFORD: Weird in the sense that the session wasn't about being nude. So many photographers—it's such a cliché, but it's true—try to get you to be nude, and it's so stupid. Half the time those pictures aren't going to run in the magazine anyway. On the other hand, to most photographers, even the ones who aren't straight, women's nude bodies are beautiful. Herb Ritts, who isn't into the sexual aspect of it but is interested in the lines and the geometry, wants you to take off your clothes. And because you're normally at a shoot with five people you know and have been joking around with all day, it's not that big of a deal. Then sometimes the pictures come out and you think, Why did I do that?

PLAYBOY: What about other men you deal with, such as the ones who hire you to do ad campaigns? Do they try anything?

CRAWFORD: That never happens. People don't even flirt with me. In fact, there was this big guy at Pepsi—he'd probably kill me for telling this story, so I won't mention his name—who was at this international meeting in Barbados, and I flew down to make an appearance. They rented a house for me for four days before I had to work and I went with a girlfriend and her boyfriend and my agent. One day my girlfriend, her boyfriend and I were sunbathing topless because that's Barbados—you can wear nothing if you want. And the Pepsi guy walks up with my agent to meet us for lunch. I saw him coming and I wondered, Should I put on my top because I have a business relationship with him? I didn't want him to get offended because the rest of the beach had seen me with my top off. Meanwhile, as he's walking toward me, he's saying to my agent, "I hope she puts on her top." He wasn't even being a schmuck, like wanting to see. He wanted to keep our relationship professional.

PLAYBOY: Did you or didn't you?

CRAWFORD: I left it off and it was fine with everyone.

PLAYBOY: The conventional wisdom is that many models live only in the glamorous moment, spend all their money and end up with nothing.

CRAWFORD: Many more have gotten married when they finished their careers, bought the country home, had kids, driven the Volvo station wagon. Unfortunately, our careers are only about ten years long.

PLAYBOY: You've gone the distance. Your ten years are up. Have you peaked?

CRAWFORD: It depends how you judge. I was never the darling of the fashion industry. Not *the one*, like Kate Moss, who epitomized modeling for six months. Or Linda Evangelista. I was always on covers because I could sell. I always knew that was the reason. I knew it wasn't about me schmoozing or not schmoozing people. I didn't get or not get covers because people were being nice to me or trying to punish me. I might not have been the darling of the runway, but I was doing *House of Style*. I wasn't a *Sports Illustrated* regular, but I did exercise videos and worked for Revlon. I kept moving and mushrooming. I never just depended on, say, Anna Wintour at *Vogue* saying, "In or out." I never let myself wind up on the outside because I kept doing other things.

PLAYBOY: Why do you sell?

CRAWFORD: People think I'm trustworthy, so products I represent have credibility. They find me approachable just from my pictures. Now, people will buy a magazine because they're my fans. In the past they bought because they liked my look.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your competition. What do you think of Naomi Campbell?

CRAWFORD: She's like a wild child. You love her, but sometimes you want to say, "Naomi, behave." And she's a great model because she used to dance and she can move like crazy.

PLAYBOY: Claudia Schiffer?

CRAWFORD: Claudia is a star and she understands that. It's pretty obvious that she looks like Bardot. She's really smart about the way she does business. She brings an old-style glamour to modeling.

PLAYBOY: Jill Goodacre.

CRAWFORD: Jill has kind of dropped out. We used to do a lot of swimsuit catalogs together, and I always thought she was fun. Now she's with Harry Connick Jr. and she always looks happy when I see her on *Entertainment Tonight*.

PLAYBOY: She was the first of the big Victoria's Secret catalog models.

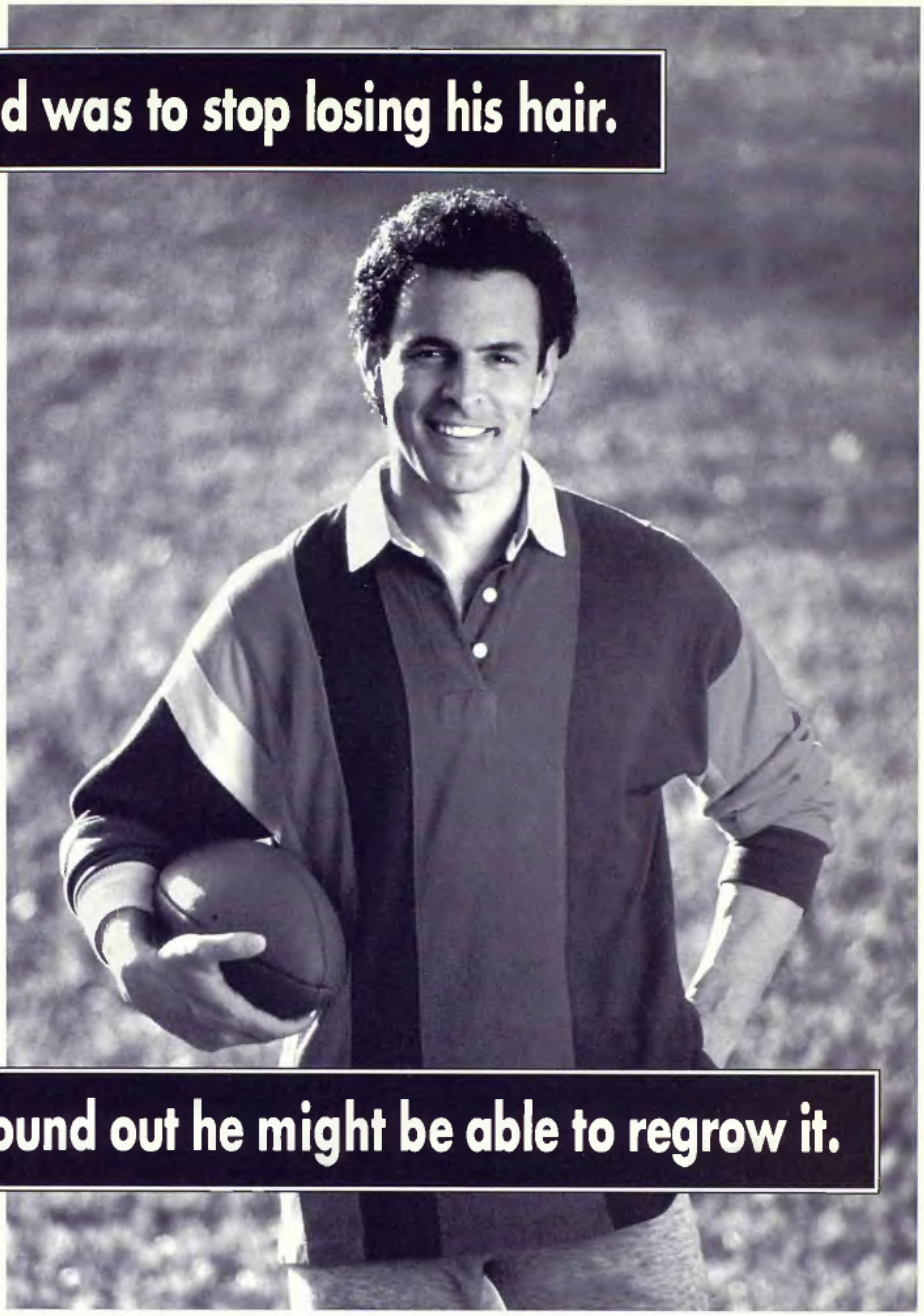
CRAWFORD: She put that company on the map and I bet you any amount of money that she wasn't getting a piece of the profits. She got just a flat rate. That's why, no matter what models get paid, it's not too high. Whatever she got paid was probably not in relation to Victoria's Secret's sales figures.

PLAYBOY: One model whose life turned to tragedy was Gia Carangi, who died of AIDS in 1986. When you began modeling you were called Baby Gia. Did you know who she was?

CRAWFORD: The only models I really knew of before moving to New York

All he really wanted was to stop losing his hair.

Going from hair loss to hair regrowth was beyond his wildest dreams. But then he learned there's a product that could actually regrow hair. He learned about *Rogaine*® Topical Solution (minoxidil topical solution 2%). Because for male pattern baldness, only *Rogaine* has been medically proven to regrow hair.



Until he found out he might be able to regrow it.

How *Rogaine* works.

The exact mechanism by which minoxidil stimulates hair growth is unknown. But many scientists believe that *Rogaine* works, in part, by taking advantage of the existing hair's growth cycle. Prolong the growth cycle so that more hairs grow longer and thicker at the same time, and you may see improved scalp coverage.

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Dermatologists conducted 12-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 26% of patients using *Rogaine* reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 11% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil – the active ingredient in *Rogaine*).

After 1 year of use, almost half of the men who continued using *Rogaine* rated their regrowth as moderate (40%) to dense (8%). Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects? About 7% of those who used *Rogaine* had some itching of the scalp. (Roughly 5% of those using a placebo reported the same minor irritations.) *Rogaine* should be applied only to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make a commitment to see results.

Studies indicate it usually takes *at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment before there is evidence of regrowth.*

Just a few minutes in the morning and a few at night. That's all it takes to apply *Rogaine.* If you're younger, have been losing your hair for a shorter period of time, and have less initial hair loss, you're more likely to have a better response.

Keep in mind that *Rogaine* is a treatment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. If you stop using it, you will probably shed your newly regrown hair within a few months. But it's easy to make *Rogaine* a part of your daily routine. Thousands of men do. And now you can find out if *Rogaine* is for you.

The facts are free. Plus we'll send you a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

Call **1-800-963-0111** and we'll send you a confidential free Information Kit. **And since you need a prescription to get *Rogaine,*** we'll include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss, plus a $10 incentive to visit a doctor soon.

So call today. Maybe *Rogaine* can make your dreams of hair regrowth come true, too.

Call for your free Information Kit on *Rogaine* and a $10 incentive to see a doctor.

1-800-963-0111

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

See next page for important additional information.

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Rogaine® TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution is a prescription medicine for use on the scalp that is used to treat a type of hair loss in men and women known as androgenetic alopecia: hair loss of the scalp vertex (top or crown of the head) in men and diffuse hair loss or thinning of the front and top of the scalp in women. ROGAINE is a topical form of minoxidil, for use on the scalp.

How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 56% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.

In women: A clinical study of women with hair loss was conducted by doctors in 11 US medical centers. Based on patients' self-ratings of regrowth after 32 weeks, 59% of the women using ROGAINE rated their hair regrowth as moderate (19%) or minimal (40%). For comparison, 40% of the women using placebo (no active ingredient) rated their hair regrowth as moderate (7%) or minimal (33%). No regrowth was reported by 41% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.

People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.

Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskelatal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Natritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.

ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.

Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.

When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions ha followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.

Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precaations for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual panod does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

The Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, MI 49001, USA CB-5-S

were Phoebe Cates and Paulina Porizkova. But I heard of Gia within a week of arriving in New York. My agent would call people and say, "We've got Baby Gia here. But she's straight, she's not on drugs and she has a mole." My agents took me to all the photographers who liked Gia: Albert Watson, Francesco Scavullo, Bill King. Everyone loved her look so much that they gladly saw me.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet Gia or want to make contact?

CRAWFORD: No. She hadn't died yet, but she was on her way. She wasn't modeling. I never felt as if we were connected souls or anything like that. I've heard some pretty crazy stories about her and Janice Dickinson in the days when the modeling industry was actually the way people think it is now.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

CRAWFORD: That the girls are doing drugs and partying. I've never been around it so I always say, "No, that's not true," when asked. But lately, I've heard that a little bit of that is resurfacing. Which kind of makes sense.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRAWFORD: Doing drugs doesn't make sense. What I mean is that the girls, the ones a few years younger than me, don't remember the older models who ended up at 30 with nothing because of drugs. Those things are cyclical.

PLAYBOY: Isn't anybody telling them?

CRAWFORD: I know many makeup artists and photographers who have seen the cycle three or four times now. They try to say something. But some people have to learn the hard way. Lately, we're hearing about people using heroin again. You want to say, "God. Are you guys stupid?" Memories are so short.

PLAYBOY: *Model* makes much of Eileen Ford as a stabilizing influence in the business. What's your impression?

CRAWFORD: I don't know her, though I respect her agency a lot. Eileen seems to be a good substitute mommy. Her agency, on the whole, takes good care of the young models.

PLAYBOY: Did she ever try to steal you away from Elite?

CRAWFORD: No one ever tried. Christy Turlington and I used to talk about raids and deals. We made sure that if I structured a new deal with Elite I'd tell Christy about it so she could go to Ford and get the same thing. And she would tell me the way Ford did deals with her. At one time she was the biggest model at Ford, so she had more leverage to negotiate than I did at Elite, which also had Paulina and Linda and five other big models. It's not like we're all backstabbing; we're trying to help one another get the most out of this that we can.

PLAYBOY: So other supermodels aren't jealous of your success?

CRAWFORD: Elle Macpherson and I are friendly. A year ago, we got together a couple of times for lunch. We felt we

were two—and there are more—of the models who were really capitalizing on our successes. So we brainstormed for each other. I always have ideas. When Naomi Campbell was doing her album, I said, "Naomi, do the album. Disappear for six months. Do not model. If you're going to do an album, do it great and make it so people take you seriously." The money is really hard to say no to, so that wasn't the choice she made. So that's fine. I give suggestions. It's just that sometimes they're not taken.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you invest in the Fashion Café along with Elle, Naomi and Claudia?

CRAWFORD: I was asked. I don't think they put in their own money, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it touted as their money?

CRAWFORD: I don't think the models got the capital together. I would be shocked, because I had talked to people about doing it myself. It's like Planet Hollywood, which I'm involved with. Arnold and Sly didn't sit around and say, "Let's do a restaurant!" Robert Earl had the idea, and then he recruited the right people. Planet Hollywood openings are covered everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Why did you become involved with Planet Hollywood and not the Fashion Café?

CRAWFORD: There are a couple of reasons. One, Planet Hollywood is already established and successful. I like to align myself with success. I also thought that if I'm going to do movies, I'd rather be in a group of people with Schwarzenegger and Demi Moore than with models again. *Vanity Fair* did a supermodel cover recently. Jesus, hasn't this story been done? They wanted me to be on the cover with five other models, and I didn't want to. The Fashion Café thing was like that for me.

PLAYBOY: You've had other business opportunities. Mattel wanted to do a Cindy Crawford Barbie doll. Why did you turn them down?

CRAWFORD: I said it would have to have my body dimensions, not Barbie's. No one looks like Barbie. Not even Naomi Campbell. Mattel said they'd done a "Real Me" Barbie, and little girls didn't want it. They wanted the one with the arched feet and tiny waist and gravity-defying breasts.

PLAYBOY: Do models understand the power of appearance so well that beauty becomes, as Andy Warhol said, a form of intelligence?

CRAWFORD: If you look beautiful and confident, people treat you like you're beautiful and confident—so you can act beautiful and confident. [*Pauses*] It's really hard to be objective about yourself, particularly when you're doing a runway show with 40 other girls, each one more beautiful than the next. Then you start looking harder for your flaws and they become more apparent. At home I don't focus on it that much. Even at my class reunion I didn't feel like the best-looking person there.

PLAYBOY: Seriously?

CRAWFORD: I looked cute. I had on the right dress. I didn't go overboard with the hair and the makeup.

PLAYBOY: When are you at your sexiest?

CRAWFORD: The people I would want to find me sexy should consider this—me sitting here during this interview, being real and talking—sexy. The only time I do that Jessica Rabbit thing is at work, for fun or to fuck with people's minds. They know it's a joke. I don't like to be intentionally sexy because it's weird. I've seen women try hard to be sexy and it gives me the creeps.

PLAYBOY: You epitomize sex appeal to a generation, yet your allure has also been described as Disney-like.

CRAWFORD: Clean. This reminds me of a woman who came up to me on an airplane and said, "You know, my son is just learning about his sexuality." He was 12 and just starting to like girls. "He has pictures of you on his walls. And I'm glad it's you and not Madonna."

PLAYBOY: What do you think she meant?

CRAWFORD: I'm the sexy girl you'd want to marry. It's funny because I could never be all that people think I am.

PLAYBOY: How do you view Madonna?

CRAWFORD: I totally respect her. The way

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she has created Madonna is amazing. And I like her music. That might not be the coolest thing to say, but every album, you listen to it a few times and you're hooked. I just saw her at Versace's—he had a dinner party the other night. It was the first time that we were at a small dinner together, and it was nice.

PLAYBOY: You once said you were too intimidated by Madonna to interview her on *House of Style*.

CRAWFORD: Yeah. In the past. But at this dinner party we didn't have to be "on." Sometimes I think I'm under pressure, but she's under more pressure to keep topping herself. That must be scary sometimes, but she's got balls. How can I not respect that?

PLAYBOY: What's it like knowing that men—and women—watch you all the time? Do you sense their eyes as you walk down the street?

CRAWFORD: No, and if I did I don't think I could act normal. I have to get what I want out of an exchange with a person. If what I want is for them to be nice, that's what I sift for. If they want to sleep with me but I don't want to sleep with them, I can still take the nice part.

PLAYBOY: And if you want more, do you push for it?

CRAWFORD: I'm out of the loop on that lately. [*Laughs*] But yeah, I guess. I'm not a big flirt. So people aren't quick to do that to me.

PLAYBOY: Is that some sort of form of self-protection?

CRAWFORD: I just don't like to play with fire. I don't want to lead somebody on for the fun of it. I see how easy it is to slip into that behavior. Then, if it never goes anywhere, it stalls by definition. It's hard to have a normal friendship.

PLAYBOY: Describe your strangest dating experience.

CRAWFORD: Before Richard, I went out with a guy who didn't know who I was.

PLAYBOY: You're kidding, right?

CRAWFORD: No, this is true. It was seven years ago. I was on covers of magazines, but he wasn't the type of person who would know that, so he didn't know until after we went out.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet?

CRAWFORD: I was at an airport, waiting for my luggage. This guy saw me and came over and asked me if I needed help. He asked if we could have dinner sometime. And I was crazy and young enough to tell him where I was staying. He came by the hotel the next day and dropped off flowers. I was standing there with a client and the client thought the guy was a delivery boy. The client grabbed the flowers and said, "I'll take these for her." Then he tipped him and sent him away. Fortunately, I had his number, so I called him and said, "I'm going back to New York tonight on the red-eye, but I have time for dinner beforehand." We went out for dinner and he dropped me off at the airport. Later, he told me that the next night he'd said to his roommate, "I met this really nice girl named Cindy Crawford," and his friend said, "Shut up." He said, "No. That's her name." So the friend took him to a 7-Eleven and showed him my pictures on *Vogue* and *Cosmo*. Then he said, "Is this the girl you had dinner with last night?" And the guy said, "Yeah, yeah. That's her."

PLAYBOY: Did you continue to see him?

CRAWFORD: For six months. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Camille Paglia is positively enamored of you. She has called you "misty and charismatic." She has also said that you have "a wonderful, dusky, multicultural quality."

CRAWFORD: Camille called me an Indian princess, too. At least she talks about me.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression when you met her?

CRAWFORD: I like that she challenges the way people think. We spoke together on a panel at a women's festival at Princeton. We met beforehand and Camille was talking about a new girlfriend and she would not shut up. Most of what she says is interesting, but it's like, "Enough already." Finally she said something about the perfect woman for her, and as I was walking out, I said, "Oh, that must be a deaf-mute." She thought it was funny. I disagree with about half of what she says, but I like that she has a sense of humor about herself.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Naomi Wolf, author of *The Beauty Myth*, that women are tyrannized by today's beauty standards, many of which are popularized by the magazines you appear in?

CRAWFORD: Naomi will say, on a talk show, that you shouldn't have to be beautiful to be a woman with power. Meanwhile, she's got the perfect hair, the perfect everything. I think that Camille balances her message.

PLAYBOY: But is Wolf right? Do fashion magazines send the wrong messages, particularly to young girls?

CRAWFORD: Little girls play dress-up because it makes them feel good and it's fun. Grown-up women should have as much fun. To wear a low-cut dress and be a vamp for one night is great.

PLAYBOY: Are models dumb?

CRAWFORD: [*Laughs*] That's much too complicated.

PLAYBOY: Are they smart?

CRAWFORD: You don't have to be well read to be a model, but models actually read a lot while waiting for hair, makeup, airplanes. I consider myself somewhat intelligent. The book I'm reading now is *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*. It's not Nietzsche, of course, but it is well written. You don't have to be smart to model—only to turn it into a real success.

PLAYBOY: Are you smart?

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CRAWFORD: I used to be. [*Laughs*] I've been called fiercely intelligent. I think I have a propensity for learning. I know how to watch and pay attention. Is that what makes you smart?

PLAYBOY: Have people treated you as if you were stupid because you are beautiful?

CRAWFORD: The first time was when I showed up for a chemistry class at Northwestern—I was there on a chemical engineering scholarship—and the professor said, "You're in the wrong class, honey." I said, "I don't think so." Another time I missed a calculus midterm because I was on a modeling job. I took it the next day in the professor's office. I didn't miss any answers. I'd had calculus in high school so it was easy. But he made me take it again because he thought that I'd gotten the answers from somebody. He even made a different test for me. I aced that one, too. I've had to fight a little harder.

PLAYBOY: What about the waif trend in modeling? Is it dangerous?

CRAWFORD: I don't like it when fashion magazines get too caught up in one craze and every model is under 100 pounds. That's unrealistic. It becomes a pressure and it's stressful; readers resent the models. On the other hand, some people think models cause bulimia. I certainly don't. I have that hourglass figure. But Kate Moss is just skinny. She eats hamburgers and chocolate and smokes cigarettes and drinks coffee. She can do whatever she wants and still look that way. She's thin. She doesn't diet. A good friend of my sister's is bulimic, but she doesn't blame magazines. She doesn't stare at pictures of thin women and puke her guts out. Our culture doesn't tolerate fat well.

PLAYBOY: Are beautiful people treated differently?

CRAWFORD: Let me tell you how they're treated. There are some guys at my gym who make a lot of money, are 5'2", bald and have guts. Yet they criticize a woman who is 27 and five pounds overweight, saying, "She has a big ass." I'm thinking, Hello? Have you looked in the mirror lately? Men just don't feel that pressure, but they put it on us and we put it on ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Does the Cindy Crawford image pressure other women?

CRAWFORD: I'm just lucky that God gave me a wonderful "envelope." All I know is that I have the same insecurities as they do. I can't and don't want to look like "Cindy Crawford" every night. I know some people think, Yeah, that's easy for her to say—she always looks great.

PLAYBOY: What are a couple of your insecurities?

CRAWFORD: I did some love scenes with Billy Baldwin in *Fair Game*. I was naked except for a little patch, which was ridiculous—that is, until you see his patch. [*Laughs*] Meanwhile, I'm sitting around worrying about cellulite. I was supposed to be thinking about having movie sex, not about thigh spread.

PLAYBOY: This is your first sex scene in your first movie. Any surprises?

CRAWFORD: A couple. Of course it's strange to simulate lovemaking in front of an intimate crowd of 50 people. But it's even weirder watching the playback. I remember Billy saying, "That was really cool when your hand went up there." When you have sex, you don't normally watch it afterward, unless you're kinkier than I am. Also, all of Billy's friends are telling him, "Fucking a, man. You are so lucky! You're living my dream, man!" He's had love scenes with Sharon Stone, and me, and other beautiful women, and all his friends are jealous.

PLAYBOY: When you're making love on camera, is it tough to leave your personal routine at home?

CRAWFORD: I wouldn't bring any of my special tricks. That would violate a relationship. [*Smiles*] You do see my breasts, though. I didn't have stunt breasts brought in.

In fact, after doing sex scenes on this movie all week, I have a bruise on my ass from sitting on a car, which was on an auto loader on a train. I told someone, "There's a reason why people fuck in bed. It's more comfortable." The occasional

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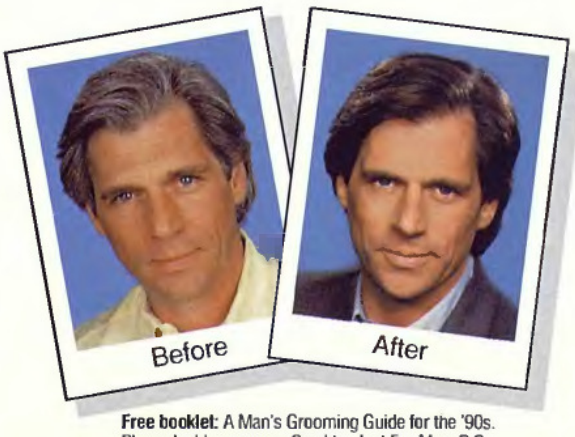

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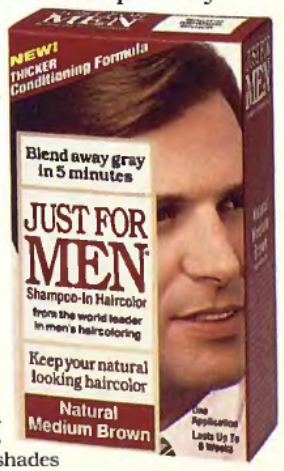

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floor or kitchen-counter thing, it's more the idea of it, the sexiness, than that it's comfortable for anybody.

PLAYBOY: On an acting spectrum defined on one end by Meryl Streep and on the other by Hulk Hogan, where would you put yourself?

CRAWFORD: [*Laughs*] Probably closer to Hulk Hogan.

PLAYBOY: For years, you said you had no interest in making movies. Why risk the potential jeers that go with becoming an actress?

CRAWFORD: Because it's challenging, and modeling isn't anymore.

PLAYBOY: Not at all?

CRAWFORD: Certain business ventures, such as starting a jewelry line or my deal with Pepsi, where I'm a player and a partner, are still interesting. Just to do a shoot for a day is pretty boring. But I was never dying to be an actress, just like I wasn't dying to be a model. Both just happened. And the more successful I got as a model, the more people would say, "Do a movie." Scripts were sent.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of roles?

CRAWFORD: The character who says one word before she takes off her clothes. Modeling in a movie. It wasn't interesting. It also wasn't practical. Anything I would have wanted to do, actresses like Julia Roberts and Demi Moore would, of course, get. So it was always easy to say no to what was offered.

PLAYBOY: How did *Fair Game*'s producer, Joel Silver, persuade you to change your mind?

CRAWFORD: He offered to pay me real money. He promised he would protect me and that I would have a good time. He understood that my MTV connection brings in the same young male audience he makes action movies for. And I knew him. He'd already offered me other movies, including *Demolition Man*.

PLAYBOY: Sandra Bullock's part?

CRAWFORD: Yeah. I didn't relate to the script because it wasn't a movie I'd normally go see.

PLAYBOY: Isn't *Fair Game* also an action movie?

CRAWFORD: Yes, but I liked my character. And her relationship with Billy Baldwin's character reminded me of Cybill Shepherd and Bruce Willis in *Moonlighting*. There's a lot of banter. Of course, some has been taken out because when you're getting chased by guys with machine guns, you can't be that off-the-cuff.

PLAYBOY: You didn't mention if Silver also thought you could act.

CRAWFORD: My acting ability was a big question, but not everything has to be Shakespeare. I don't have big dramatic scenes. I don't think of myself as an "artist." It takes the pressure off. Besides, I think I'm pulling it off well.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll get critically nailed no matter how good your performance actually is?

CRAWFORD: Probably. But I must be doing something right. Warner Bros. is trying to negotiate with me for another movie. I think they see potential.

PLAYBOY: Was the script written with you in mind?

CRAWFORD: I think the original idea was to get me and Richard to do it together.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider it?

CRAWFORD: Richard doesn't do this kind of movie. Also, for my first movie I didn't want to hear "the only reason she got that is because of Richard." And I would be more embarrassed to try acting in front of him than I would in front of strangers.

PLAYBOY: Has living the actor's life helped you better understand Richard?

CRAWFORD: I called him two weeks after we started shooting and said, "I didn't realize how exhausting this is." He said it's probably even more tiring for me because it's my first time. I can't even relax when there are moments to relax. Now I really appreciate that we could go to dinner on a weeknight when he was shooting. I come home some nights now and I can't even talk.

PLAYBOY: What do you want out of acting in the long run?

CRAWFORD: I'm not sure. I just know I don't want to become addicted to it.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

CRAWFORD: Actors can get away with

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

behavior that they wouldn't get away with in real life. This is my first role, but I can already see the attraction. I've been given permission to kiss Billy Baldwin, Chynna Phillips' fiancé! Then there's the way you're treated.

When I first became famous my sister Danielle would always get mad at me because people treated me differently. They were nicer. I would say, "It's not my fault." If I wanted to be bad on this movie, come in late, demand things, they'd let me get away with it as long as I came up with the goods. Modeling is somewhat like that, but movies are ten times worse. I'm also afraid of one day going to a movie opening and no one will want to take my picture. It probably won't happen, but I've had those thoughts. I don't want to fear not being in the limelight. I don't want to need that recognition.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it too late to worry about that?

CRAWFORD: I would love to think that I could move to Maine, get a farm and have a family. I would love to think that going to the grocery store and my kid bringing home an art project from school would be enough. But I'm afraid that I would miss being able to go into the Chanel boutique in Paris and hear them say, "Pick out whatever dress you want." I'm afraid I need that, so I really fight against it.

PLAYBOY: How?

CRAWFORD: Here in Miami I go to the gym but I don't take the bodyguard—and believe me, they try to get me to take him everywhere. I drive myself, I put my quarters in the meter. I go to the grocery store myself. I don't want to be George Bush, going, "Hey, they have these new inventions at the grocery store that scan prices." I don't want to get that removed from reality because then you're really lost. I don't want to lose my focus on the kind of life I really want.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

CRAWFORD: Well, I'll never have a normal, white-picket-fence life—it's just not in the cards for me this time around. But I don't want to be doing three movies a year, have my kids raised by nannies and never see the man I had my children with because we have no life together. I don't know how Demi Moore does it. She has a great career, three kids, the husband. She works constantly, does really good work and most of her choices are right on. She must manufacture time.

PLAYBOY: Any other occupational hazards of supercelebrity?

CRAWFORD: Celebrity, after you've had it for a while, is worth not a hell of a lot.

PLAYBOY: All you celebrities say the same thing.

CRAWFORD: It's really true. I get little perks. I get free shoes, sometimes. My sister and my mom are always saying, "You make more money than we do and you always get free stuff." I say, "Yeah, but then I've got to schmooze with the person or sign autographs." Nothing's free. I wish everyone could be famous for a little while. They could meet their biggest idols, have as much money as they need and be famous for a few minutes to realize that it doesn't fix anything. Whatever sadness or unhappiness you have isn't about not having money or not being famous or not meeting Michael Jordan. The good thing about celebrity is that you have everything, so you really have to look inside yourself and figure it out. You can't always be coveting the outside stuff because you have it all.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it fair to say you're not really like the rest of us?

CRAWFORD: What do you mean?

PLAYBOY: That even though you have solid Midwest roots and are decent and kind, the world you live in has less and less connection to your former life.

CRAWFORD: I always say that the biggest way I've changed is the kind of food that I like. I know about smoked salmon now, or *bufalo* mozzarella. I don't really think the connection is thinning out. If I had wanted to totally reinvent myself, I could have. But I didn't want to. When I go home, I still feel comfortable around my family and friends. I stay clear about

who I am, and people's projections don't bother me much.

PLAYBOY: What projections affect you the most?

CRAWFORD: Women who look a certain way tend to make men act a certain way. People are normally nice to me, but sometimes it's not real. And I think women get intimidated by me.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle it?

CRAWFORD: Because my physical appearance might be intimidating to some people, I see it as my responsibility to make them not think that I think that it makes me any different. I feel like it's my job to make people feel comfortable because I'm already on some kind of weird pedestal. I really like people. No matter who the person is, I like to find some way of relating.

PLAYBOY: Is success harder than failure?

CRAWFORD: You're a disappointment to everybody if you don't keep topping yourself. If, on my 30th birthday, next year, I were to say, "Hey, it's been great; I'm just gonna go," not only would I feel that I'm letting other people down, I would feel ungrateful, too. I'm lucky. I've been given so many opportunities to do things other people dream about. I'm afraid of not taking the opportunities and living up to the potential.

PLAYBOY: One of those opportunities was posing for PLAYBOY. Why did you do it?

CRAWFORD: I learned something important when I started modeling in Chicago. I worked for only one photographer, Victor Skrebneski. That relationship ended when I moved to New York. He thought I'd abandoned him, because he had discovered me. So in New York I decided I would never again have just one main photographer. If one guy was off me for a while, somebody else would want to work with me. Because of that, when the PLAYBOY opportunity came along, I wasn't afraid to take a chance. I was already good at saying "Why not?"

PLAYBOY: What effect did it have on you professionally?

CRAWFORD: A few jobs were canceled when the issue came out, but that died off. If those same pictures had been in *Vogue*, no one would have said boo. They were beautiful and not at all questionable. What's more, I was already in *Vogue*. My agency was afraid that *Vogue*, and maybe Revlon, would react negatively. As it turned out, MTV was developing *House of Style*, and they were looking for a host. My producer, Alisa Bellettini, saw the PLAYBOY layout, and that led to my getting the job. I was the first model she knew who had male fans. And because MTV's audience is more men than women, she needed a model who represented the fashion industry *and* could cross over.

PLAYBOY: You're welcome.

CRAWFORD: I've always done things that have increased my audience beyond people who read fashion magazines.

PLAYBOY: And now you're a role model. How does that feel?

CRAWFORD: It's a weird thing. A lot of people become role models just because they're famous. Fame should not mean that. Michael Jordan is a role model for anyone who wants to play basketball. How he achieved excellence in his sport should be example enough. Michael shouldn't be called a bad person because he gambles. He never said he didn't gamble. He said, "I'm a good basketball player."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the same kind of pressure?

CRAWFORD: I don't want to fuck up publicly. Fortunately I never have, but the pressure not to isn't fun. When separating from Richard, I had to deal with the emotional agony of having problems in my marriage and with "How are we going to announce it?"

PLAYBOY: Are you tempted to change your behavior because the public is watching? Or do you just say, "This is who I am"?

CRAWFORD: Both. People watch what you do. My mom always says, "Working at a bank is no different from doing what you do, except in scale." There's gossip at the office and on the movie set. I don't want it to seem like I'm obsessed with what people think of me. I have the same traditional Midwestern values as my parents. I haven't made a decision that Cindy Crawford the role model will act a certain way—though I don't smoke in photographs or in real life, and I don't trash hotel rooms. I try to avoid negative press. If I want to fight with my mom or my husband, I do it at home. I know I have to deal with the consequences of my actions.

PLAYBOY: Are you and Richard getting divorced?

CRAWFORD: We haven't filed or decided. I'm not feeling like I need or want to do that right now. We're just separated.

PLAYBOY: Any chance that you'll get back together?

CRAWFORD: I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Would you rule it out?

CRAWFORD: I would not rule it out, for me. Richard and I still really love each other. We still talk. I'll just speak for myself, OK? I still love Richard a lot and always will. On my birthday this year I was thinking about how hard it must be to be with someone for 50 or 60 years, just in terms of boredom. But I realized it will be hard no matter who I'm with. There will be years—if you added up the days you felt this way—when you probably can barely look at the person. Then I thought, If it's going to be so hard, I would like it to be with my husband.

PLAYBOY: What caused the breakup?

CRAWFORD: You have to understand how difficult these kinds of relationships are, when both people are not only famous but busy too. Any relationship is hard, period. Richard and I talk about how both of us are completely attended to at work all day long—treated specially even if we're not divas demanding it. We're still handed the cappuccino without even asking for it. And we would both wonder how either one of us could possibly give that to the other at home, because we're each only one person, not a hundred people.

PLAYBOY: So did you have disagreements about who would, say, wash the dishes?

CRAWFORD: No. Either someone else did it or I did it, or we'd go out.

PLAYBOY: We heard that he didn't want kids and you did.

CRAWFORD: No. That's a rumor I will dispel right now. Richard had been pushing me to have a child for the last two years. The rumor may have started because in the beginning I wanted kids and he wisely postponed it because he wasn't ready. I probably would have gotten pregnant right after I met him because at that time, I thought it would be cool to have a kid. I was 22. In a way, I wish I would have done it because I think the older you get, the longer you wait. You put too much thought into it.

PLAYBOY: Was the age difference a factor?

CRAWFORD: Probably not in the way people think. I just didn't feel strong enough to be a full partner. He was a man when I met him and I was 22. This is much more about me than what he was giving me. He was giving. He was nice to me. He never told me to sit and shut up. It was never that way. I just didn't have a handle on my own power, and, partly through work, I've learned that I can take control of things. Maybe that has inspired me to want to know myself in that same way and really be the grown-up person I want to be. I haven't dealt with a lot of failure other than—and I hate to even think of it this way—in my marriage.

PLAYBOY: Some people say that the act of marriage often ruins a perfectly good relationship.

CRAWFORD: It was just time for the issues to come up. I had unrealistic expectations about how being married would make me feel. I thought it would fix a lot of things. I often said to Richard, "If we were married, this wouldn't bother me." Well, that's insane—of course it would still bother me, but I didn't know that. I just thought being married would complete me somehow, or make me feel safe.

PLAYBOY: Would you do it all over again?

CRAWFORD: Yeah. But I would have different expectations. Marriage is not a fix for everything. I'm still very pro-marriage, but when I was young I gave it a magical power. I don't know if I need marriage as much now as I did with Richard. Then I really needed to be married and I think part of it was because he had lived with other women before. I wanted something to say that I was above that. More serious than that.

PLAYBOY: For your own self-respect?

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CRAWFORD: Right. I wanted to be the one. I didn't want to be another person he just lived with. I wanted all of our friends and myself and him to know that this was more than just us living together. I really needed it. He was as committed to the relationship as always, but he probably didn't need the paper as much as I did.

PLAYBOY: Is the idea of a normal marriage—to anyone—outdated for you?

CRAWFORD: Based on how my life is going to be and who I am, it has to be redefined. I probably will never have what my sister and her husband have, where they both get home around 5:30, they're in the same bed every night with each other, with their child, with no live-in people or assistants around. My life is different. Just this week I've been doing love scenes with Billy Baldwin. Billy and I couldn't stop laughing between takes because it was so surreal, so bizarre, so weird.

PLAYBOY: Did it bother you when you were on the other end?

CRAWFORD: It's harder to watch Richard being intimate on-screen when it's *not* a fuck scene. I remember in *Sommersby*, his character and Jodie Foster's had a baby together. Maybe it's because that was something I really wanted to do, but at the moment she handed him the baby I felt, Oh my God! That really upset me.

PLAYBOY: A reviewer once called *House of Style* "silly, superficial and wonderful." Is that a compliment?

CRAWFORD: I'll take that. That's what fashion is all about. We do the show basically for the girl I was, living in the Midwest without access to Barneys and Agnes b. We let her know what's going on in fashion and how it can be accessible to her. We also try to demystify glamour.

PLAYBOY: But is it still glamour if it's demystified?

CRAWFORD: Maybe not. The really cool thing about today is that you don't have to be only glamorous. That's why when we featured Naomi Campbell, we showed her putting on zit cream.

PLAYBOY: Did you lead a sheltered life?

CRAWFORD: I had to grow up too fast. I had to learn how to sit in a room and have a grown-up conversation with an interviewer. I had to learn how to be savvy, to have business meetings and be taken seriously. Other stuff I didn't learn. I didn't date a whole lot. I missed getting to feel irresponsible. I modeled, worked and went to school at the same time. I never got to fuck up. It was too important not to. Ever since my brother got sick, and died, when I was ten, I didn't want to fuck up because I knew that my parents' minds were occupied by my brother being terminally ill. Any problem my sisters and I had couldn't be that big. We had to be good girls. After he died, we had to be good girls because we had to make up for their pain of having lost a son.

PLAYBOY: Your parents divorced when you were a young girl. How did that affect you?

CRAWFORD: When my parents divorced and my dad left us, we were on welfare for a few weeks. My mom didn't have a job and I remember her going to get the checks. I was so embarrassed. I grew up having only things I needed, and when I buy something now I still ask myself if I really need it. For a long time I didn't even have a VCR with a remote. I still have a much easier time buying stuff for other people. I bought my sister a great car for Christmas. She has a better car than I do. I probably wouldn't have bought the same car for myself.

I was never a selfish kid, saying, "What about me? What about me?" I don't want to go through that at 30, but there's a part of me that wants to learn how to be in touch with my needs and not only try to please everybody else all the time.

PLAYBOY: How long will you continue to host *House of Style*?

CRAWFORD: We'll probably choose another person sometime next year, a model who will start out doing pieces and then become more involved so I don't have to do every show—in case I've got another movie or other commitments.

PLAYBOY: Any candidates?

CRAWFORD: As many models as there are, a lot are European and their English isn't perfect; Claudia Schiffer, for instance. Also, we need someone who has the fashion industry stamp of approval and who also appeals to men.

PLAYBOY: You mean there are models guys don't like?

CRAWFORD: Certain models cross over more. Kathy Ireland, for instance. Guys really know her. Elle Macpherson's never been in *Vogue*, not even on the inside. But guys love her. Linda Evangelista, who is very high fashion and who all the photographers love as a muse, has never been in *Sports Illustrated*. Elle would like the stamp of approval from the fashion industry, whereas Linda might like to have the sexy swimsuit pictures.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to work extra hard to protect your femininity when you're powerful?

CRAWFORD: To me, feminism and femininity are not that far apart. That's partly because of the generation I'm from. I didn't grow up thinking I had to be the best girl, or that I could be just as good as the boys. I just assumed I was. I don't have that whole ERA and the women's liberation thing hanging over me.

Fortunately, women in the two decades before me did a lot of that work. Also, modeling is probably one of the only professions where as many, if not more, women have power as men. I can be totally feminine and make a lot of money and have power. With movies, it's a boys' club. I'm sure they think I'm bitchy sometimes. I was the other night and at the end of the evening I apologized. I said, "I have PMS. Sorry I'm being a bitch." I gave that to them. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Where do you go from here? Beyond acting, is there another goal?

CRAWFORD: I still don't know. If I had realistic goals, they would have been a lot smaller than what I've achieved. I'm a pretty realistic person. I wouldn't have said, "OK, I want to be on the cover of *Vogue*, I want to make a movie, I want to do a number-one-selling exercise video." Maybe somewhere in the deepest part of my subconscious I want to act, but I don't think so. I haven't really thought about it. I don't recall any great passion for it.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've shown real dedication to your work.

CRAWFORD: If I'm going to do it, then I'm really going to do it. Sometimes it's annoying to do something first, like *House of Style*, only to have 20 others copy me and make it seem like it was easy to do all along. Or I do an exercise video, then the next year five models have videos out. I'm proud that I've redefined how models are seen. I've shown the modeling industry, and other models, that we are the bosses of our careers. We can have more than a three-year run; we can really turn it into something.

PLAYBOY: You'll be 30 next February. Any thoughts?

CRAWFORD: I thought I'd be in a different place. I thought I'd have kids by now. But you can't plan everything. I still really want to have a family, though. I'm not freaking out. I guess that means I'm a grown-up. I also know I'm responsible for my personality. I can't blame it on anyone else. And I don't need to be Learjetting around. As far as what I'm going to do about my working life, I'm still looking for that passion.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean, exactly?

CRAWFORD: I was at a friend of my sister's for a party in Darien, Illinois, and this really nerdy guy started talking. He was in big real estate. He started explaining it and in front of my eyes he got very attractive because he was so passionate. I feel sometimes that I want to have that kind of energy for what I'm doing, because I spend so much time at it. Right now I'm working 14 hours a day. I want to have a passion for it instead of thinking, This isn't a bad way to spend the time and make money. [*Pauses*] But maybe my passion doesn't have to be for what I do; maybe it can be for my family or for life. Some people have it about their spirituality. I just know I haven't found that in work yet. A person will always have passion for her family, but even if you're a great mom, you still have some time on your hands. So what's going to be my other passion? That's the big question.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He knows the best new restaurant and the difference between champagne and champenoise. He knows the right tip for the maître d' and how to dress for an evening out. For him, PLAYBOY provides a menu of life's essential pleasures. Fact: Nearly 4 million PLAYBOY readers dine out on a regular basis—that's more men than all the readers of *Bon Appetit*, *Food & Wine*, *Gourmet* and *Details* combined. Month after month, PLAYBOY serves up the best. (Source: Autumn 1994 MRI.)

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN PHILIP DELHOMME

FIRST NIGHT, BLIND DATE,

ALL THAT

you've both been around the block a time or two. how long, you wonder, will it take to get to the point?

fiction by

JOSEPH MONNINGER

HER LAST lover called himself Sir Fuckalot. She tells you this as you stand at the stove, stirring spaghetti sauce, impressing her with your sensitive side. You stop and smile down at the sauce because you're older, wiser, have been around, and you aren't easily intimidated.

"Was his name apt?" you ask.

"He was crazy," she says as she twists a little on the stool, her fine, angled ass perching perfectly. She crosses her legs and you see, at the ankle, a glimmer. A bracelet, an anklet, whatever the hell it is, but it charms you. She has blonde hair and is wearing a silk blouse and black pants. She has dressed for you, you understand, though you can't help feeling you are both wearing stage costumes. You in a flannel shirt and jeans, with a Dodge Dakota pickup in the yard. You playing wounded, gut-shot divorced man, little serious income, but an excellent fireplace, decent brandy. A

kayak in the back of the truck, with the splash skirt still damp.

•

First night, blind date, all that. You want to be her Sir Fuckalot. You want to fuck every man out of her memory, every damn one except maybe Daddy. Daddy can stay, but the rest must go. You intend, like stone, to whet her against your body until she remembers only you.

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Pottery Barn napkins, Pottery Barn pasta bowls. You serve the dinner, and a third glass of Chardonnay, beside the fire on a small table you bought at a yard sale in Ashland, New Hampshire. The table has a blue design across the top and down the legs. "Varicose veins," said Pete, a kayak friend, your only real local friend, when you loaded the table into the Dodge Dakota. Women like the table, though.

You folded the napkins yourself, pressed them too, though you took care not to make the table fussed over. New York asters are in a jelly glass, the petals just weary enough to flake and dust the table. The chairs are mismatched. Holding the edge of her chair to seat her, polite but not overbearing, you remember the chairs your ex-wife carried away, large, elegant chairs with manly arms and lion's paws. These chairs, here beside the fire, are more rickety than your ex-wife's chairs. They rock slightly as your guest sits. "Oh, everything looks lovely," she says. "Hold your horses," you say, which is a phrase outdated by about 175 years. You realize, standing beside her chair, that you have had too much wine. You had two beers before she arrived, deliberately anesthetizing your nerves. You place your hand on the back of the chair again to steady yourself. Then you duck around her chair and throw two birch hunks into the fire. You know these particular hunks of wood because you cut them yourself, borrowing Pete's chain saw to clear the land around the back of the property.

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Standing away from the fire, you look sideways down her blouse and see her left breast. Her bra is green, the color of dragonflies.

"Are you from this area?" you ask.

"No, actually I was raised in New Joisey," she says in a voice you recognize as Curly's from *The Three Stooges*.

"Joisey, eh?"

"Exit 135," she says.

"Really."

"Really. I have a theory that everyone at some point in her or his life comes from New Jersey. It's like the stations of the cross. That and New York. You have to live in each place once in your life."

"Really," you say, your tongue redundant with wine.

"Why do you keep saying really? Do you think I'm making this up? By the way, the pasta is excellent. Really."

She laughs and spears more spaghetti. The fire is hot.

You scooch your chair away from the heat a little. You notice the bingle of her earring against her neck. The flash, delightful, reminds you of a spoon to attract trout. Behind your smile you are locked away, gazing out. Do you like me? you want to ask. Am I what you thought I was when you thought I was worth knowing? You want to take her hand and lead her to bed to sleep, that's all, under your comforter. Sleep and sleep, the windows open and frost rolling in through the screens like the mists of *Dracula*. You have a notion she might say yes, she would do that, though you also wonder if more is expected.

Sir Fuckalot. You pour more wine, wondering, as you do, if you aren't making her passage home impossible. She can't drive home with too much booze on board. At the same time you think, out of no reason you can pinpoint, that you should get a cat. Mice are a problem in your house, so a cat would be an answer. But a cat, scraping its claws on your couch, ruining what few good things you have, is not a smart idea. Your thoughts are becoming blocky and you resolve to cut off your wine for at least a half hour. Watching the red heft of spaghetti travel to her mouth, you remember music. You pop up, head to the small office at the rear of the house and say, "God, I haven't played any music for you."

"I was afraid to ask," she says. "I thought maybe you were into some sort of spiritual silence."

"No, no, nothing as profound as that," you call. "Any requests?"

"No, play what you like. I can make all sorts of judgments about you from what you select."

Van Morrison? Frank Sinatra? Or the safe bet, the Chopin mazurkas? You put on the mazurkas, listen to two measures of their dark, venomous sounds and know they don't cover the mood. "Sorry," you say. "I just had a moment of taking life seriously."

"That's OK," she calls back. "Who was it? I didn't recognize it."

"Chopin, the mazurkas."

"Moody son of a bitch, aren't you?"

"Yes I am," you say with the stilted, wooden inflection of the recent TV commercial in which an imposter steals a ride in a stretch limo by affirming that he is, indeed, Dr. Krakowskowitz. Or something like that. You put on John Lee Hooker, a bluesman, which is maybe too sexual and nightclub for what you have going. But you like John Lee Hooker, and besides, no one can criticize you for liking a black bluesman. You turn it low and pick your napkin off the chair seat.

"John Lee Hooker?" she asks.

"You're good."

"I like the blues."

"But do you like my spaghetti sauce?"

"Yes, I do," she says, using the same inflection you used a moment ago. "You like to cook?"

"Sometimes."

"I'm the same way. I hate cooking for myself, but that's a given, I suppose. I mean, I went through this stage where I told myself, 'OK, Carol, you're on your own, so you're going to have to make things nice.' You probably did the same thing, right? So you cook these elaborate meals, telling yourself it's OK, until you eventually find yourself cleaning all these dishes. And for what? Life in the Nineties, huh?"

"Absolutely."

"What's the most ridiculous meal you ever cooked for yourself?"

She raises her hands before you can speak and says, "Wait, I'll go first. I only asked the question because I wanted to tell you that I once cooked an entire Thanksgiving dinner for myself. I told myself that I wouldn't feel sad or absurd eating it alone. It was a low point, believe me."

"When I first got divorced I tried to make a big deal out of hanging around on Sunday mornings. *The New York Times*, bagels, expensive coffees. The whole works. Now I eat a bowl of cereal and get on with it."

"On with what, though? That's the question."

"On with kayaking, mostly. Or something outdoors. I spend a lot of time outdoors, doing the Boy Scout thing."

"How about Girl Scouts?" she asks.

"It's politically incorrect to do Girl Scouts, isn't it?"

She shrugs. Her earring flickers again. It reminds you of a goldfinch at your bird feeder. Goldfinches, you thought the other day, are like yellow tennis balls with wings.

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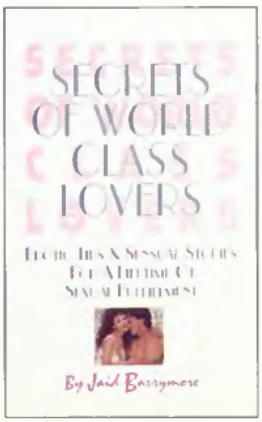
After the last bite, the plates pushed forward, the phone rings and you don't answer it. You don't have to explain because she is single, too. It might be out of politeness, your desire not to compromise your time with her, or it might be your desire not to talk

(concluded on page 88)

"Then I take it you're not really interested in seeing my etchings?"

Jaid's Turn

drew barrymore's mom gets a pictorial all her own



IF YOU WANT to help author and celebrity-mom Jaid Barrymore with her research—and given her chosen subject, who wouldn't?—you have to come equipped with a supply of hot wax, blindfolds and extra batteries for the vibrator. "I drew on a lot of my own experiences for *Secrets of World Class Lovers*," she says of her recently published sex guide. "Then I excavated the personal lives of my friends." She also had the publisher's wife test the erotic manifesto on her

Jaid and her movie star daughter (right) used to share a predilection for wildness. But now both gain more attention for their hard work than for their hard play. "Drew is so proud of my book," brags Jaid, "because I've finally made it on my own." *Secrets of World Class Lovers* bears the following dedication: "To Drew: An elegant combination of courage, sweetness, strength."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

husband. The result? "They had their best sex ever!" *Secrets* is a manual for lovers that covers everything from the thrill of public sex to kinky ways to masturbate. "Joycelyn Elders should give my book to everyone she knows," Jaid suggests. The publication of her book was an unparalleled high for the Hungarian beauty, who was born in Europe just after World War Two. Jaid's eventual

pursuit of a stage and screen career led her to Los Angeles, and into the brief marriage with actor John Barrymore Jr. that produced Drew. Of her rebel daughter, Jaid says: "As a kid, I was just as incorrigible as Drew—always on double-indefinite detention." We don't mind. The Barrymore women are our kind of bad girls. —DAVID STINE

Joid sees sex as o kind of theme pork for grown-ups: "You con go ahead ond ride your favorites over and over if you wont to, but there are olways exciting new rides to try." On this page, some lucky stiff gets his ticket punched.

"Sex is one area of our lives in which we con orchestrote our own hoppiness," notes Joid, 49, who plans to keep the symphony ploying for as long as she possibly can. "Yeors from now, if I can still get o whistle from the man in the rocking choir next to mine, I will love it!"

Playboy on the town

from manhattan's stylish new restaurant, circo, to the west coast blues club leadbelly's, here's where to eat, drink and hang out this fall

modern living by **JOHN OLDCASTLE** and **JAE-HA KIM**

FALL AND WINTER 1995 will be big seasons for restaurants, bars and clubs. Enormous establishments that will seat upwards of 400 customers are opening nationwide. Theme restaurants will serve terrific fusion cuisines, such as Asian with Californian. Some wild new bars are on the way, and the club scene will be a killer. Planet Hollywood has already headed south to Atlanta, and a new jazz joint, Green Dolphin Street, has just blown into the Windy City. Organized, cigar-smoking boys' nights out will add a sophisticated whiff of tobacco to the autumn air. Here's where the dining, drinking and dancing action for the next six months will take place.

NEW YORK

Circo ("circus" in Italian) will open this month on West 55th Street. It's the creation of New York restaurateurs Sirio Maccioni and his three sons, who run the world-famous Le Cirque. Circo will serve authentic Tuscan food based largely on family recipes. Look for the same authenticity in Greek food when top designer Adam Tihany (who owns the popular Remi in the theater district) opens **Artos**, on East 53rd Street, complete with a Mediterranean bakery. And Sylvain Fareri, proprietor of the chic boîte La Metairie, will soon bring French country cooking to East 61st Street. Theme restaurants, such as the Hard Rock Cafe, Planet Hollywood and Jekyll & Hyde, abound along West 57th Street, and others are on the way. **Motown Café**, the first of a chain of hot rhythm-and-blues restaurants, will open at 104 West 57th. This $5 million, two-story establishment, with video screens and a giant spinning 45 suspended from the ceiling, will seat 340. Plus there will be a retail store called Shop Around, named after the hit song by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles. It's a good bet that Steven Spielberg will open **Dive**, another of his submarine-themed restaurants, on 57th Street, and rumor has it that George Michael, Phil Collins, Bono, Sting and Elton John are behind a rock café called **Phantoms**, set to open on the same stretch. The most anticipated restaurant event of the winter is the reopening of the World Trade Center's **Windows on the World**, closed since the terrorist bombing two years ago. With its panoramic view from the 107th floor, a waterfall and several

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

MENU
CAFÉ

private dining rooms, Windows should be at the top of your must-visit list.

BOSTON

"A French bistro with a Cuban influence" is how Paul O'Connell (owner of the restaurant Providence in Brookline) describes **Chez Henri**, a new spot in a landmark building in Cambridge. O'Connell promoted a French-Cuban chef, Corinna Mozo of Providence, so expect well-seasoned food with a French flair. The **Park Avenue Cafe** may be cloned in Boston (and five other U.S. cities) from the enormously successful New York and Chicago restaurants of the same name. Executive chef David Burke will offer eclectic American food amid folk-art decor. *Clubs:* Last year, the rock-and-roll gods Aerosmith opened Mama Kin in partnership with the Lyons Group. This summer, the bar spawned a baby called **Next of Kin**. The 550-capacity rock club has a grittier feel than its Hard Rock Café-esque mother next door. (Both are on Landsdowne Street, near Fenway Park.)

PHILADELPHIA

Georges Perrier's Le Bec-Fin is the finest French restaurant in Philadelphia, but with prices well above $100 per person, it caters to a limited crowd. For the hoi polloi Perrier will open a much less expensive alternative, named **Bistro Perrier**, in the Rittenhouse Hotel overlooking glorious Rittenhouse Square. He is bringing in Francesco Martorella—one of Philly's best young chefs—to create Mediterranean and Provençal fare to be served both at the downstairs bar and in the upstairs brasserie.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

As owner of two of D.C.'s hottest restaurants, Coco Loco and Provence, Yannick Cam is hoping to do it again with **El Catalan**, which will feature the food of Catalonia. There will be a lavish selection of tapas and good flamenco music, too. Mark Miller, whose American West–themed Red Sage is still the toughest table in town to book on short notice, will go Far East when he opens three **Asian Diners**—one at Dupont Circle, another at 13th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue and the third in Bethesda, Maryland. Menus will feature hot and cold dishes based on the diverse street foods of Thailand, Cambodia, Japan, China and Korea. Miller will stock an extensive variety of sakes, which you can sip at the bar while watching Asian videos. The owners of Boston's **Legal Sea Foods** will be providing Washington with something it has long lacked—a great fish house. The new downtown restaurant, at 2020 K Street, will be big—220 seats—with an open kitchen, a clubby motif and an extensive wine list. The menu will feature New England–style seafood and Maryland crab cakes. Legal may open another branch in Tysons Corner, Virginia later in the year. The entrepreneurs behind the popular Clyde's of Georgetown will open **Clyde's of Chevy Chase**, a 500-seat restaurant. A downstairs bar called the **Race** will be decorated with an antique Jaguar and a mural of historic touring cars. Upstairs, one of the dining rooms will be patterned after Orient Express dining cars and the other will evoke a transatlantic crossing.

CHICAGO

Lettuce Entertain You Enterprises runs restaurants as diverse as the sophisticated Everest and the redneck rendezvous Bub City Crabshack & Bar-B-Q. This fall it will open **Brasserie Jo** (59 West Hubbard Street), an old-fashioned Alsatian eatery featuring the regional cooking of Jean Joho (chef and owner at Everest), with emphasis on house-brewed beer and homestyle bourgeois cooking. Lettuce will open two more branches of the **Corner Bakery** (at 1121 North State Street and 676 St. Clair), which will be decorated to look like old Italian grocery stores. Also watch for **Ben Pao** (it means "fireworks"), which will serve traditional Chinese food updated for the Nineties, and another **Big Bowl Cafe**, a colorful but uncomplicated noodle-and-soup shop specializing in vegetarian dishes and Mongolian barbecue. *Clubs:* Pope of Chicago B.J. Murray has been a nightclub fixture since the Eighties, when he reigned over the VIP room at Limelight. Rather than continue to work at hot spots, Murray is now opening them. He unveiled **If** this summer on Randolph Street in the city's West Town district. A tri-level combination bistro and club, If has a basement café, a dance floor on the main level with live music on Wednesdays and Thursdays and a top-floor room with pool tables, backgammon and comfy sofas. The **Dave & Buster's** chain is planning a 60,000-square-foot club at Clark and Maple in the heart of the Gold Coast. Some of the features will be a 175-seat restaurant, a spacious billiards hall, a midway filled with virtual reality and Battletech games, a murder mystery theater and a bowling alley. Demetri Alexander's upcoming River North supper club, **Lola's**, will be a 7000-square-foot bi-level space and wild scene. The first level will evolve from restaurant into nightclub after 10:30 P.M. The second level will house a club named **Roulette**, with an eclectic mix of music. Sam Mehmetti has done well in Wicker Park with his trendy bar Borderline, chic Cafe Absinthe and superfunked Red Dog Club. He recently opened **Green Dolphin Street**, his first jazz supper club (at Webster and Ashland). Contemporary fusion cuisine by Absinthe's star chef, Victor Gechrit, will be served in an elegant setting. Jazz will be featured in the adjacent club.

ATLANTA

Jean Banchet, who once owned the famed nouvelle cuisine restaurant Le Français outside Chicago, has changed saucepans in Atlanta. **Riviera Restaurant**, in affluent Buckhead, will feature Mediterranean dishes, many from France and Spain. *Clubs:* Betting on being the hottest thing to hit Atlanta since Scarlett O'Hara, **Planet Hollywood** moved into the southern orb with its latest opening in June, near Peach and International streets. As usual, the diner club features autographed memorabilia and souvenirs, as well as the obligatory visits from celebrities.

MIAMI

The culinary heat along Miami Beach shows no signs of letting up, though the action is spreading from the razzle-dazzle of Ocean Drive to Washington Avenue and South Point. That's where the owners of New York's **China Grill** have located their glamorous, multiunit restaurant of the same name. World cuisine will be served family style. An adjacent bar, serving sake, vodka and champagne, will feature a screening room. There will also be an extended-hour café named **Zen**, with a grill and sushi bar.

NEW ORLEANS

Riverboat gambling came to town last year, and restaurateurs are jockeying for position at River City, a fantasyland built around the theme of an old river town. It's a natural place for Paul Prudhomme to open a restaurant—or so rumor has it. But before that possibility happens, Los Angeles' Wolfgang Puck will open a replica of **Spago** and a more casual **Wolfgang Puck Cafe**, with menus that apply California style to Louisiana ingredients. Think crawfish pizza and cobb salad with fried oysters, perhaps. Kevin Graham, who scored big this past spring with an eclectic restaurant called Graham's, will go American at his 150-seat **G2 the Grill**. Graham promises it will not be fancy, "just steaks, seafood and poultry done right." Look for a December opening.

HOUSTON

When Tony Vallone suddenly shuttered Tony's last year, Houston's society women panicked. Tony's was to

(concluded on page 172)

"They're from Nude Housekeepers, Inc. They do everything but windows."

THE ESSENTIAL FALL WARDROBE

what to wear during the months ahead

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

AUTUMN is the season when menswear designers shake up their collections, introducing new looks and refining others to keep their clothes fresh and interesting. Here's what to expect. *Suits*: The latest jackets are cut longer and narrower than last season's models, with slightly nipped waistlines and lightly padded shoulders. Choose a three-button single-breasted style (worn with or without a matching vest) or a six-button two-to-button double-breasted in dark shades of gray, brown or blue. Striped suits, such as the ones by Joseph Abboud and Calvin Klein pictured on page 86, are good choices—particularly when worn with one of the new dark-toned dress shirts in blue, gray, brown or tan. *Sports jackets and pants*: With relaxed corporate dress codes, this is the time to add a sports jacket to your cool-weather wardrobe. Look for chenille, English tweed and other subtly textured fabrics that complement plain or pleated corduroy or cavalry twill trousers. *Sweaters*: Lightweight turtlenecks, V-necks and polo collars are all hot and team up well with sports jackets. *Ties*: Neckwear with luster is the way to go, whether it's a solid-colored jacquard weave, a small woven pattern or stripes.

The latest fall colors. Clockwise from top left: Light-gray long-pointed-collar cotton dress shirt by Calvin Klein Collection ($98). Blue-and-gray-checked wool tie by Baldessarini–Hugo Boss ($95). Blue cotton microcheck dress shirt by Robert Talbott Best of Class ($145). Blue woven-silk tie by Gucci ($95). Dark-blue woven-silk patterned tie by Joseph Abboud Collection ($80). Deep-blue cotton dress shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna ($166). Gold-filled antique love-knot cuff links from the Sentimento Collection (about $225). Gray woven-silk tie with verticol stripes, by Donna Karan Collection ($85). Long-pointed-collar cotton dress shirt by Joseph Abboud Collection ($140). Cotton tattersall shirt by Baldessarini–Hugo Boss ($200).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Above: When shopping for sweaters, look for lightweight knits that can be worn alone or under a sports jacket. The pale-blue wool tweed turtleneck on top by Boss–Hugo Boss ($210) fills that bill. Underneath it, pictured clockwise from top left: a caramel-colored cashmere cable-knit crewneck sweater by Ballantyne ($260), a long-sleeved cashmere polo sweater by Malo ($575), a cashmere V-neck by Joseph Abboud Collection ($595) and a mélange cashmere wide-ribbed turtleneck by Gentry Portofino (about $600). On table: leather agenda by De Vecchi ($225) and pewter-frame glasses by Oliver Peoples ($240).

Opposite: On the valet, clockwise from the top: a fur felt fedora by Worth & Worth ($150), a chenille sports jacket by Ermenegildo Zegna Soft Collection ($750), wide-wale cotton corduroy trousers by Cesaroni ($75), a silk tie by Donna Karan Collection ($85) and an alligator belt by Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods ($340). On the chair: a tweed three-button jacket with notched lapels, by Boss–Hugo Boss ($675), wool cavalry twill trousers by Cesarani ($125), a calfskin belt with a gold buckle, by Daniel Craig ($90) and an iridescent silk tie by Calvin Klein Collection ($85). The suede oxfords are by Cole-Haan ($175).

WOMEN'S HAIR AND MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS
MEN'S GROOMING BY LOSI FOR PIERRE MICHEL
SET DESIGN: MARIETTA CIRIELLO/FURNITURE FROM ABC CARPET & HOME
SILVER AND CRYSTAL COURTESY OF TUDOR ROSE ANTIQUES

Well-suited for fall. Far left: A rayon three-button single-breasted three-piece suit with ribbed railroad stripes, by Joseph Abboud Collection ($950) is worn with a cotton checked shirt by Robert Talbott Best of Class ($145), a silk jacquard pin-dot tie by Baldessorini–Hugo Boss ($95) and leather wing-tip shoes by Kenneth Cole ($145). Center: A chalk-stripe flannel six-button two-to-button double-breasted suit by Calvin Klein Collection ($1245) is teamed with a cotton striped shirt by Joseph Abboud Collection ($140), a silk tie by Calvin Klein Collection ($75) and suede oxfords by Cole-Haon ($255). Neor left: A wool glenploid three-button single-breosted suit (about $1050) and a herringbone shirt ($166), both by Ermenegildo Zegna, are worn with a silk tie by Donna Karan Signature ($85) ond eyeglosses by Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples ($265).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

FIRST NIGHT

(continued from page 70)

You go along with it, ride it, give her one or two extra volts in return, but deliberately hold back.

with another woman while this one is here. The machine picks up and is serious for three full minutes. Carol, in front of you, crosses her legs and smiles, sardonically—yes, you believe it is a sardonic smile—at the fire.

"So, tell me about kayaking," she says. She is back on the stool, a cup of coffee smoking on her knee. You are at the sink. You are also aware that you should be careful not to say too much. Men talk too much about themselves, you understand, and you generally find it more interesting to hear what women have to say anyway.

"It's good," you say. "It gets me away for the weekends. We've got a group that goes. It's like a party, loose, and of course it takes us to pretty places. I'm not very good at it."

"Is it important to put your life on the line from time to time?"

"Maybe," you say. "I hadn't thought of it exactly that way, but maybe."

"That was the first thing that popped into my head when I heard you were a kayaker."

"How about you?" you ask, your fingers digging at the spaghetti curled in the drainer. "Do you think it's important to put your life on the line from time to time?"

"Well, I could say we risk our lives constantly," she says, uncrossing her legs. "Going on blind dates, that's putting your life on the line," she says and laughs. "But I don't do it much. Not like that. For me it's more a question of quiet desperation. You know."

"Quiet desperation? That serious?"

"That's melodramatic, I guess. I just think living as a single person, you're closer to death. You think about hitting your head in the bathtub and no one finding you for a week. That kind of thing. So I guess I feel like I put my life on the line now and then."

"I see what you're saying," you say, though you don't, quite.

You wonder if it isn't time for a kiss.

You wonder how you're supposed to cross the kitchen floor and bend slightly to kiss her. So much is understood in the first kiss, though it has to be casual and light. Calculating, you carry dead pasta in a plastic grocery bag, single-man bags, she has called them, and you deliberately fill the other hand with a head of lettuce. At the refrigerator you ask her to pull open the door. Then you turn, hands full, and say, "Is this a good time to have a first kiss?"

"Maybe," she says, and goes up on her toes.

You kiss. Handless, just lips.

•

You dance in the middle of the living room. Dancing is a cliché, at least it was for the first minute and a half, but now it works. Passing the fire slowly, your groins grow knowledgeable, heat colors your shins. Van Morrison, finally. When you should be thinking of her, Carol, you think instead of Ruth, your first lover after your divorce, who told you once that she deliberately sent heat to you through her stomach. That she tried to bake you, turn your flesh to glazed pottery, capturing your heart inside like a frog in a watering can.

You think all this as you pull Carol closer. She pulls back, slowly, indiscernibly. You kiss her again, her temple, her ear, and she tucks in, making herself small against you. Your cock stiffens and you do nothing to move it away from her groin. Let her know what's happening between you.

•

"I know it sounds silly," Carol says in the near darkness, the fire dying and making movies on her skin, "but could we not go all the way?"

"Of course. Whatever you say."

She covers her face and rolls a little out from under you. Her shirt is open. So is yours. She laughs.

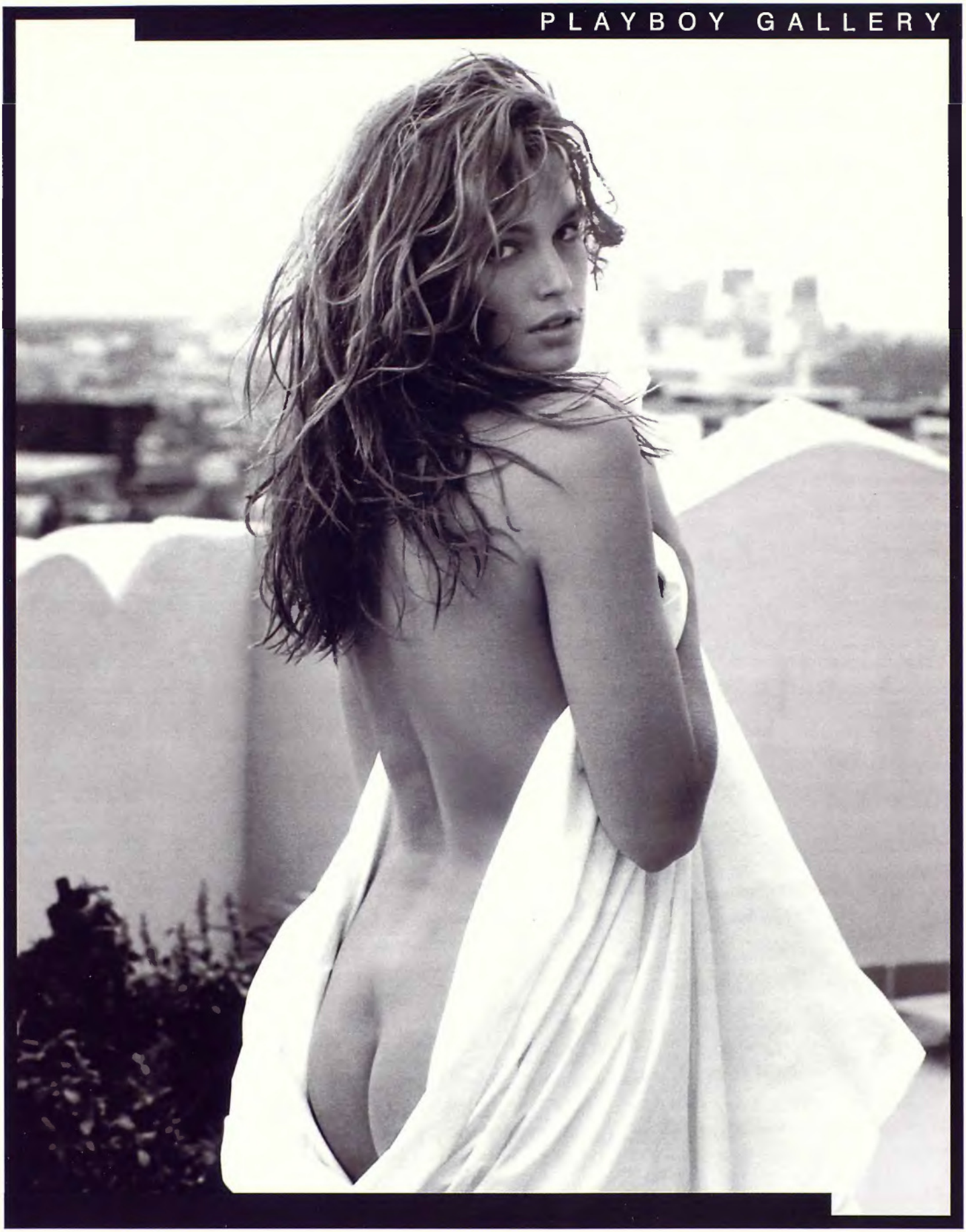
"Christ, did I actually say that?" she says. "Did I say 'go all the way'?"

"Yes, you did," you say, using the inflection again.

She shakes her head. You kiss her, and kiss her some more, and some more, and eventually her hands drop. She pulls you back squarely on top of her and kisses you passionately. *Lordy, lordy, make my backbone slip,* you think, a song lyric out of somewhere in the Fifties. You go along with it, ride it, give her one or two extra volts in return, but deliberately hold back. Sir Fuckalot. Holding her against your shoulder a little later, you wonder if he fucked her frequently from behind. Your cock gets hard at the thought, and you squeeze her close, letting her interpret your ardor any way she likes.

It's a hug that melts into sleep. You wake at 3:17 in the morning, the fire popping loudly, consuming a last vein of birch sap. You slip off the couch, move the fire screen more snugly against the brick hearth, tiptoe into the kitchen so as not to wake her and drink a glass of water. You drink two. You think for an instant about your ex-wife, her new lover, her life on the West Coast. You wonder if she drinks the milky coffee she loved so much in Venice. *Prego, latte macchiato,* you learned to say, both of you, slaughtering the words at every stop in Italy. And how she loved Rome. How she looked, shining, happy, her love of travel so fresh on her that you held her hand almost all afternoon. You think about her hand, and it is transformed to a lion's paw, reminding you again of your lost chairs. Then you think of your own chairs, and you suspect dinner went well. Carol liked it, liked you, and the fact that your ex-wife is maybe climbing on some guy's horn out in Portland shouldn't bother you.

Stomach fluttery, you step outside and pee off the back porch, arching a strong geyser into the chilly morning. The moon is impaled on a pine in the western sky. A shiver runs up and down your spine, shaking you hard, extremely hard. Lord love a duck, you whisper, then shiver again, your stream of urine creating the sound a sprinkler makes when the water hits asphalt. Three days from now you will kayak on the upper reaches of the Baker, then journey over to the Pemigewasset. A weekend of fun, but the rivers are nothing special, and you worry sometimes that you are an absurd little boy, a man-boy of 40 paddling away weekends in a bright yellow boat. The hell with it, you think. You decide you will eat bacon for breakfast both days camping, because to hell with it all, to hell with cholesterol and fat and any goddamned other thing the FDA throws at you. You shake off your penis, tiptoe back in, slide onto the couch. Carol is warm and facing away. You tuck in closer, remembering the pleasure of sleeping with a woman in chilly weather, and to your delight Carol pushes her rump against you. Maybe you are Sir Fuckalot, maybe she is dreaming, but you put one hand across her and hold her breast. She makes a sleepy sound and nudges her rump at you again, so you rub her vagina, her genie, and slowly slide down the underwear. It's dark and groping, that's all, but you enter from behind, first time, and she arcs back and kisses you, still sleepy. You hold her, hoping she isn't somewhere in a dream, somewhere in the arms of Sir Fuckalot. But then you're straining together, pulling, because it's October and the sky is not far from snow.



It was on the volcanic sands of Kona and Kaanapali in Hawaii that Cindy Crawford and fashion photographer Herb Ritts made history during three torrid days in 1988. Ritts took along plenty of black-and-white film, and Cindy—well, Cindy packed lightly. The results appear in our July 1988 issue, with an encore (above) in December 1990. Those photos launched the age of the erotic supermodel, a revolution for which PLAYBOY is proud to take credit.

GM
DEALER

THE $6 BILLION ROGUE

JOHN MCNAMARA USED IMAGINARY VEHICLES TO GET REAL MONEY. WAS IT THE SCAM OF THE CENTURY?

ARTICLE BY
DAVID HEILBRONER

CALL IT PONZI. Call it pyramid. Federal prosecutors call it "the mother of all kiting schemes," a fraud six times greater than the scandal that brought down the venerable house of Baring. For his part, John McNamara, the polite, rumpled, 53-year-old Long Island car dealer who masterminded the world's largest con game, was pleading guilty as he stood before a federal district court judge in Brooklyn in September 1992.

"During the period of January 1, 1985 through December 31, 1991," Judge Edward Korman asked, "you caused General Motors Acceptance Corp. to extend $6.256 billion in short-term loans for the financing of vehicles that, in fact, did not exist?"

Prosecutors stood across the courtroom as McNamara bent toward the table, his usual disarming smile replaced by a look of repentance.

Judge Korman went on: "You used such funds to invest in real estate, gold mines, oil businesses, commodities trading and a mortgage financing company. And you paid bribes to a number of state, county, town and village elected and appointed officials for approval of real estate development projects. Do you understand the charges?"

As the Long Island car dealer offered a terse confession, it appeared that a $6 billion joyride had come to an end.

Three years later, however, the McNamara affair remains under a cloud. Those GMAC employees who had responsibility for the McNamara account have retired, been transferred or been reassigned—some of them under deals that would cut off their pensions if they were to talk publicly about the case. Federal prosecutors have granted McNamara's two chief accomplices immunity. The Long Island GOP stalwarts who helped ease McNamara's various real estate projects through zoning boards have pleaded not guilty to charges of political corruption—and juries have agreed. No one, it seems, did anything wrong.

Meanwhile, John McNamara continues to live in luxury. Since his arrest in 1992, he remains in his waterview home with indoor pool, and has been allowed to keep nearly $2 million in assets. It's a big step down from the reported $300 million real estate empire and private jet he owned at the height of his scam, and he may still do jail time. But for a man whose fraud dwarfs Michael Milken's, it's not exactly hard time.

The prosecutor who cut McNamara his current deal dismisses any criticism as "ridiculous." An army of more than 100 accountants has begun working, under court order, to examine McNamara's financial empire. At the same time, McNamara and his associates have been forced to answer pointed questions at two political corruption trials.

As the story emerges, lawyers, creditors and business associates ask if McNamara's scam could still be going on. They wonder if McNamara has managed to turn the world's largest con game into a new scheme that now

PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

has bamboozled the U.S. Attorney's Office in Brooklyn.

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Outwardly, John Michael McNamara appears to be a harmless product of small-town America. He hails from Port Jefferson, New York, a quiet, seaside village on Long Island's marshy north shore.

The area is heavily and proudly Irish. Sweatshirts on sale near the harbor say FBI: FULL-BLOODED IRISH or CIA: CERTIFIED IRISH AMERICAN. It is also heavily Republican, a part of the state where ponytail-wearing men are assumed to be Dole supporters.

In this community, the Republican McNamaras were born insiders. John's father, Thomas, had been a well-to-do car dealer and motel owner in the area for decades. Three of John's brothers went on to prominent careers. (Thomas Jr. became the assistant U.S. attorney who prosecuted Green Beret Jeffrey MacDonald of *Fatal Vision* fame.) But none remained closer to his roots than John, and there he developed his genius for working that ubiquitous American entity known as "the system."

After dropping out of Purdue University in the early Sixties, John came back to Port Jeff and entered the family business. He was 22 years old. When he said "Trust me," people did.

Yet the father-and-son team proved anything but wholesome. After John joined the business, the U.S. Attorney's Office charged John, his father and four accomplices in connection with the beating of a contractor whose work the McNamaras were dissatisfied with. A jury convicted McNamara Sr. of extortion, but deadlocked as to John. The father's case was reversed on appeal for lack of jurisdiction, and quietly shelved. The charges against the son were dropped.

Significantly, all of Port Jefferson seemed to write off the entire "embarrassment." The McNamaras, after all, were fixtures. They had done business with half the town. John himself was close to the town's charitable leader, the brown-robed Father Frank Pizzarelli. The charges of extortion became history.

Goodwill apparently extended all the way to Detroit. When John stepped up to become president of McNamara Buick–Pontiac in 1977, GM helped move the dealership to a five-acre site along the Nesconset–Port Jefferson Highway in nearby Brookhaven. For an up-and-coming dealer, it was a lesson learned: What was good for John McNamara could be good for GM.

"The public impression of John McNamara was that he was very successful, very affluent, very capable, very philanthropic," says Ray Perini, a Long Island defense lawyer who cross-examined McNamara in 1994. "He was just terrific, a salt-of-the-earth kind of guy. But we found out that everything he touched he either corrupted or destroyed."

The corruption began with the family dealership. In its infancy, McNamara's scheme required only some basic knowledge of auto-dealer finance combined with a glad-hander's innate ability to schmooze. The new McNamara Buick–Pontiac looked as unprepossessing as any auto dealership in the U.S. Two red-white-and-blue signs sporting colored pennants towered above a rectangular glass showroom beside the highway. Inside a soundproof office on the dealership's second floor, however, McNamara recruited his accomplices and filled them in on the scheme: Under a deferred payment plan, General Motors Acceptance Corp.—the financing arm of GM—lent dealers cash to purchase new vehicles. Of course, GMAC had to be repaid with interest when the cars were sold. And if you borrow money only to repay it, where's the profit?

The answer lay in a classic Ponzi, or pyramid, scheme. Along with every real car financed by GMAC, McNamara planned to borrow additional money to finance a second, fictitious vehicle. Every few weeks he would report both that the cars had been sold, and that he needed more money to finance larger purchases. As each loan grew in size, McNamara Buick–Pontiac would be able to maintain a "core" of illegally borrowed money from GM. So long as GM never balked at upping the size of the next loan, McNamara could roll over the cash and repay GM with its own money.

The plan turned on a grasp of the Detroit mentality: GM wanted to sell cars and GMAC wanted to make loans. On paper, McNamara's dealership would be helping everybody to succeed brilliantly.

There was, however, one major obstacle. Every so often, a Detroit inspector would pay a surprise visit to "touch metal," making sure the loans were used to buy vehicles. In a few hidden locations each vehicle bears a tag stating a unique 17-digit vehicle identification number, the automotive world's DNA. As long as inspectors ensured that each car had the proper VIN, GMAC would know its loans weren't being misappropriated.

But McNamara had an answer. Anyone who has gazed across a dealer's lot knows that, apart from the vehicle identification numbers, all new cars look alike. Certainly McNamara, with his five acres of new metal, knew it. A blue Camaro with whitewalls and a sunroof is a blue Camaro with whitewalls and a sunroof.

By the time the inspectors came to touch metal, McNamara was ready. His crew waited until cars at one end of the lot had been inspected. Then, while the boss distracted the inspectors with paperwork inside the office, his employees scrambled into the vehicles, drove them around the block to change the odometer, attached fake VINs and parked the cars at the far end of the lot.

It worked like a charm, especially since McNamara said he lavished gifts on regional employees who told him about impending inspections. Anonymous sources within GM admit that "a lot of the local people got too close to McNamara."

By the early Eighties, John McNamara seemed to be on his way to becoming one of the hottest auto dealers on the East Coast.

But, of course, that was just the beginning.

Every con game ultimately depends on the greed of the mark. Offer someone a deal that's too good to be true and, if he has greed in his heart, you will get a hand in his pocket. And if anyone had a heart filled with bottomless greed, the evidence suggests that it was GM.

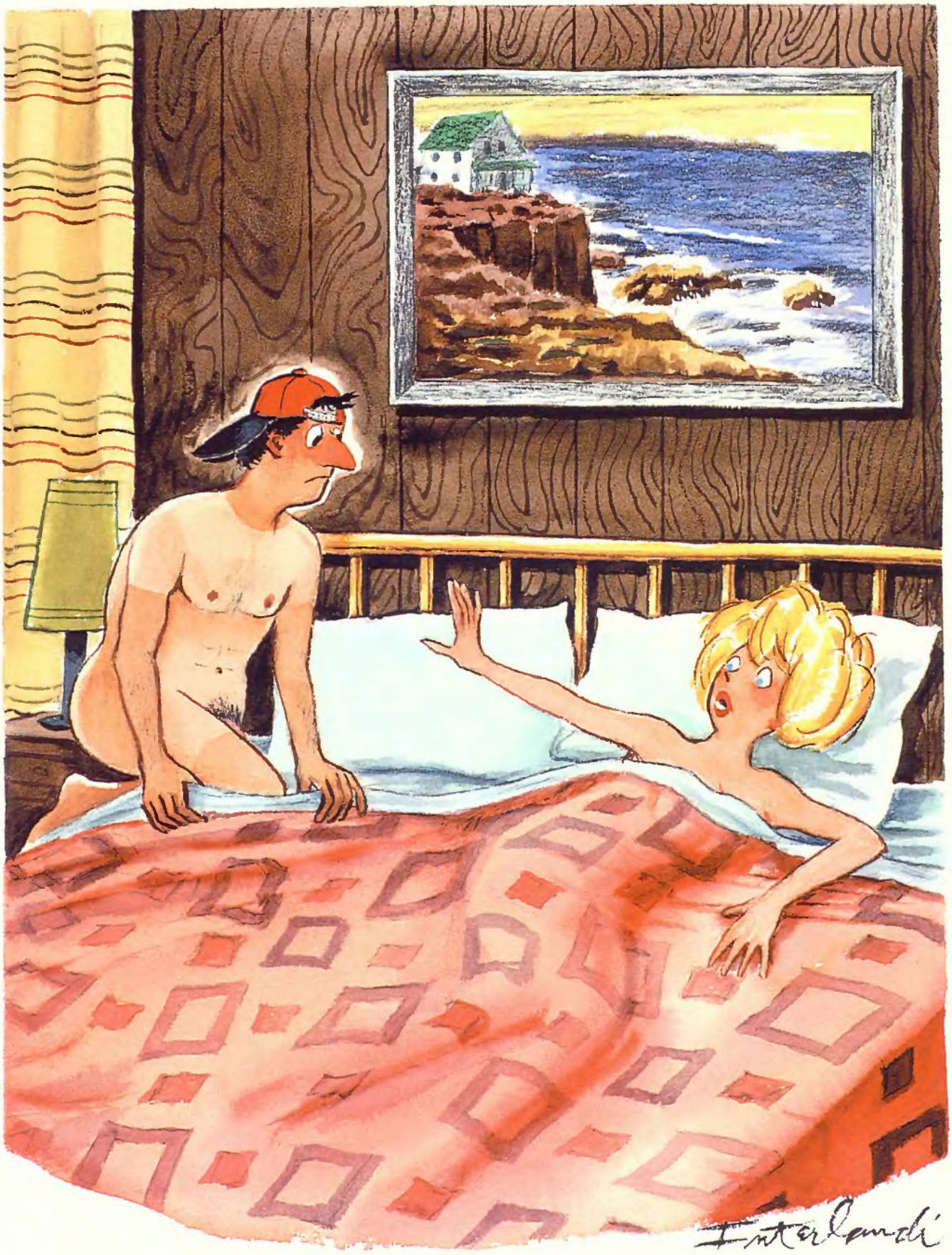
McNamara knew exactly how eager GM and GMAC would be to nurture a growing empire that sold GM cars by the thousands. They were moving product, making interest, advancing their careers and helping the GM empire. What was good for McNamara was good for GM.

In the mid-Eighties, McNamara hit upon his great stroke of criminal inspiration. Why bother driving around the block and switching numbers? Why even bother with showing GM any real cars at all? Why not just make up all the VINs? GMAC dealt only with money and pieces of paper. So long as they had a stake in his success and he told them what they wanted to hear, he could count on some willful ignorance. That series of insights catapulted McNamara into fraud's big leagues.

As it turned out, the means were right at hand. GMAC routinely helped dealers buy custom cars and vans, a subspecialty within the industry known as upfitting. Upfitted vans were perfect for expanding McNamara's scam because they carry two VINs. The nationally registered number goes on the chassis while the second number goes on the upfitted body.

Since the Fifties, McNamara Buick–Pontiac had also dabbled in foreign

(continued on page 159)



"Hold it! Condom on, hat off!"

playboy's 1996 electronics preview

WHAT'S NEW IN POWER-PACKED STUFF FOR THE HOME, CAR AND OFFICE

By Jonathan Takiff It's time to give the heave-ho to your antiquated stereo receiver and underpowered PC. And while you're at it, dump the biceps-building camcorder, because these techno staples (and others) are being challenged this fall by a new generation of electronics. For example, Hitachi's latest compact Hi-8mm camcorder uses infrared technology to beam your home video footage to your television—without wires. Kenwood and Clarion are introducing talking car-navigation systems. And digital video will soon be coming at you from all directions—through the air and on tape and disc—with crystal-clear pictures and spectacular sound. Here's the scoop.

Hitachi's Ultravision VMH81A Hi-8mm camcorder (pictured above) lets you beam video footage to your TV via infrared technology. Other features include a color viewfinder, a water-resistant casing and a 24X digital zoom lens. Price: $2100. Below: With Sennheiser's IS850 digital infrared headphones, you can attach the transmitter to your sound source, pop two AA batteries into the headphones and enjoy up to four hours of private listening. Price: $1750.

HOME VIDEO

Camcorders are going digital, and Sony and Panasonic plan to have models (priced upwards of $2500) out in time for Christmas. This new ¼-inch digital video cassette recording format uses tape packaged in two different cassette shells. One is a 60-minute matchbox-size tape called Mini-DV that drops into a camcorder no larger than your hand. The other is a 270-minute home recording tape that's about the size of an audiocassette box. Serious videographers will like the broadcast quality of DVC recordings. They'll also be impressed with the ways in which they can manipulate video footage on their computers, print stills and send images over phone lines. While DVC makes its way into the mainstream, Hi-8mm camcorders are still a top choice for quality video. Canon's ES2000 ($1600), for example, features an innovative technology called the Flexi Zone system, which lets you choose the spot you want to focus on. Flexi Zone consists of a controller pad on the camcorder that moves a frame in the viewfinder over the primary subject, ensuring it appears perfectly clear on tape. The second generation of this model, which is on sale in Japan (and expected here soon), borrows technology from Canon's EOS A2E SLR 35mm camera. Instead of using a controller to focus, it uses infrared sensors in the viewfinder to track your eye's movement and focus on what you're looking at. For something equally innovative, check out Hitachi's all-weather approach to Hi-8, the Ultravision VMH81A ($2100). This buoyant, water-resistant model floats pictures and sound to the TV from across the room by way of infrared light beams. A small optical beam transmitter is built into the camcorder; the companion minireceiver can be left plugged into the TV monitor for instant playback without additional connections.

TERRIFIC TELEVISION

TV screens keep getting bigger, as evidenced by RCA's Proscan, an $8000 rear-projection model with a colossal 80-inch picture. (The secondary picture-in-picture image alone measures 35 inches.) Magnavox' "Smart" TV line of 27- and 32-inch sets has gotten wiser with two new features: Image Lock Ghost Cancellation, a technology that picks up special broadcast cues to improve the picture, and instant replay, a function that allows you to play back the preceding eight seconds of broadcast footage. Sony introduces an impressive, wedge-shaped 32-inch XRB² television for about $3000. Aside from fitting neatly into a corner, the television offers advanced digital signal processing and a variety of user options, including side-by-side Picture and Picture for viewing two programs simultaneously and a motion detector that lights up the control panel when you approach the set. Lastly, Sharp has created the largest TV-VCR combo—a 35-inch set with a hi-fi VCR. The VCR comes with Sharp's 19-micron video head system for high-quality video recording at even the slowest speed. The TV also can run Star Sight, an on-screen programming guide with one-touch VCR recording, and features automatic closed captioning when you hit the mute button.

SMALL-DISH SATELLITE

RCA, once the exclusive supplier of super-resolution Digital Satellite System

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO AND RICHARD FEGLEY

Stacked for home entertainment. Top and center: Pioneer's CLD-S304 laser disc player and VSX-D3S audio-video receiver are among the first components equipped to bring Dolby's remarkable AC-3 Surround Sound to your living room. The $560 single-sided LD player, which can read the AC-3 tracks on laser disc movies such as *Forrest Gump* and *Stargate*, also accepts CDs and karaoke discs. The receiver, priced at $1925, features 130 watts per channel and an on-screen interface. Bottom: Sony's 32-bit SAS-AD1 Digital Satellite System receiver lets you access 200 channels of super-resolution movies, entertainment and sports via a programmable on-screen menu system. The price: $950, including an 18-inch aluminum satellite dish and a joystick-style remote control.

Above, left and right: In the battle to control the $5.2 billion video-game market, Sony's Playstation ($300) and Sega's Saturn ($400) are two leading challengers. Both 32-bit CD-ROM-based machines deliver impressive effects, millions of colors and compact-disc-quality audio. Titles to check out include *Ridge Racer* and *Virtua Fighter* (a Saturn slug match). Below: Toshiba's NAV1000 is a mobile navigation system that can be transported between your car and your boat or RV. Priced around $3000, it consists of a global positioning satellite antenna, a five-inch LCD monitor for viewing CD-ROM maps and travel information, a CD-ROM player (that also accepts audio CDs) and a remote control.

If you're shopping for an in-wall home theater system, think big. RCA's HT80983BD model features an 80-inch rear-projection TV, a Dolby Surround Sound receiver-amplifier and a five-speaker sound system with subwoofer plus a laser disc player, VCR, component cabinets and trim. The price: about $17,000, or $8500 for the TV only.

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receivers and 18-inch dishes, is getting competition from Sony and others.

With 32 bits of microprocessing power, Sony's DSS package delivers a slick, picture-in-picture on-screen menu that you can scroll through while a program plays in the background. The top-of-the-line SAS-AD1 receiver incorporates multievent video programming with the ability to run the DSS receiver from a second viewing room via radio signals. Its price is about $950 (the entry-level receiver–dish is $750).

Within a year, Toshiba, Uniden and Hughes will introduce their own equipment variations. New competitors in the direct-to-home, small-dish satellite-TV business will start to challenge DSS this winter. Among them are Echostar, with a 56-channel-minimum service, and Canada's Alphastar, with 120 channels to start. Later in 1996, the now medium-powered, 80-channel Primestar service (which supplies the necessary equipment) will increase its power in order to downsize dishes (from 36 to 18 inches) and greatly expand program offerings.

YOU'RE SURROUNDED

Dolby Lab's digital Surround Sound, which was introduced in movie theaters nationwide two years ago, is now coming home by way of special laser disc players and audio-video receivers. Dolby Surround AC-3 delivers five discrete full-range channels (three across the front, plus two in the rear) as well as a dedicated superbass channel to home-theater speakers, placing you in the midst of an intense 360-degree sound field. (In Dolby Pro Logic, one limited bandwidth signal is sent to both rear speakers, and dominant sound can come from only one channel at a time.)

Laser discs featuring both Dolby Digital and Dolby Pro Logic soundtracks are starting to show up for playback on AC-3-ready laser disc players from Pioneer, Yamaha, Runco and Enlightened Audio Designs. The players are priced from $500 to $5000. You'll need a new multichannel receiver or separate components with AC-3 decoding to make sense of the data stream. Pioneer is introducing the first all-in-one, high-powered receivers with Dolby Surround AC-3 decoding, the VSX-D3S ($1925) and an Elite version ($2200). Denon, Yamaha and Marantz offer multichannel gear adaptable to AC-3, and fully integrated products are on the way.

NEW GAMESMANSHIP

Dozens of game systems have come and gone since 1981. So it's no great shock that even the most popular 16-bit units of a year ago (Sega Genesis and Super Nintendo) are being pushed aside to make way for a new generation of gaming hardware fired up by 32- and 64-bit microprocessors. This power-charged gear makes possible game adventures with spectacular graphic density and viewer immersion that approaches virtual reality—without the glasses.

The newcomer to the game category will be Sony's Playstation, a 32-bit system with a double-speed CD-ROM drive, which will cost about $300 when it reaches stores this month. Already a big hit in Japan, the Playstation boasts a powerful engine that can fill your TV screen with full-motion video. Titles to look for include Sony Imagesoft's unconventional racing game ESPN Extreme (with in-line skate, skateboard, mountain bike and street luge competitions), *Johnny Mnemonic* and the flight simulator War Hawk: The Red Mercury Missions (produced by a company that creates simulations for NASA).

Sega's 32-bit Saturn (about $400) made its U.S. debut a few months ago with arcade-proven smashes such as Virtua Fighter and Daytona U.S.A. To remain competitive, 3DO (the original CD-ROM–based 32-bit game system) will get an optional Power PC–based enhancement called the M2 Accelerator. Hyperrealistic dungeon-crawling and driving games will be among the first 3DO titles to take advantage of this power boost.

Nintendo's unique entry of the season is the desktop Virtual Boy ($180), a 3-D "stimulator" with immersive 32-bit games such as Galactic Pinball and Teleroboxer. But the big news will come next spring, when Nintendo launches the much-touted Ultra 64 system for about $250. Developed in partnership with Silicon Graphics, Inc., Ultra 64 is the only all-new machine to still use cartridges instead of CD-ROMs. The cost of this bulky storage medium is several times that of a CD. But Nintendo reasons that there's no beating solid-state cartridges for seamless scene jumping in arcade-adapted titles such as Cruise N' USA (a realistic road race), Killer Instinct (a slugfest) and the ghoulishly goofy roundball matchup Monster Dunk.

GOING MOBILE

It's a guy thing to not ask for directions, which may explain why several electronics manufacturers are giving the task a technological spin. Car navigation systems, already on sale in California and making their way across the U.S., currently come in two varieties with distinct software for individual brands.

Sony and Pioneer sell $3000 car navigators that integrate CD-ROM–stored travel information with the signal coordinates of the global positioning satellite system. When you turn on the unit, your location is mapped on a five-inch LCD screen. Choose a destination and the navigator helps show you the quickest way to get there. There's also Toshiba's CD-GPS–based NAV1000 Mobilphile system (also about $3000), which is transportable from car to cabin to boat and plays regular CDs with on-screen operating controls.

Kenwood is backing a voice-activated, CD-ROM–based KNA-V10 system ($1000) that lets you keep your eyes on the road. Clarion's new Car Multimedia system ($4000 to $5000) takes interactivity to the level of mobile theater with voice navigation, a rear-vision camera (you can see what you're backing into), a television screen and tuner, 18-disc CD changer, in-dash AM/FM stereo and cellular phone (VCR and game system are optional). Install the full array and you may never leave your car.

COMPUTER TALK

Will the latest multimedia computers be placed in the office or the living room? The answer to that question may depend on who sells them to you—a computer purveyor or a home electronics manufacturer.

Packard Bell hopes to keep you working and playing at close desk range with its sleek black Pentium 75 multimedia system featuring two built-in CD-ROM drives (about $2400). Wires are crossed so you can listen to CD music while blasting bad guys on CD-ROM and typing on the word processor. The SRS 3-D Amphitheater Sound circuit, another Packard Bell first, creates a surround-sound effect from anywhere in the room on the machine's close-set speakers. Under the hood, you'll find top-speed Pentium microprocessors and hard-disk drives that are as large as 1.2 gigabytes. (Intel objectors should look for PCs by Compaq with 586 class processors—a generic that's equal in strength to the Pentium.)

Magnavox will be aiming for living room placement of its Family PCTV. A keyboard lets you explore online and interactive programming. A 3.5-inch floppy drive allows you to store documents to disk. And a drive that's compatible with CD-ROM, CD-I and video and audio CD formats will run multimedia software seamlessly. Some experts believe that systems such as the PCTV, which merge television, computer and telephone, are the future of home entertainment and personal computing. Time will tell.

"But I don't think it's supposed to make you horny."

DRIVING: MISS DONNA

if you're really lucky in las vegas, you'll get miss september as your limousine driver

IMAGINE the scene. You arrive in Las Vegas on business (yeah, right), and you scan the airport lounge for your ride to the hotel. Standing there holding a cardboard sign with your name on it is Miss September, Donna D'Errico. Don't laugh—it could happen to you.

Donna, you see, has her own limousine company, and one night a week, a rider might find the owner herself behind the wheel of a 1992 black stretch Lincoln Town Car. Donna is not the sort to take her customers lightly. One former passenger eventually became her boyfriend and business partner. Is Vegas a great town, or what?

Before moving to Las Vegas three years ago, Donna managed a jewelry store in her hometown of Columbus, Georgia. Her father, a career military officer and Vietnam veteran, was stationed at nearby Fort Benning. "Columbus is a small town," she says. "I grew up really sheltered." Although that sheltering included 12 years in Catholic school, Donna's move to Vegas was not a rebellion against her religious upbringing. She still attends church and enjoys reading the Bible. Donna's parents and older sister Mary

"I love Vegas," says Donna, who has lived there since leaving her hometown of Columbus, Georgia three years ago. "It's a 24-hour city. It's a great town to visit, but you have to get out after a week, or else you'll end up staying here, like I did." But Donna notes: "There's one drawback to being an attractive babe in Vegas: People assume that you're a showgirl or a stripper."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

Limos and lovemaking go hand in hand. Remember Kevin Costner and Sean Young in *No Way Out*? Donna recalls one couple who took the plunge while she was driving. "I could feel the car rocking. The partition is tinted, but I could make out their shapes." Despite the wild ride, they gave her an average tip. Donna confesses that she, too, has tested out the limo. "But since I own it, that took something away from the experience. It was a bit like having sex in the backseat of your car."

support her decision to become a Playmate. "Mary has always been my best friend. She was very excited. My mom was thrilled, too. She said, 'Don't they run pictures of women over 40 in PLAYBOY? Maybe they'll want me to pose.'" Donna expects that her Playmate appearance will surprise other folks back home, particularly the boys who attended Pacelli High School with her. "As a teenager I always felt like an ugly duckling. Now," she says with mock vanity, "I'm definitely a swan."

Since moving to Nevada, Donna has developed a passion for baccarat. But she limits her time in the casinos because she fears she could fall victim to gambling fever. So it's fitting that her lucky break came not in a casino but in a grocery store, where she was spotted by a PLAYBOY talent scout. "It never would have occurred to me to pose," she says.

One thing that has occurred to her is a fantasy of making love on a baccarat table in a crowded casino. "It would be neat to see if I could stop all the noise and excitement—bring everything to a halt for a moment." Donna also confesses to being an adventurous dreamer—she never knows who she'll meet once her head hits the

pillow. Once she dreamed of being assigned the same hotel room as *Home Improvement*'s Tim Allen. On another night she was seduced by Bill Clinton aboard a train. What about Hillary? "Well, I wasn't thinking about her," she says.

Donna hopes that her PLAYBOY appearance will lead to acting roles. "I never really pursued that dream," she says, "but I have wanted to be an actress ever since I was a little girl." She performed in school plays and took acting lessons in Columbus. Her stage debut was the lead role in a Nativity play. That would be the Virgin Mary, right? "It was elementary school," she admits. "I still had the qualifications for the role then."

—PAUL ENGLEMAN

MISS SEPTEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Donna D'Errico

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Donna D'Errico

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 3-30-68 BIRTHPLACE: Dothan, Alabama

AMBITIONS: To be financially comfortable while doing something I enjoy; world travel.

TURN-ONS: Men with foreign accents, rainy nights, sharing an ice cream on a hot day, secret admirers.

TURNOFFS: Guys in Speedos who should be wearing boxers, gorilla backs, people who talk behind other people's backs, overly jealous people.

MY FAVORITE THINGS: Chocolate, hitting it big in the casinos, Cristal champagne, yellow roses.

DREAM GETAWAY: Being snowbound in a deserted log cabin, sipping wine before a cozy fireplace and snuggling up with someone special.

RULES TO LIVE BY: Don't dwell on your mistakes—learn from them. Set goals, but don't let them control your life. Always tip your limo driver!

Xmas 1988

Donna Guar-a

Remember Punk Rock?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The artist tried to concentrate on his work, but the attraction he felt for his model finally became irresistible. He threw down his palette, took her in his arms and kissed her.

She pushed him away. "Maybe your other models let you kiss them," she said.

"I've never tried to kiss a model before," he swore.

"Really?" she said, softening. "How many models have there been?"

"Four," he replied. "A jug, two apples and a vase."

Within two weeks of moving into a new house, the homeowner had to call in an electrician, a roofer, a plasterer and a carpenter.

One afternoon he returned early from work and saw a plumber's truck in the driveway. "Lord," he pleaded, looking skyward, "please let her be having an affair."

Did you hear about the office cleaning service that was recently fired by IBM? They wouldn't do Windows.

Most of the mourners at Lucky Lou's funeral were his former gambling buddies. After quietly paying their respects to his family, they took seats in the chapel.

"Remember, my good people," the preacher intoned, "Lucky isn't dead, he's only sleeping in eternity."

Just then, a gravelly voice from the third row muttered, "A hundred bucks says he's dead."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The patrolman pulled the elderly couple over. "Sir, you were doing 65 in a 40-mile-per-hour zone."

"What'd he say, Harry?" the wife asked.

"He says I was speeding."

"I'm going to have to give you a ticket," the cop said.

"What'd he say?" the wife asked.

"He's giving me a ticket."

"Where you from?" the cop asked.

"Cornhusker, Iowa," the old man answered.

"What'd he say?" the wife asked.

"He wants to know where we're from."

"Oh yeah," the cop said. "I know Cornhusker. Had the worst piece of ass I've ever had there."

"What'd he say?" the wife asked.

"He says he thinks he knows you."

Walking through the living room of her apartment, the young woman noticed the window washer's platform inch slowly down to her tenth-floor level. Feeling mischievous, she began a slow, sensuous dance as he came fully into view. Getting no reaction, the woman stripped down to her underwear, adding more suggestive movements to her gyrations.

When the fellow continued his work unfazed by her performance, she slipped out of her bra and panties and launched into a down-and-dirty bump and grind. At last he knocked on the window and gestured for her to come nearer. "What's the matter, lady," he hollered, "never seen a window washer before?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: Why did Kato Kaelin wear tennis shoes to the Simpson trial? He heard there was going to be a recess.

Roger was fed up with his wife, so he packed up his stuff and moved into the garage. Although the couple seldom spoke, he continued to mow the lawn, take out the garbage and fix the car, while she cooked the meals, vacuumed and did the laundry.

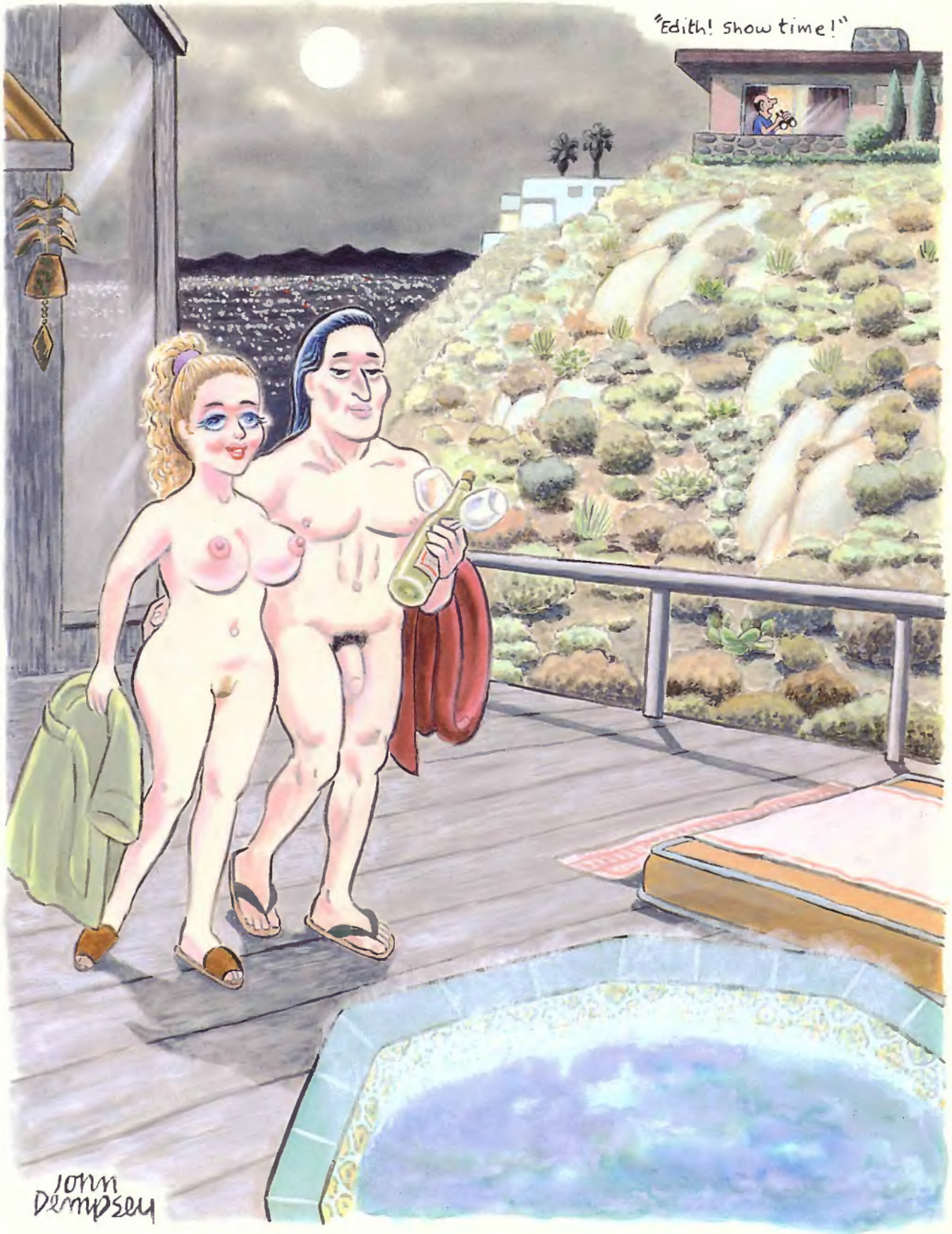
Months later, Roger met his friend Don for drinks. "Things don't seem to be working out any better," Don remarked. "Why don't you just move out?"

"Well, if you really want to know the truth," Roger explained, "she makes such a damn good neighbor."

Dog breeders have developed a hybrid that's part poodle, part pit bull. It doesn't attack, but it's a vicious gossip.

After only six months of marriage, the unhappy wife made an appointment with a divorce lawyer. "We met through a computer dating service," she said between sobs. "For the life of me, I'll never understand what that machine saw in him."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*


"Edith! Show time!"
John Dempsey

the coolest new spirits are premium vodkas and tequilas

White Nights

Drink By Don Birnam

VODKA AND TEQUILA are stepping up in the world. The newest ones—described by the liquor industry as "superpremiums"—should be savored rather than knocked back. This trend to smoother and subtler spirits began a few years ago as drinkers discovered the complex pleasures of single-malt scotches and single-barrel bourbons. Stolichnaya has entered the premium vodka market with Stolichnaya Cristall, which is named for the crystalline purity of the spirit, achieved through a double-distillation process more thorough than that used for most other vodkas. Stoli has also contributed to the category of flavored vodkas with such brands as Stolichnaya Ohranj, which is double-distilled, enhanced with orange zest, juice and pulp and then filtered to leave behind a hint of citrus flavor. Served ice-cold, as an aperitif, Ohranj is a great way to begin an evening, as are two other flavored vodkas, Finlandia Arctic Cranberry and Absolut Kurant.

Smirnoff, the world's largest producer of vodka, has introduced a superpremium brand, Smirnoff Black, based on a pre-Soviet process used by Vladimir Smirnoff to create the czar's own vodka. Smirnoff Black, which comes in a beautiful, slender bottle bearing the double-headed-eagle crest of the Romanov family, is made in small batches from choice Russian grains and is slowly triple-distilled in copper stills, then filtered through Siberian silver birch charcoal. The whole process is performed in Moscow. (Most other Smirnoff vodkas are distilled in the U.S.)

Another Russian vodka, Star of Russia, is distilled five times to remove impurities and give the spirit a pleasant aroma. It is then treated to some heavy-duty filtering. The result is a crystal-clear vodka that has a cult following thanks to its unique distillation process and limited availability.

Royalty Vodka is a new spirit from Holland purified by what is called "reverse osmosis installation." (Water is pushed through a membrane so fine that only pure water molecules can pass through.) Another excellent Dutch product, Ketel One, derives its name from a pot still that dates back to the early days of the Nolet Distillery, founded in 1691 in the town of Schiedam. Each morning the "ketel" is fired up and a triple-distillation process begins to produce vodka. The master distiller discards the first 100 gallons (considered too harsh) and the last 100 gallons (considered too weak), reserving only the "heart" of the distillation for Ketel One. The vodka is left to rest for six weeks in underground tile-lined tanks and is then filtered through charcoal, resulting in an exceptionally pure spirit.

Skyy Vodka is the creation of Maurice Kanbar, an American inventor who loves vodka but hates hangovers. By putting the spirit through a "four column" distillation process, Kanbar claims he has been able to remove most of the congeners—by-products that may cause headaches. After distillation, the spirit goes through a three-step filtration process, resulting in a silky vodka.

Tequila, too, is having its reputation upgraded. Largely, it's drunk as a head-shaking powerhouse spirit best muted in margaritas. Now, with the introduction of an array of superpremium tequilas in the U.S., the true excellence and diversity of the liquor is finally being appreciated. What many drinkers don't realize is that most of the popular tequilas imported into this country consist of only 51 percent of spirits distilled from the fermented blue agave grown in the state of Jalisco. The other 49 percent may, by Mexican law, be made from sugarcane and use artificial coloring. Such blends are fine for margaritas, but only the finest tequilas are made from pure blue agave.

The use of the best blue agave and careful distillation in small batches determines the richness and flavor of a great tequila, *(continued on page 166)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

they don't eat, sleep or pay their visa bills. meet the cyberjunkies behind san francisco's cd-rom boom

Disc Heads

IMPORTANT people are calling *Substance Digizine* these days. Scribbled on little pink slips of paper are names such as Nike and Levi Strauss and Chrysler and AT&T. There is courting going on.

But today's most memorable caller is Mr. Potts. Rob Winfield, 26-year-old art director for the CD-ROM–based magazine, fields the call with all the diplomacy he deems necessary: "Look, asshole, this is harassment. I told you, Eddie's not here. Stop calling."

Mr. Potts and his collection agency brethren are well known around the office. It's not that the business is in trouble. It's just that after a year without salaries, staff members find that their credit cards are in bad shape. Keeping the vultures at bay until the big payoff is just another routine aspect of office management.

The building in which they labor is something of a bunker, a combination residence and office from which the four partners, abetted by a team of friends and girlfriends, squeeze out their newfangled digital magazine. Downstairs are the machines: the workstations and the recording studio that they use to mash music, video clips and text into the alluring CD-ROM packages that, for now, are the advance guard of the *(continued on page 130)*

article by Larry Gallagher

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE

THE ART OF THE WHEEL

BY KEN GROSS

THE INSIDE TRACK ON OFF-ROAD LUXURY, ROADSTERS AND SAFETY

Below: Chrysler hits another home run. To replace the LeBaron ragtop, Chrysler has created the Sebring JX. It's on a new platform, designed from the ground up to be a convertible (not a cutaff coupe) that has room for four adults. All this additional space was created by a cab-forward design that lengthened the wheelbase, stretched the passenger compartment and created a larger trunk. Under the hood is a 155-horsepower V6 engine. The price: about $21,000.

Below: New Mazda Miata? Guess again. BMW is being very secretive about its Z3 roadster. Here's what we know: Munich engineers have cut 12 inches from the chassis of the 31Bis to create this racy-looking open-topped two-seater. A 150-horsepower twin-cam four is the likely power plant. Look for the Z3 this November in the new James Bond film, *Goldeneye*, in which 007 Pierce Brosnan, driving the Z3, chases a female villain who is driving an F355 Ferrari. Price: about $32,000.

MANY OF the most fun-to-drive new cars in a decade will be introduced in 1996. But while manufacturers are keeping their sexiest automobiles under wraps, we've uncovered four of the best and persuaded company insiders to talk about other new developments, such as stability guidance systems.

TOPLESS TOURING

BMW's Z3 (bottom left), which will be built in South Carolina, is the most affordable new Teutonic two-seater. Porsche's contender, the Boxster (opposite page, bottom), will arrive in fall 1996, and Mercedes-Benz' around-the-corner roadster, the SLK (opposite page, top), goes on sale in 1997. There's no true two-seater coming from domestic manufacturers in 1996 as of yet, but Chrysler has lopped off the top of its Sebring coupe to create the Sebring JX (below left), a four-seat convertible. Insiders at Chrysler tell us that its hot-rod show car, the Plymouth Prowler, is a go for 1996. Ferrari's F355 Spider arrived in July, to be followed by the carbon-fiber-body F50. The latter is very close to a Formula 1 machine for the street. If you have $525,000 burning a hole in your pants pocket, move fast—only 50 F50s will be imported, and Ferrari predicts that they'll sell fast.

SPORTY SPORT SEDANS

Sales of sports coupes, such as Mazda's RX-7 and Toyota's Supra, are down because the newest sport sedans perform almost as well but are more practical. The Mercedes-Benz E-class sport sedan will be out this fall. Engine options include its first V6. Cadillac's new midsize sedan, the Catera (based on Germany's Opel sport sedan), will be imported next year to compete with the Lexus ES300 and the Infiniti 130, among others. BMW will redesign its midrange 5-series lineup, giving the cars fresh new styling and more power.

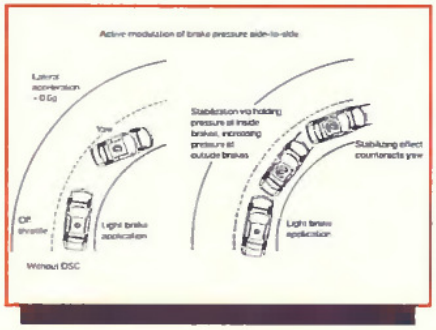
OFF-ROAD IN STYLE

Toyota's RAV4 arrives for Christmas (yes, there will be both two- and four-door versions) to compete with the Kia Sportage and the Suzuki Sidekick. A revised Jeep Grand Cherokee (with two air bags) is coming soon, and an all-new Jeep Wrangler debuts in late 1996. Ford will offer a V8 as a power option in its Explorer. Stung by the loss of sedan sales to off-road models, more luxury carmakers are planning sports utility vehicles. Jaguar's entry is still on the drawing board. But, to save development time, Infiniti will offer a revised Nissan Pathfinder. Toyota's Land Cruiser will be upgraded to become the Lexus LX450 luxury SUV, and Isuzu, which already builds the Passport for Honda (on the Rodeo chassis), will create an SUV for Acura.

SAFETY FIRST

Mercedes-Benz' new electronic stability program and BMW's third-generation dynamic stability control guidance system will debut in 1996. Both technologies are more impressive than ABS in winter driving conditions. (See diagram on the opposite page.) BMW will offer a side-impact restraint system with front-door air bags plus inflatable bags that protect the front-seat passengers' heads in a side collision.

Above: Mercedes-Benz' new SLK roadster borrows some underpinnings from its C-class sedan platform and features a metal hardtop that disappears in seconds into the trunk (but leaves some trunk space). The interior (see inset) is red leather with titanium-colored trim panels, and a supercharged 2.2-liter, four-cylinder engine ensures lively performance. Below: Porsche's racy new Boxster will closely resemble the prototype car pictured here. Price: about $40,000.


Active modulation of brake pressure side-to-side
Lateral acceleration - 0.6g
Yaw
Light brake application
Without DSC
Stabilization via holding pressure at inside brakes, increasing pressure at outside brakes
Stabilizing effect counteracts yaw
Light brake application

Left: This diagram shows how Mercedes-Benz' electronic stability program and BMW's updated dynamic stability control guidance system will improve rear-wheel-drive handling under slippery conditions. Acting in conjunction with the car's existing sensors for ABS and traction control, a set of sensors "reads" when a car begins to skid. It then applies the brake to one wheel to prevent the car from skidding. Both systems also incorporate a sophisticated yaw sensor.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHTLINE

WHEN BEDTIME COMES AND THE WORLD'S ON THE BRINK, WHO BETTER TO TUCK YOU IN THAN TED KOPPEL?

BY HARRY JAFFE

JUST AFTER MIDNIGHT on January 17, 1995, Ted Koppel walked into the death house at the federal prison in Huntsville, Texas to witness his first execution.

In the observation room Koppel saw a mildly retarded 36-year-old man who was belted to a gurney by straps across his chest and waist, thighs and shins, each ankle and both wrists. The condemned man stared out through the windows of the execution chamber. A decade earlier Mario Marquez had been convicted of raping and strangling his 14-year-old niece, his second murder victim. In minutes, he would be dead.

This was not Koppel's first exposure to death. In his years as a journalist for ABC News, he saw civil rights protesters bludgeoned in Selma, Alabama. He saw young Americans in body bags when he covered the Vietnam war. Like cops and doctors, he was trained to wall off his emotions and do the job. Through all of that, however, he had never witnessed an execution.

Koppel and the others in the observation room—including the condemned man's two brothers—listened to Marquez' final words. "I hold nothing against anyone," he said into a microphone suspended over his head, "not even the prosecutors. I just want to come home to him. Thank you, Lord Jesus."

In the death chamber, the warden gave a signal. The executioners injected the chemicals into Marquez' veins. He coughed lightly. His brothers wept softly. A doctor pronounced Marquez dead at 12:21 A.M.

When Koppel walked out of the prison gates, he saw the two brothers going their separate ways. Koppel caught up to one and put an arm around his shoulder.

"Look, I know this must have been a devastating experience for you," Koppel said in the heartfelt voice that so many Americans hear on *Nightline*. "It should give you some comfort that your brother went out with such dignity."

Marquez' brother stopped in his tracks and looked up.

"You're Ted Koppel," he said.

"Yeah."

"Ted Koppel! Stay here. I'm gonna get my wife. She's got the camera."

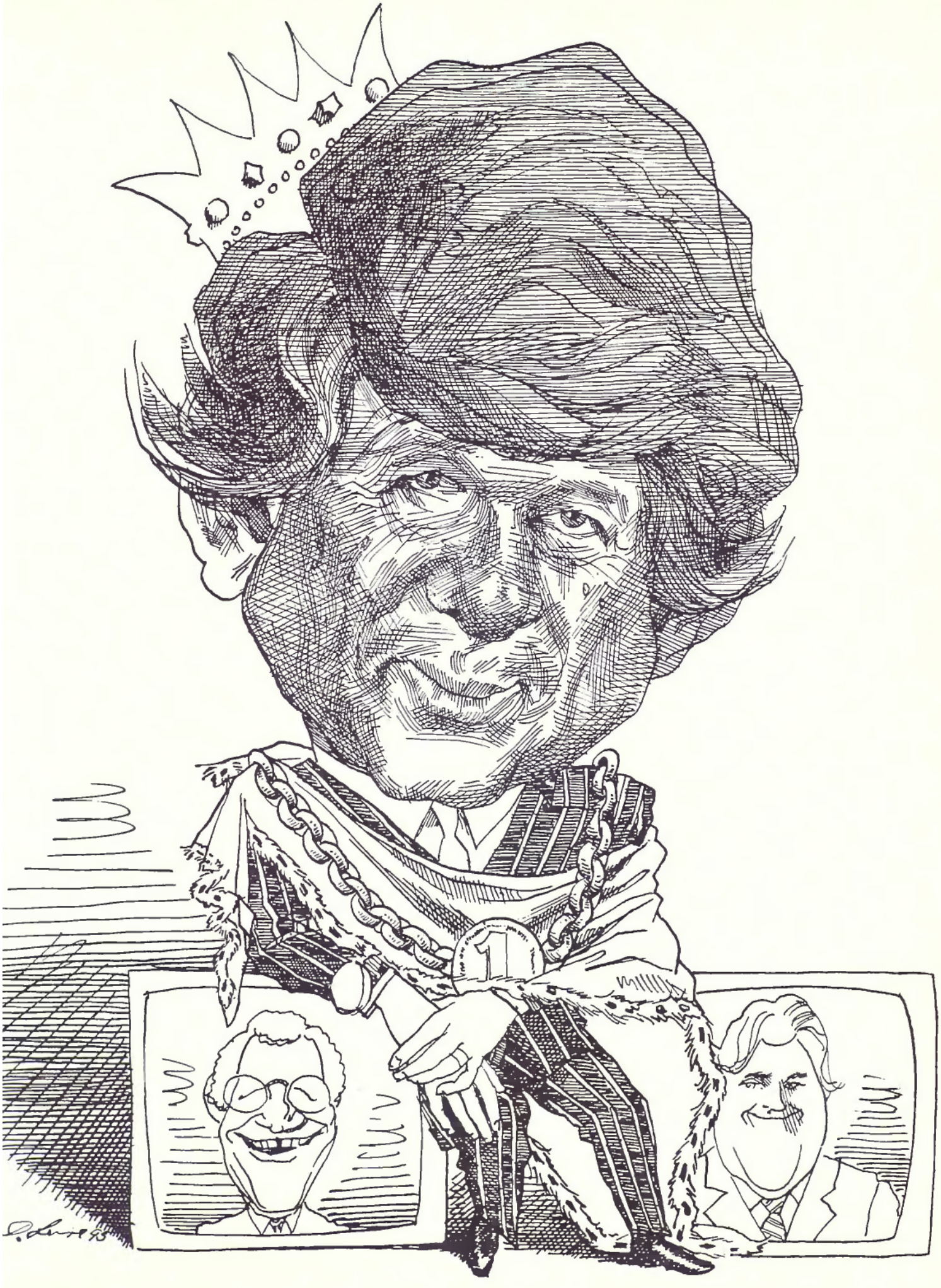
Some people are larger than life. In this case, Ted Koppel may have been larger even than death.

That night close to 6 million viewers turned on their television sets to watch *Nightline*—show number 3940—live from Huntsville. Koppel described the execution and offered a rare morsel of self-examination. "If I had been expecting a moment of revelation," he admitted on the air, "it did not come." A couple of months later he would confide, "What horrified me is that I had no reaction. It was so sterile, it was so professionally done—so smooth, so clean."

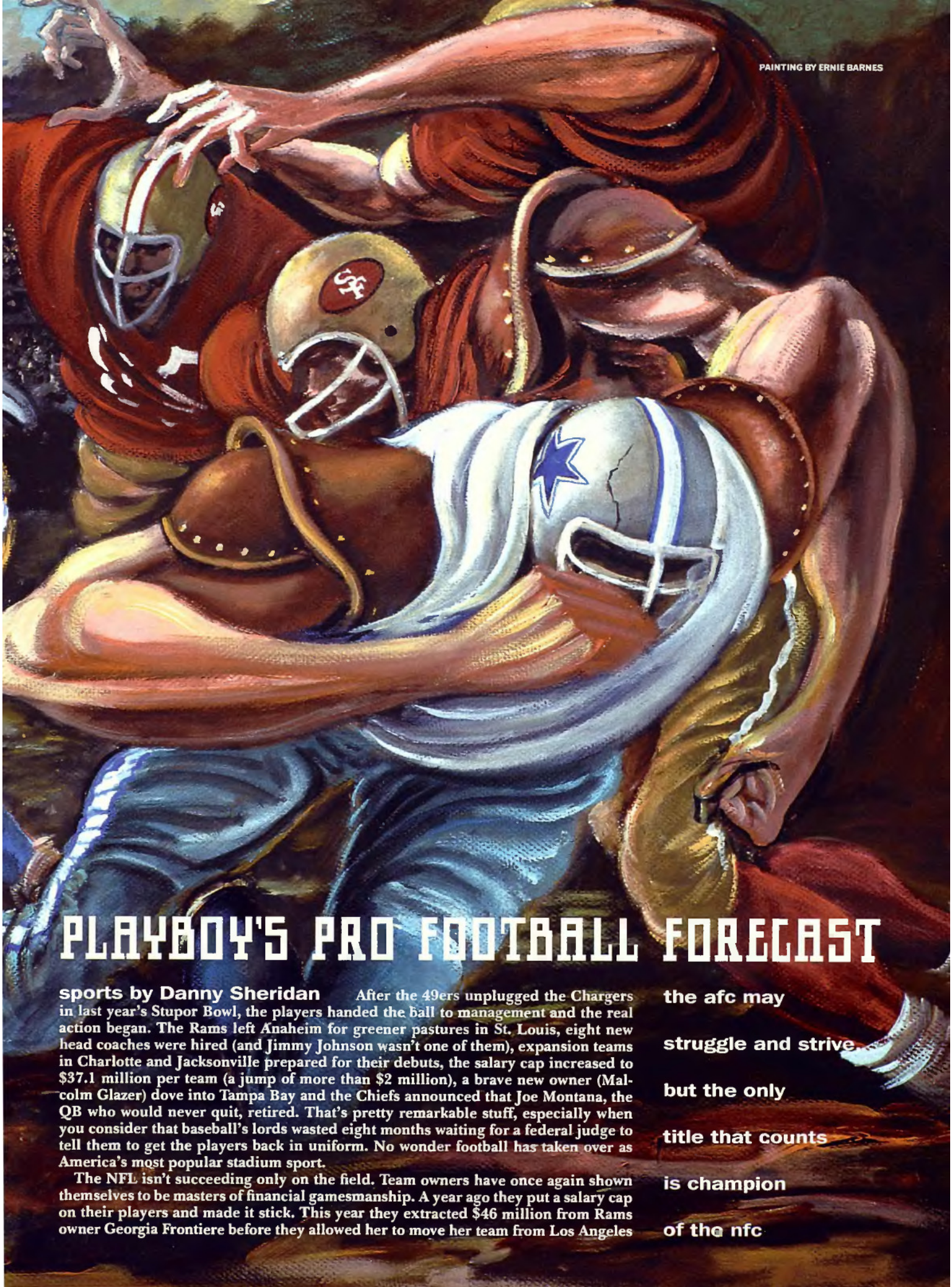
If Koppel had found himself wanting, at least the show worked. It was as fair, balanced and penetrating as television journalism gets these days, and it was a prime example of the new, improved Ted Koppel and a rejuvenated *Nightline*. In the Eighties, the program's first decade, Koppel might have sat in the studio and brought a few talking heads in over the satellite for a death penalty debate. That format still dominates the broadcast, but in the past few years Koppel and his crews have traveled from Moscow, where he shadowed President Clinton on his first summit, to the Mississippi River, where he covered the 1993 floods. Less than a week after the bombing in Oklahoma City, Koppel brought his national audience to a town meeting in Decker, Michigan, ground zero of the militia movement.

Long before Koppel and *Nightline* began to reinvent themselves, the show had established a *(continued on page 126)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



Once again, the season may come down to a tough question: Who's better, the Cowboys or the 49ers?



PAINTING BY ERNIE BARNES

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST

sports by Danny Sheridan After the 49ers unplugged the Chargers in last year's Stupor Bowl, the players handed the ball to management and the real action began. The Rams left Anaheim for greener pastures in St. Louis, eight new head coaches were hired (and Jimmy Johnson wasn't one of them), expansion teams in Charlotte and Jacksonville prepared for their debuts, the salary cap increased to $37.1 million per team (a jump of more than $2 million), a brave new owner (Malcolm Glazer) dove into Tampa Bay and the Chiefs announced that Joe Montana, the QB who would never quit, retired. That's pretty remarkable stuff, especially when you consider that baseball's lords wasted eight months waiting for a federal judge to tell them to get the players back in uniform. No wonder football has taken over as America's most popular stadium sport.

The NFL isn't succeeding only on the field. Team owners have once again shown themselves to be masters of financial gamesmanship. A year ago they put a salary cap on their players and made it stick. This year they extracted $46 million from Rams owner Georgia Frontiere before they allowed her to move her team from Los Angeles

the afc may struggle and strive... but the only title that counts is champion of the nfc

Danny Sheridan's PICKS

American Football Conference

Eastern Division.....Patriots

Central Division.....Steelers

Western Division.....Raiders

Wild Cards.....Chargers, Browns, Dolphins

AFC Champion.....New England Patriots

National Football Conference

Eastern Division.....Cowboys

Central Division.....Bears

Western Division.....49ers

Wild Cards.....Falcons, Packers, Cardinals

NFC Champion.....San Francisco 49ers

SUPER BOWL CHAMPION
SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS

GREAT CALL

Over the course of many years, PLAYBOY has set a high standard for sports predictions. Anson Mount, who for three decades did our annual college football, pro football and college basketball previews, was the dean of that artful science. Working with his wife as chief researcher, he established a track record that was the envy of Nostradamuses everywhere: The Wyatt Summary rated Mount first in football forecasting five times, second six times. Mount died in 1986, and his legacy went to Gary Cole and Danny Sheridan, who now do our college and pro previews, respectively. In the summer of 1994 Cole picked Nebraska to be the national champ, and the Huskers returned the favor by beating Miami in the Orange Bowl to claim the top spot in the end-of-season polls. You read it here first. Meanwhile, Danny Sheridan hopes to continue his streak with his pro football picks this year, having foreseen the Cowboys' and 49ers' Super Bowl dominance the past two seasons. Now, if it sounds like we're bragging, we have only one response: Way to go, gentlemen. See you in the postseason.

to St. Louis. "The NFL is a $2 billion industry," said NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue. "This is not much money in relation to that." Not if you don't have to write the check, Paul.

With that move, the league's divisional structure became even more ridiculous. In the NFC's Western Division the only team that plays in the Pacific time zone is San Francisco. And where do you suppose Carolina ended up? Obviously, the NFC West.

The distribution of teams is just about as sensible as the distribution of talent. No one can fully explain the NFC's dominance in Super Bowls. The 49ers' 49–26 shellacking of the Chargers in Super Bowl XXIX marked the 11th straight win for the NFC. Which came as no surprise to Deion Sanders. "We knew we were going to kick their butts," explained the All-Pro defensive back. "The real Super Bowl was against Dallas."

The good news for coach Bill Parcells and the Patriots is that they'll be in Super Bowl XXX. The bad news is that the winner of the 49ers–Cowboys' NFC championship game will again be waiting for them. San Francisco will make it 12 straight Super Bowl wins for the NFC.

Here's how the rest of the season stacks up:

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

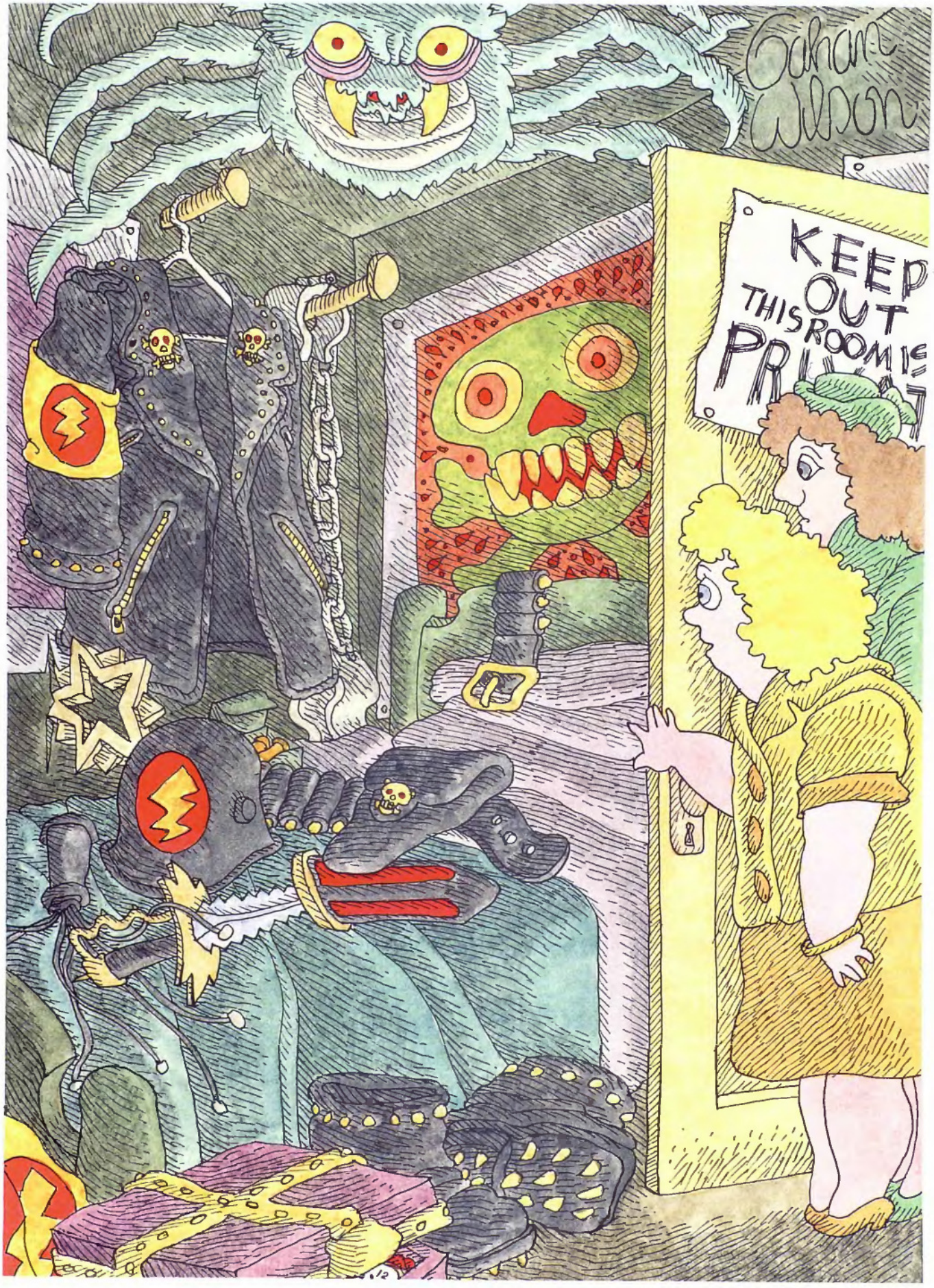
Dallas	12–4
Arizona*	9–7
New York Giants	8–8
Philadelphia	6–10
Washington	5–11

*Wild-card team

Even though the **Cowboys** finished 12–4 under first-year head coach Barry Switzer, owner Jerry Jones considered the season a failure. It wasn't, although for the first time since he bought the Cowboys in 1989 they finally lost a playoff game to the 49ers. If they hadn't, they, too, would have clobbered the Chargers in the Super Bowl.

Switzer did an excellent job replacing Jimmy Johnson, but this year he'll have to make do without a number of blue-chippers who opted for free agency: DE Jim Jeffcoat, DBs James Washington and Ken Gant, center Mark Stepnoski and WR Alvin Harper all left the Cowboys' corral. Free-agent losses such as those would destroy an average team, but not the Cowboys.

Dallas retains its big three on offense, QB Troy Aikman, RB Emmitt Smith and WR Michael Irvin. They're so talented and consistent that there's no need to trot out their stats. WR Kevin Williams, who came up big in the Cowboys' 38–28 *(continued on page 150)*



"I thought it was just a phase, but now that he's in his 40s I'm not so sure!"

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

fitness by JOHN DOBBLER

muscle-bound

the latest in gut-busting gear for the great indoors

WHEN THE BEACHES close and the sidewalks snow over, boredom and lack of variety can become workout killers. To face this challenge, exercise equipment is going interactive, with some of the hottest products scheduled to debut in health clubs before the first frost. If fact, don't be surprised if your gym starts to resemble an arcade. Thanks to new "exertainment systems" from Life Fitness and Nintendo, you'll be able to play Pac-Man while pedaling a Lifecycle. Speed up or slow down on these specially programmed exercise bikes, and the pace of the on-screen action changes accordingly. Likewise, if your character is scaling steep terrain in a game called Mountain Bike Rally, for example, you'll have to pedal harder as the resistance automatically switches into uphill mode. Other games include Speed Racer and Tetris. And don't worry, these systems aren't strictly for amusement—the Lifecycles still track time, distance, calories burned and other important details. If you like the idea of a personal trainer but hate the cost, Life Fitness and IBM have come up with an interesting alternative—the Life Center Interactive Training System. This multimedia kiosk, which is being installed at health clubs nationwide, costs users nothing but offers plenty in the way of one-on-one training. After surveying your fitness interests and goals, the Life Center will create a 12-week custom workout and provide a video demonstration of proper exercise techniques. Even better, the Life Center is electronically linked to the club's Life Fitness strength-training and cardiovascular gear. Once the kiosk is programmed with your workout specifics, it sets the weight levels, repetitions and durations as you move from machine to machine. Details on complete sets and routines, including total calories burned, are downloaded and stored in the kiosk. Each time you visit the club, you can view the status of your program on the monitor or receive a hard copy from the Life Center's printer. In-line skaters who want to stay in motion during the off-season should check out the Nautilus Skate Machine. A $3200 electronic trainer that can be used both at home and at the gym is the only piece of electronic exercise gear that simulates the side-to-side motion of skating. It provides an excellent cardiovascular workout that involves different muscle groups than do traditional stair climbers, treadmills or stationary bikes. For added motivation, the Skate Machine features computer simulations that let you race through 12 different courses, including Central Park, while monitoring calories burned, speed in strides per minute and miles skated. Another cross-training system, the C544 Transport, by Precor, will be available at health clubs in October and for home use shortly thereafter. Describing the machine is almost as *(continued on page 165)*

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184

TED KOPPEL *(continued from page 118)*

When the anticipated battle for late-night viewers took shape, who figured Koppel for a winner?

reputation for making news, sometimes breaking news and occasionally shaping history. It came into existence in 1980 to feed the public's hunger for news of the Iranian hostage crisis, and breaking news—particularly daily developments in the Simpson trial—still fattens its ratings. But by 1988 it was in a position to bring Israelis and Palestinians into one room for a meeting that, according to Jimmy Carter, broke ground for the 1994 peace agreements. During the 1992 presidential campaign, Koppel broke the news about Bill Clinton's draft letter and elevated it to a major issue by reading it over the air. In 15 years he's racked up 23 Emmy awards.

"On one level he's just better than other anchors," says John Carmody, veteran TV columnist for *The Washington Post*. "He's a tremendous questioner and as fair as you can get considering the branch of the business he's in. And he has managed to become very slick."

Nevertheless, when the much anticipated battle for late-night viewers took shape last year, it was supposed to be a war between Jay Leno on NBC's *The Tonight Show* and David Letterman's *Late Show* on CBS. Who figured Koppel for a winner?

For the first half of 1995, Ted Koppel and *Nightline* lured an average of 7 million households—an audience share of 18 percent. Letterman came in second, and Leno trailed.

Checking into the nightly skirmish, I find Letterman in London. "'Ello, love," he says every few seconds, long after it's funny. Click. Leno is doing Mr. Brain, a routine featuring a magnified view of his mug that makes his forehead match his massive chin. Click.

Over at *Nightline*, Koppel is introducing a segment about government-hating militias. His head fills the entire screen. He's the biggest talking head on TV, even bigger than Mr. Brain. Koppel's graying auburn hair, with that signature wave over his forehead and a second one breaking over his right ear, covers a third of his moon face. His knowing blue eyes burn through the camera, and even though he looks a bit like Alfred E. Neuman, his slightly nasal voice is reassuring. You can trust him to ask the right questions, and one of tonight's is dead-on: "Are militias a healthy mistrust of government gone to the extreme?"

Plenty of viewers would like to know the answer to that and other timely queries that *Nightline* dishes out. The news gods have been good to the show, presenting it with wars, bombings, viral outbreaks and the O.J. Simpson trial. But at the center of it all is Koppel, who maintains his invaluable role in these continuing dramas while such peers as Dan Rather, Barbara Walters and Sam Donaldson lapse into caricatures. When so many Americans mistrust the media, why do they look to Koppel to send them to bed with the final word on the day's events?

Part of the answer lies in the fact that Koppel keeps his feet on the ground. He stays out of the gossip columns and maintains a solid family life. Spend a day with Koppel, as I did, and you'll also discover that he likes people, that his staff likes him right back and that, given the high-pressure world he inhabits, he has few manic moments.

"Ted is the most secure person I know in the business," says Tom Bettag, *Nightline*'s executive producer and one of the main architects of the remade show. "He is an adrenaline-free zone."

•

It's 7:15 on a hazy spring morning in Potomac, Maryland, among the wealthiest of Washington suburbs. At the Exxon station, women in tennis togs are gassing up their Jaguars. A teenager idles his Corvette while his girlfriend ducks in for cigarettes. Lawn crews grab coffee. Ted Koppel, who has lived up the road for 20 years, pulls next to the pump in his 1982 Mercedes 380 SL, a mint-condition two-seater with a red body and black top. He's on his way to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, where he will give a commencement address to 3500 people. I hop in, he makes a stop at Starbucks and we're off.

With one hand on the wheel, Koppel is doing a steady 60 miles per hour on Route 95 to Baltimore. Semis are passing us, but he has his mind on the ratings race—him against Leno and Letterman.

"Am I in competition with them? No," he says. "It works to *Nightline*'s benefit that we're not competing. They have to split the entertainment audience at that time of night. If you were to add the two shows together, they'd clobber us. We slip between the cracks."

The cracks have been widened, he allows, by blockbuster news events and by CBS's weakest prime-time lineup in years. "O.J. is ready-made story powder," he says. "You just add water and get reconstituted news."

The way Koppel mixes the news, it is a heady brew indeed. And it's not just O.J. Take the town meeting in Decker, Michigan, where Timothy McVeigh, who has been charged in the Oklahoma City bombing, allegedly tested his explosives with Decker resident James Nichols and his brother Terry. Another talk show host might have had the locals throwing chairs. But Koppel drew out some thoughtful comments from the people gathered in the Methodist church while neatly playing conspiracy-minded members of the militia against the local sheriff.

He even defused a potential explosion with his inimitable live-television aplomb. Norman Olson, the camouflage-clad leader of the Michigan Militia, rose clutching a letter. He was trembling with rage.

"This is a letter I received today," he said. "It comes from Tulsa, Oklahoma: 'We are coming for you. Pray for your soul.' Thank you, media."

Koppel cut Olson off: "I can show you a dozen letters like that. I receive a dozen letters like that every week of my life. You know, there are a lot of fruitcakes out there. I'm sorry that you receive letters like that, but believe me, I routinely package them and send them off to the FBI."

Deflated, Olson sat down. A fine example of Koppel's style, one might think. But in his view he blew it.

"Think of the exquisite irony," he says as the skyline of Baltimore comes into view. "The guy in camo is outraged that his life is being threatened by some kook. He had been lecturing me about the evils of the FBI. Why didn't I remind him that the only people who can investigate and protect him from such threats are FBI agents?"

We arrive at Johns Hopkins, Koppel receives his honorary degree, then reports to a luncheon with 20 seniors. A political science major goes for Koppel's jugular.

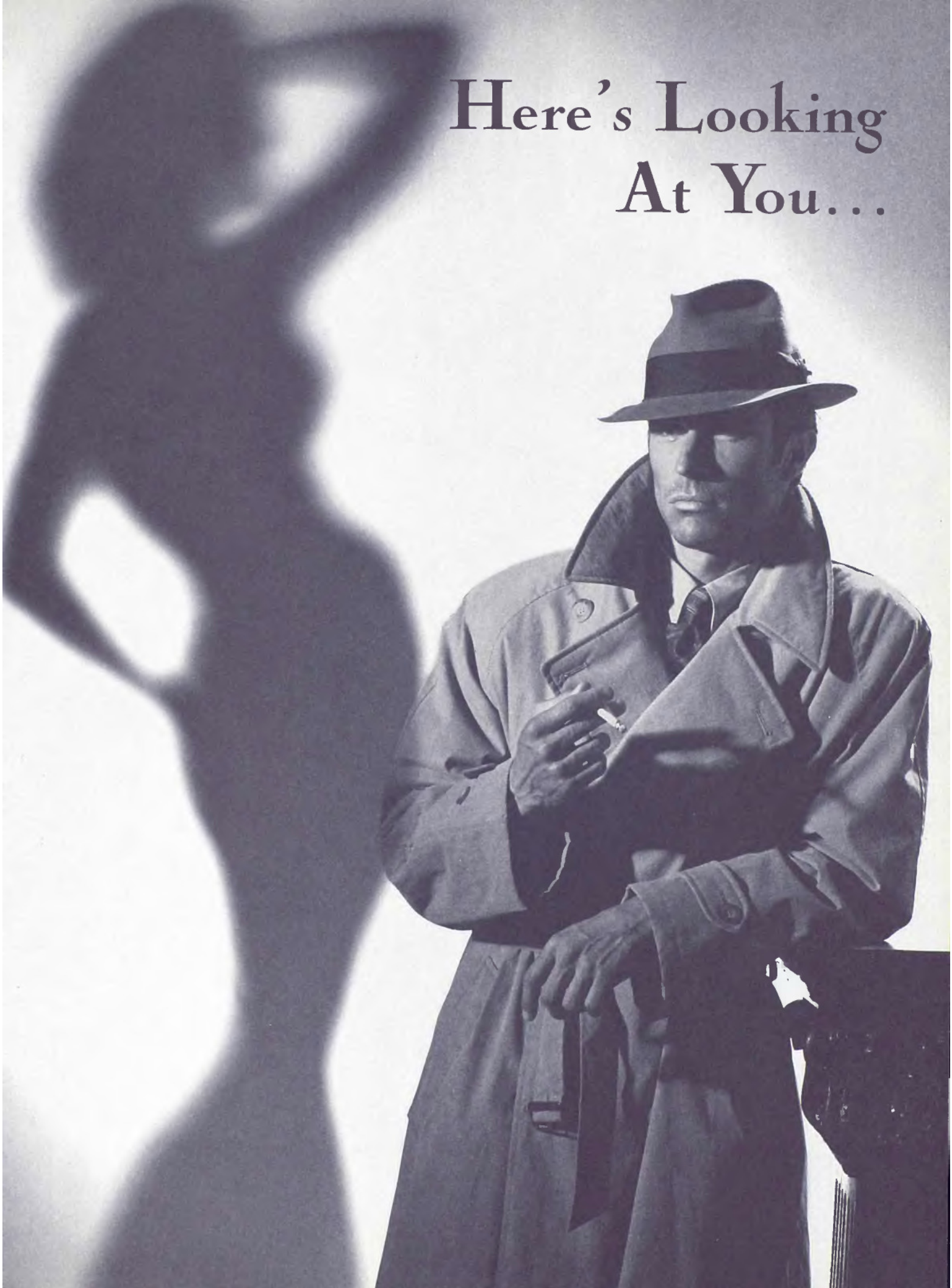
"Why do you cover the same subjects night after night?" he asks. "It's O.J. or Oklahoma or militants. You get on it and milk it. It depresses me. I thought *Nightline* was above that."

"Obviously, you were out partying last night," parries Koppel, drawing a laugh. In fact, the night before he had discussed the Ebola virus outbreak in Zaire. The laughter dies down and Koppel continues.

"Your observation is fair," he says. "We've done a lot of programs from

(continued on page 144)

Here's Looking At You...



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

FASHION BY
HOLLIS WAYNE

. . . Kid

THE TRENCH COAT IS BACK FOR FALL, TOUGHER THAN EVER

Wear it again, Sam. A water-resistant brushed-cotton trench with a padded lining, raglan sleeves and slash pockets, by Giargia Armani Le Callezioni ($995) and a fur felt snap-brim fedora with grosgrain ribbon trim, by Warth & Warth ($100).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

HAIR, MAKEUP AND GROOMING BY GARETH GREEN FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS
WOMAN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE/DRESS BY CARMEN MARC VALVO

"Roger, you can relax. One of your private dicks finally got the goods on me."

disc heads (continued from page 114)

The joke among people in multimedia was that it was a "zero billion dollar industry." No more.

multimedia revolution. Up on the balcony is futon city, a bachelor pad subdivision of hanging sheets, crummy couches and music posters. For a few months there was no shower or toilet—another test of patience and ingenuity that the staff is glad to have passed.

In this compound the team members labored for a year and a half to finish their first disc, and when the smoke cleared a certain Japanese firm by the name of Sony came along and sweetened their futures with a major distribution deal.

The *Substance* gang is admittedly riding the low road on the way to fame and fortune, but this bipolar swing between bust and boom is typical of the stories that come out of the Gulch these days. Uh, that's the Multimedia Gulch. Over the past five years this run-down section of San Francisco has become the heart of technologies known as multimedia. A widening stream of talent and money is pouring into the new gigabyte boomtown: programmers, graphic artists, venture capitalists—and most of them are setting up shop in a warehouse district south of Market Street that once was home to small factories and meatpackers.

Until a few years ago the joke among people in multimedia was that it was a "zero billion dollar industry." No more. While hype still outweighs reality, the money moving into the city is no joke. According to the city's nonprofit Multimedia Development Group, there are 260 businesses working on multimedia in San Francisco, at a density higher than any other place in the world. *Wired* magazine, the hottest chronicler of the computer culture, hails from the heart of the Gulch. Factor in several strategically located cafés, a few restaurants and some street life and you have a bona fide scene.

•

Down at the Capp St. Gallery, 300 people are schmoozing cheek to cheek. There are more lined up around the building, craning their necks to see what's keeping them out of the year-end mixer sponsored by the Multimedia Development Group. Inside, there is a fair bit of name-tag sharking going on, with hungry-looking suits sniffing through a crowd of hipsters, hotshots and hopefuls. Mixed in with the veterans are a fair share of refugees from banking or programming who have come in the hope of rerouting their careers into the more glamorous business of multimedia.

Off to one side, surveying the crowd, stands Joe Sparks. If anybody can be a legend in a six-year-old industry, Sparks is the guy. Most of the people in the room know him, if not by face then by name, and if not by name then as the creator of Total Distortion, an acclaimed CD-ROM game. Working out of his house, Sparks and his skeleton crew put together a game as slick and clever as anything on the market: an absurd rock-and-roll space game in which the player is an interdimensional video producer scavenging for raw material for videos. But as much as anything else, what makes Sparks a legend is the fact that after three years, he and his company Pop Rocket generate hype but have yet to finish their product. *New Media* magazine was so impressed with the unfinished version of Total Distortion that in 1994 they gave it three awards anyway.

But in those three years, the geist of the Gulch has coalesced into a culture of its own. In the Bay Area there has been a steady exodus from suburban communities back into the city. "You'd almost call it a Silicon Valley backlash," says Ming Lau, a former engineer for Adobe who now runs his own digital video company, Blue Waters Productions, out of the Gulch. "Everything down in Silicon Valley was so clean, so made, so properly designed." The refugees from the hypercorporate Valley included techno-literate artists who found they could work computer jobs without giving up their creativity or their nose rings.

The nexus of the new culture exists in the cyberspace of bulletin boards or in casual meetings that result when people of similar interests are packed together. But a reliable place to watch the cross-pollination take place is South Park, a small oval of green once the fiefdom of junkies and winos, now ringed by a growing circle of fancy eateries and espresso mills and overrun every day by the legions of multimedia workers.

Down the street, at the corner of Folsom and Ninth streets, is the Icon Grill and Byte Bar. The interior is decorated with the guts of dead computers: circuit boards pasted on the walls, broken keyboards lining the bathroom.

In the middle of the restaurant is a terminal permanently connected to the Internet, and the screen can be projected onto a big screen, so you can show off your Web page while you are waiting for your cyberburger (hold the Pentium). The menu is divided into bits, bytes and megabytes, and the prices are modeled after release numbers of software products. Joegh Bullock, co-owner, is hoping to lure enough of the drones away from their VDTs to make it a part of the scene. Anticipating his customers' every need, he notes: "The nerds still need to get laid."

•

A few weeks ago you might have said Drew Huffman looked like the model of the punk-rock chief exec, but today he wouldn't get the nod. His mohawk needs to be recut, for starters, and he's wearing a loud polyester buttondown with a Hawaiian fish motif that would work better as a screen saver. But founder he is, and president, too, of Drew Pictures. Huffman and company are responsible for Iron Helix, one of the best-selling CD-ROM games to come out of the Gulch.

With his executive vice president Vincent Carrella riding shotgun, Huffman takes me on a tour of their game, in which players try to disable a disease-ridden spacecraft on a course to destroy a friendly galaxy. I peer in as we move through the spacecraft, looking for clues that will help us blow up the vessel before we ourselves get fried by the deadly security pod that's following us. Within a few minutes I start to feel sweaty from the pulsing of the ship's sirens.

Huffman, too, gets sweaty when he plays the game, but not from the possibility of virtual death. It's because he remembers what it took to make the game. "I'm still not the same," he says, shaking his head. Huffman started Iron Helix in his basement, and when he was finished, two years later, the project had spread to every room in his house except the one he and his wife slept in. Iron Helix required more than 3000 separate digitized movies, all of which had to be designed in three dimensions, painted and cross-linked to the buttons on which the player points and clicks. "I get flashbacks about it. It was like Vietnam. I saw so many sunrises." His voice trails off.

But Iron Helix went on to sell more than a half million copies, enough to move the company into a respectable office on Second Street in the Gulch. He now has 17 full-time employees working on two new projects, each with

(continued on page 168)

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH ARNOLD TOYNBEE

A READER POLL FOR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

THREE WAYS TO END THE PERSONAL INCOME TAX BY BISHOP PIKE, JACK ANDERSON, PETE HAMILL

MISS APRIL 1967. Our classic cover celebrated the mod look of the Sixties that heralded the second British invasion. We went transoceanic in the other direction for our Playmate, Gwen Wong, who was born in the Philippines. Twenty-five years later, Madonna copped the same pose (and argyles) for *Vanity Fair*. Gwen was a favorite Bunny at the L.A. club and a Jet Bunny; she was part of the crew on Hef's travels to Europe and Africa in 1971. She still socks it to us.

"This is my wife, Cartwright. She's a protected species."

GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE

cutting-edge blades, brushes and computers are changing the look of men's grooming

Great products for saving face. Left to right: Cordless mustache trimmer by Conair ($17) stands next to Geo F. Trumper's black-handled straight razor ($140), which keeps its edge via the Trumper leather strop, $132, pictured farther right. Pewter shaving accessories from Mont Source include a brush, cup, mug and razor ($35 each). Vetiver aftershave balm by Guerlain ($40). Sensonic electric toothbrush and plaque remover by Teledyne ($130). Mousse à Raser shaving foam by Decleor ($11). Norelco's rechargeable 486XL Speedrazor ($90). Battery-powered Shiatsu Untangler hairbrush by Amirra ($20). The Body Shop's line of No Debate men's toiletries includes aromatic soaps ($6 a bar), shampoo ($6) and an aftershave splash ($11). Conair's GMT 180CS rechargeable beard and mustache trimmer ($25). On the top shelf is Braun's quick-charge Flex Integral shaver ($180) and the portable Access 410DB battery-powered razor by Norelco (about $80).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 184.

PAINTING BY TIM O'BRIEN

grooming **By DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON**

Nineties technology and ancient remedies will both play important roles in men's grooming this fall. Computers will help you choose the right haircut, and toners made from Japanese green tea will keep your skin smooth. The contrast between new and old starts where most men begin their grooming ritual—the daily shave. Whether you opt for an electric shaver or go the blade-and-lather route, there will be plenty of new *(continued on page 182)*

CLASSIC KIMBERLEY

an intimate session with kimberley conrad hefner, the playmate for a lifetime

text by PAT BOOTH

THE LONG-LEGGED WOMAN runs along the beach, framed by the burnished orange of a Malibu sunset. Her two young children dance by her side, oblivious to the flowing hair, the fine features and the voluptuous form beneath the T-shirt and jeans that somehow seems so different from the body of a typical mother. Over by the road, catching the horizontal rays of the dying sun, is the 20-year-old Chevy pickup truck that brought us to the beach. That vehicle, the children and the arresting beauty all belong to Kimberley Conrad Hefner. As I trail behind her I am struck by a thought: Perhaps she is the exception to philosophy's law of the excluded middle, which says that no one thing can be another thing at the same time. Kimberley Conrad Hefner is ordinary and extraordinary all at once.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

I like being down-to-earth," she had told me earlier, curled up on a sofa at Playboy Mansion West. Frankly, I wondered how this could possibly be, having recently passed through the security at the front gate and into the beautiful sprawling house with its parklike grounds—all this in a Holmby Hills neighborhood where even garage space costs a plumber's income to rent. How do you keep your feet on the ground when the circumstances of your life are pulling you in the opposite direction?

She laughs, and the alluring blue eyes compete with a bewitching smile. "Well, I agree that a lot of people in my position would be changed by it," she says. "But I haven't lost sight of how fortunate I am, and what opportunities my children will have. Hef and the kids are what my life is about, not the houses and money and all the people who come and go."

As if on cue, Marston and Cooper interrupt their sibling battle in the corner and descend *(text concluded on page 170)*

TED KOPPEL *(continued from page 126)*

Tough subject, tough crowd. But by the end even the champagne guzzler and his buddies were clapping.

Oklahoma City and the Simpson trial. The public has a ravenous appetite for these topics. Willie Sutton was asked why he robbed banks. 'That's where the money is,' he said. Why do I do O.J. Simpson? That's where the audience is."

Koppel excuses himself to call Bettag. There has been a NATO bombing run in Bosnia, new charges in Oklahoma City, more trouble with the Simpson jury. Could be another just-add-water *Nightline*.

As he walks from the luncheon back to campus, young women stop him for autographs and snapshots, but it's their mothers who swoon. "Oh, Ted Koppel. I adore you," says one in an off-white suit. "It's him," says another.

"Like being with a rock star," I note.

"Slightly older fans," he shoots back.

•

At 2:30 P.M. it's close to 90 degrees, a bit cooler under the huge tent erected for graduation. Koppel is in a black gown, no cap, gazing out over a sea of hungover 21-year-olds who are looking forward to the next party. A guy in cap, gown and sandals is passing around champagne bottles. Two others are already nodding out.

"Let me tell you what is going through some of your minds as I begin this commencement address," he says. "Floating around out there is the inevitable: He's a lot shorter than I thought he was. And then some are thinking, It's gotta be his real hair. Nobody who makes that kind of money would buy a rug that cheap."

The kids clap, let loose a roar.

"Aren't you a little bit embarrassed about being that predictable?" he asks.

Koppel does a decent shtick. Good enough perhaps to give Leno and Letterman a run at their own game. He is known for brutal imitations of Kissinger, Nixon and William F. Buckley. He needles on cue. After the ceremony, Baltimore mayor Kurt Schmoke is asked to stand next to him for a photo. "This will ruin any chance for reelection," Koppel whispers. *Washington Post* television critic Tom Shales once asked him if he is as pompous as people say he is. "Yes," he answered.

Lately he's been using his occasional speeches to make moral points. He stopped accepting appearance fees seven years ago, when his fee exceeded $25,000, a sum even he considered absurd. (Then again, there's always his *Nightline* salary—an estimated $5 million—to fall back on.) But he still agrees to an occasional speaking engagement, when he can make it count.

After warming up the Johns Hopkins crowd with a few jokes, Koppel takes the graduates from Decker, Michigan, where James Nichols had allegedly said, "Clinton doesn't deserve to live and someone ought to kill him," to Congress, where the president's wife was called a bitch, a congressman was referred to as Barney Fag and a congresswoman was called a whore.

That won't do, he told the graduates: "Unless and until we perceive civility to be in our common interest, our national pendulum will swing wildly between anarchy and authoritarianism. Just consider it. Please. Thank you."

Tough subject. Tough crowd. But by the end even the champagne guzzler and his drowsy buddies were clapping.

•

Koppel became acquainted with anarchy and authoritarianism early in life. He refuses to talk about it now, but a few details have emerged.

His father, Erwin Koppel, owned one of three major tire factories in Germany in the Thirties. When the Nazis came into power, he was jailed because he was Jewish. Upon his release in 1938, Erwin and his wife, Alice, a gifted singer and pianist, emigrated to England.

In 1940, in Lancashire, Alice gave birth to Edward James Koppel. For the first year of the boy's life, his father was interned on the Isle of Man, where all German nationals were taken as enemy aliens. The bitter irony was that Erwin, then 44, had been stripped of his German nationality. Alone in a new country, Alice built a new life for herself and her infant child.

Koppel clams up every time I mention his family. Of his parents, he says only that they were "elderly, of another generation" when he was young. He reveals that his wife is an attorney in private practice. His eldest daughter, Andrea, is CNN bureau chief in Beijing. Another daughter works for ABC News. He does mention that he and his wife observed the Catholic and Jewish holidays, and the decision to choose a religion was left to the children.

I bring up his moving speech at the dedication of the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum in 1993. It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, he says. Did he lose family members in the Holocaust? "Yes," he says simply.

"I feel myself confronting a bit of a paradox whenever religion comes up," he notes, steering us back to the professional realm. "I'm very comfortable being a Jew. I'm very proud of being a Jew. But I am not a Jewish anchorman. When I do a program with Palestinians and Israelis, I don't want the Israelis thinking, This one's in the bag. We've got a Jewish anchorman."

Koppel spent his first 13 years in England, during a time of hardship. He listened to Edward R. Murrow's radio broadcasts, and his desire for a career in journalism was born. His legendary sense of composure also hails from that era: It is a product of his private-school education.

"It was pretty medieval," he told *New York* magazine in 1984. "In those days they still had prefects and fags. A fag was a younger student who would be placed at the disposal of the prefects. They could beat a fag if they wanted." That rarely happened, but, he said, "I got self-control the hard way."

Koppel and his parents moved to New York in 1953. From that time on, he never took America, or Americans, for granted. He went to prep school, became a soccer star, graduated at 16 and enrolled at Syracuse University, which, as luck would have it, had a great radio station. Koppel started to fulfill his lifelong dream to broadcast the news. He graduated and went on for his master's at Stanford University, where he met Grace Ann Dorney, his future wife. Their parents opposed the marriage on religious grounds, but it has lasted and sustains him today.

After moving to New York with his wife, Koppel tried to break into news and failed. He flunked the Associated Press test. "We papered our walls with rejection letters from some of the best newspapers and radio and television stations in the country," he says. He taught school briefly until he landed a job with the New York City radio station WMCA, making $90 a week as a copyboy. From there he got a job with WABC. Three years later, ABC television called and asked, "Would you like to go to Vietnam?"

At 26, Koppel was the youngest correspondent at ABC News at a time when the network's news division ran on the cheap. He often traveled without producers, wrote his own scripts, edited film and wired stories back home. He rocketed through the ranks. He had two stints in Vietnam, covered

(continued on page 175)

"This retro lounge brings back
memories of Mr. Jenkins' first martini...
and the torch singer brings back memories
of another first for Mr. Jenkins."
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
How refreshingly distinctive.
Imported English Gin, 47.3% Alc/Vol(94.6°). 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

SANDRA BULLOCK

She got a quick start in last year's public-transportation thriller, "Speed," and even more attention in the recent romantic comedy "While You Were Sleeping." But those who really know Sandra Bullock's oeuvre fell for her beguiling smile and personality long ago in her debut film, "Love Potion #9." Since then, the 29-year-old has appeared as the dead girlfriend in "The Vanishing," as a waitress who befriends Robert Duvall in "Wrestling Ernest Hemingway," as a country-singing wanna-be in "The Thing Called Love" and as Sylvester Stallone's future-cop sidekick in "Demolition Man." No doubt being the daughter of a German opera singer and an Alabama-bred vocal coach prepared her to take on diverse roles. Next, she plays an agoraphobic computer geek in "The Net" and will star opposite Denis Leary in "Two If By Sea." Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Bullock at her Los Angeles home, a fixer-upper she's proud to have fixed up herself. "We talked in her breakfast nook for two hours," says Rensin. "The whole time I kept wondering why, with all her talent—as an actress and as a general contractor—wrapped up in such a fabulous and approachable package, this woman was single."

hollywood's brightest sprite on love at full speed, the dark pleasures of chocolate and fluff—and the deep satisfaction of installing your own toilet

1.

PLAYBOY: What is unsafe at any speed?

BULLOCK: Falling in love—as it should be. Yet you should go with it regardless of whether or not you get into a horrible accident. Even if your heart gets smashed, you'll be a better person once you're over the pain.

2.

PLAYBOY: In British slang, "bullocks" means balls. Does that describe you?

BULLOCK: Most of the time, yes. It's either balls or it's stupidity. I'm like a bull in a china shop. I barrel into things because if I give myself too long to think about them, I'll be too scared to do them. I'm ballsy on first instinct. In retrospect I'm a "Why did you do that?" type of person. So I sit around and second-guess myself all the time—but I never go back and correct the situation. My first instinct is always right. Some people have buyer's remorse; I have action remorse, dress remorse, comment remorse. I always go, "That was stupid. Why did I say that?" On the other hand, I say what I think. I should be glad.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are you a gals' gal or are you a guys' gal?

BULLOCK: I can be either, depending on the company I keep. Mostly I'm a nice balance of both. These days there's not so much of a difference as there was 20 years ago, when one type of woman hung with the guys at the truck stop and the other was a homemaker. I love that I have a lot of male friends and I can talk to them about what guys like from girls. And my girlfriends are really strong, feminine women—yet we can all be girls together. Some days we just have to go out and shop, get a massage, get loofahed and pampered. The next day we want to conquer the world and start our own company.

4.

PLAYBOY: Explain the loofah to the unwashed.

BULLOCK: It's an exfoliant. It looks like a sponge made of shredded wheat. I got loofahed yesterday. You go to this place in Chinatown and they put you in a hot alkaline bath. Then a lovely Asian woman comes in, throws you onto a table—you're naked—takes a loofah glove and rubs it all over your body. It completely tears off the first three layers of skin so that you feel like you were just born. Then they give you a shiatsu, dip you and flip you around, toss you about the room. You walk out feeling like you've just taken off that week's ugly layer. You're all shiny and pink and you can go off into the next millennium.

5.

PLAYBOY: While we're close to the skin, tell us what men should know about women's underwear. How soon is too soon to buy some for you?

BULLOCK: No one has ever bought me underwear, and I'm a little bummed about that. Maybe it's not such a big deal anymore to buy a woman underwear. Women have Victoria's Secret. We're in there every day, buying the greatest stuff, so men probably think, I can't buy her that sexy piece because she probably already has it. I've bought myself the gamut. I like a certain type of . . . how can I say it delicately? It doesn't produce pantie lines. I like camisoles. I love men's Calvin Kleins. Women think pulling on a pair of men's underwear is very sexy.

Buying me underwear by the second week of dating is a little forward. Maybe after the three-month getting-to-know-you period is over, when you know if you want to continue the relationship. Then, I would prefer him to buy what he wanted to see me in. I want to be surprised, like, "Try this on." As long as there are no sharp things sticking out of it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Finish this sentence: I must have ——.

BULLOCK: Chocolate. Dark, milk, it doesn't matter. Depends on the mood. If I feel sophisticated and European, I go for semisweet. If I feel childlike and playful, I go for milk chocolate. Every once in a while I'll try chocolate with a filling of some sort. My mother is from Germany and I was raised there, so she sends me these elaborate chocolate bars that have liquor inside. But I like basic chocolate. Over the counter, it's Hershey's.

7.

PLAYBOY: For Germans, sausage is an all-purpose word. For example, when they say, "Heidi is wurstlike," it means she's playful. Can you give us other common German phrases that employ the word sausage, or should we ask Claudia Schiffer?

BULLOCK: One of my favorites is "Es ist mir Wurst," which means "I don't care." We translate it literally in our family, "It's my sausage." [*Pauses*] Please don't lump me with Claudia Schiffer, though. It's like a compliment and not. In a room with Claudia Schiffer, who do you think is going to be asked the sausage question?

8.

PLAYBOY: You once poked fun at our Playmate Data Sheet. So, what are your

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAOMI KALTMAN

turn-ons and turnoffs?

BULLOCK: My turn-ons are electricity, sharp wit, a sense of humor on occasion, and nice forearms and hands on a guy. I also love great dancers and unabashed directness about what you want, behind closed doors or not. I don't like hemming and hawing. That just gives me time to think about walking away.

My turnoffs are also electricity, and somebody who doesn't know what a wrench or a screwdriver is. I'm also turned off by people who talk down to me. I can put up with a lot of garbage-type people. But when someone talks to me like I'm a four-year-old, that lights the fuse and makes me want to lash out.

9.

PLAYBOY: We hear you're fond of blackjack. Do you stand or take a hit on 17?

BULLOCK: When I was in Reno it became my game of choice. It was the only thing that gave me some sense of control. I had read a little book on how to play blackjack—not that I remembered anything. I figured that if I could maintain my $35, which I did for an hour—win-lose, win-lose—I was doing well. My one rule is not to look at the ball overhead and wave. In fact, they ask you not to. The guy who's watching doesn't want you to say hi. I always take a hit on 17. Always. You're not supposed to, but it's that fine line. I just figure the gods like me enough to give me whatever I need. It usually never happens.

10.

PLAYBOY: In *While You Were Sleeping* you fall in love with a guy who goes into a coma. How much fun can you have with an inanimate man?

BULLOCK: Well, they don't talk back. But that would be no fun at all. I don't like guys who will lie down and take it. I want someone who'll fight back. I like people who can argue well. So many people are willing to back down for the sake of not getting into something. I may not be a screamer and thrower, but my ideal mate is not the dead guy in *Weekend at Bernie's*.

11.

PLAYBOY: What do you think goes on in your house while you're sleeping?

BULLOCK: The dogs make long-distance phone calls, and I have the bills to prove it. All my dogs are in cahoots. Weegee has called Brooklyn, Jersey, Queens. The girls have called France. They're very European. Unfortunately, Weegee's missing and there have been no calls to Jersey, Brooklyn or Queens since he's been gone. I wish he were still making those calls. I want my dog back.

12.

PLAYBOY: There are some actors you want to watch act, and there are some you just want to sleep with—however compelling they may be as actors. Is this a problem for you?

BULLOCK: Great acting may be a turn-on, but it won't make me fantasize about the person for a week. What always gets me is when I see somebody on-screen who looks like he's a great kisser. There's a certain way that I like a guy to go for a woman in a kissing situation. When my girlfriends and I see that the guy isn't afraid, we all have the same reaction: We squeal, we grip the seats, we whisper to one another. We get stupid. There's something compelling about someone who's comfortable with his sensuality, which is all in how he goes for the woman and looks at her. That's what's good about the film business—you can fantasize. You have that stupid crush feeling. It's really nice.

13.

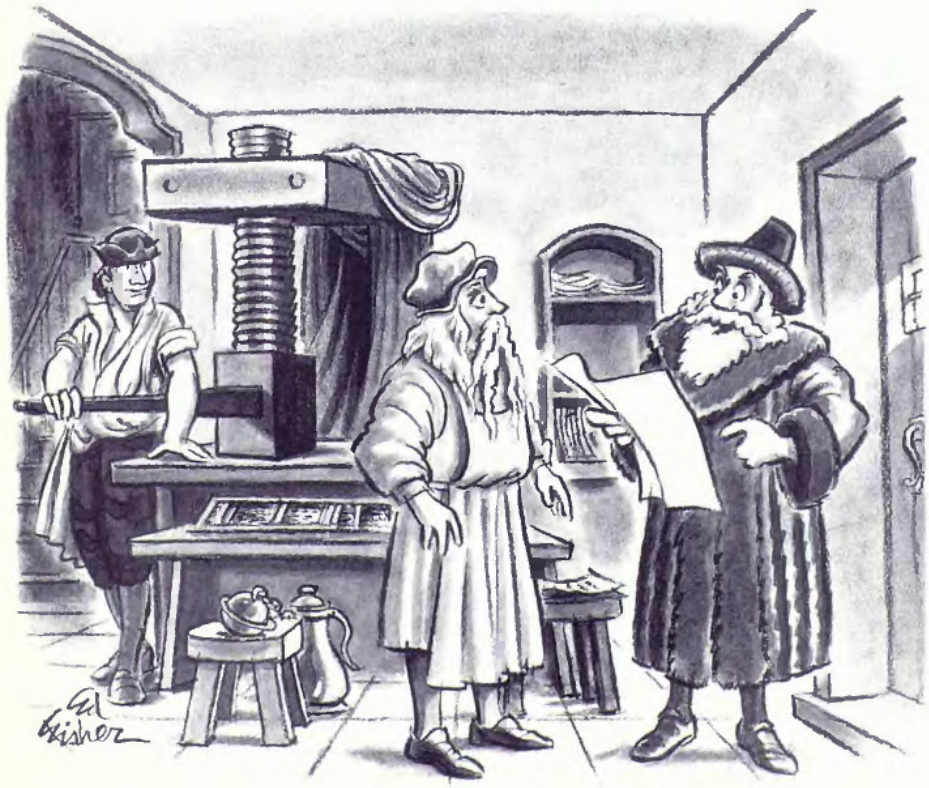
PLAYBOY: Describe the ingredients in a love potion that would work on you.

BULLOCK: The ability to make me laugh a lot. Just be very interested in me. Sometimes I'm all over the place. But I'm incredibly loyal, and I don't like it when somebody puts me in a box. Don't say, "Oh, she's great, but if I just calm her down a little bit. . . ." I once met an old cowboy. His wife was a free spirit and he was very steady. They'd been married for 40 years. I asked him how it worked. He said, "Well, my dad always told me, 'You have a wild pony, don't put up a fence. Just leave a light on at home. If she's happy, she'll always come home.'" Same with me: Don't corral me and I'll always come home. Always. Just let me go out and play during the day. When I'm exhausted, I'll come back.

14.

PLAYBOY: What one thing do you know you're really good at?

BULLOCK: Dancing. I love going to salsa clubs. On *Wrestling Ernest Hemingway*, Robert Duvall taught me how to tango. I've also salsaed, rumbaed and merengued with him. We would tango during breaks in shooting, get only to beat 12 and then have to go back on the set. He's a beautiful dancer. That's where I got the bug. Now, every chance I get, I go out and salsa. The tango is so sensual. You have to be really comfortable with yourself—and in sync with your partner. There's this 70-year-old guy I know at one of the salsa clubs—he seems like a Spanish king. We dance and it clicks. It's seductive. It's not a sexual thing, it's sensual. And it takes getting used to. When I first tangoed, I thought, Oh my God, I'm pressing his body! But now, it's the only time I will completely relinquish control, because I have to—and I like it. The woman is totally reactive. The man has the moves. He's guiding with just the fingers and the touch of his right palm, to let you know if you're going into a



"Not bad, Gutenberg. When you can turn out little cards with pictures of popular sports figures on them, I'll put money in it."

spin or if you're going to break. It's amazing.

15.

PLAYBOY: What can you repair around the house without having to use the Yellow Pages?

BULLOCK: I can install toilets. I know all about the wax ring. I can screw in a lightbulb. I can tile floors. I'm learning how to do basic wiring. I'm not afraid of electricity so much as I used to be. I just want to do it to say I can. But if a handyman should come into my house who knows how to do it, believe me, I would much rather sit out on a lawn chair and hand him the screwdriver.

16.

PLAYBOY: Why do women leave their diaries lying around for their boyfriends to stumble on?

BULLOCK: I never leave my diary out for anybody to stumble on. Ever. It's in a place where nobody will find it. I don't even write down what I really think because I'm so afraid of what somebody might find. Half my diary is in code, just in case I die and somebody finds it. They'll have no idea what I'm talking about. But I need to get these things out because I don't talk to people a lot. This is my way of venting—once I write it down I feel so much better. One time somebody did some serious snooping. They must have been looking for a long time, because they found my hiding place. That was the end of everything.

17.

PLAYBOY: You're kidnapped by aliens, and you have 20 minutes to pack. What three things do you take? And what do you bring back when they release you?

BULLOCK: A toothbrush. A change of underwear. My throwaway camera, with flash. I want to bring back a group photo in the throwaway camera and that long prod everyone seems to talk about.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've called Jerry Lewis an inspiration, if not a hero. Imagine for us the movie that you and he would make together, and your part in it.

BULLOCK: I want to be Jerry Lewis' sister, with the buckteeth and the glasses, saying, "Lady!" When I saw *Dumb and Dumber*, I thought, They need a sister! I want to be the sister. I want to be in *Dumb, Dumber and Really Stupid*. And in there somewhere, Jerry would just be Jerry.

19.

PLAYBOY: When do you think phone sex was invented, and how do you think the first couple felt afterward?

BULLOCK: Was Alexander Graham Bell married? "Watson, come here; I want you." [*Laughs*] Phone sex was a natural transition. It had to happen. You have a phone. Boy and girl on the line. There's safety in the facelessness of it, so I think it happened almost immediately—probably between Bell and Watson. But that's something the history books will never tell us.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are the best perks of the acting life? With which overindulgences have you lost patience?

BULLOCK: The best perk is going to incredible places—and you don't have to pay for it. Overindulgences occur when assistant directors feel they have to wait on me hand and foot. That makes me so neurotic. I can get my own water, bagel, cream cheese, whatever. I may be an actor, but I can go to the bathroom by myself. On the other hand, having a masseuse on the set is not a bad thing. When I made *Demolition Man* I remember standing at the craft service table one day, making an offhand remark that I love Fluff, which is this marshmallow stuff. Apparently, it's sold only in certain parts of the country. Two days later there was a case of it in my trailer. Joel Silver, the producer, had overheard and had somebody send me a case. That's extravagant, but not over the top.

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PRO FOOTBALL (continued from page 122)

Chicago's backbone—its defense—remains strong. Da Bears are ready to take the division title.

NFC championship loss to the 49ers, will be a good replacement for Harper.

Dallas' defense is still loaded. Charles Haley, Leon Lett, Russell Maryland and Tony Tolbert form the toughest defensive line in pro football. The Cowboys will again ride roughshod over the mediocre NFC East.

When Buddy Ryan took over as coach of the **Cardinals** last year, he told Arizona fans that his team would reach the playoffs, and 48,000 of them bought season tickets. Good thing he didn't offer a money-back guarantee.

The Cardinals didn't make the playoffs, but they came close. Arizona finished 8–8 and did it playing musical quarterbacks. This year Ryan signed 36-year-old Dave Krieg, who guided the Lions into the playoffs last season. "The Cardinals haven't been in [the playoffs] in about 50 years, so we're counting on him helping us," Ryan reports.

Krieg will be a miracle worker if he can do it again for the Cardinals. Last year, Arizona's offense was the fourth worst in the NFL. When Ryan's top three receivers left town, he traded for Rob Moore (Jets), a 1000-yard receiver, but he won't be enough.

Defense is the team's strength. Says Ryan, "You can't have too many hired killers." Maybe they should change the team's name? Last year the Arizona Hired Killers ranked fourth in the NFL in take-aways and tied for the league lead in interceptions with 23. If the Cardinals can come up with an offense, they'll still be around in January.

Before last season began, the **Giants** dumped veteran Phil Simms, who was coming off his best year. The team's offense went from tenth in the league in 1993 to last in 1994. Simms' replacement, Dave Brown, is still learning the game: He threw 12 touchdown passes and 16 interceptions.

Running back Rodney Hampton blasted to his fourth straight 1000-yard season and is about to get some help in the backfield. The Giants picked up Herschel Walker from Philadelphia and Tyrone Wheatley in the draft.

New York's defensive liability is its lack of a pass rush. Three free-agent acquisitions—ends Ray Agnew and Robert Harris, along with LB Mike Croel—may solve that problem. If they do, the Giants could be a surprise in the East.

In his first year bankrolling the Philadelphia story, movie producer Jeffrey Lurie wasn't up to the role. His **Eagles** lost their final seven games to finish 7–9, which finished off head coach Rich Kotite. Lurie's new leading man is 49er defensive coordinator Ray Rhodes.

Philly is a tough sports town, as QB Randall Cunningham will attest. Last year he was booed—and benched—during the Eagles' nosedive. Cunningham still wound up passing for 3229 yards and 16 TDs. When he suits up again, he'll be pleased that Lurie spent a bundle to lure RB Ricky Watters away from the 49ers. Last year Watters rushed for 877 yards and caught 66 passes for 719 yards. He'll blend in nicely with the Eagles' top two receivers, Fred Barnett (78 catches for 1127 yards) and Calvin Williams (58 for 813).

My spies tell me that Rhodes, who has put together the least-experienced staff in the NFL, isn't ready to be a head coach. We'll see.

Do you think Norv Turner might be having second thoughts about leaving Dallas after Super Bowl XXVIII? If the **Redskins** head coach had stayed put as the Cowboys offensive coordinator, he probably would have been named head coach after Jimmy Johnson departed.

Redskins owner Jack Kent Cooke expected Turner to win right away. But, considering the players Turner inherited, that wasn't possible. Washington deserved its 3–13 record. QB Heath Shuler, a $19 million rookie, finished the season on the bench. This year he'll try to hold the starting job by throwing to Henry Ellard, who caught 74 passes for 1397 yards last year, and Michael Westbrook, a speedy rookie out of Colorado.

The passing attack will have to do it; the ground game won't trouble opposing defenses. The Skins' own defense ranked 26th in the league and won't be much better this season. Turner has his hands full.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Chicago	10–6
Green Bay*	10–6
Detroit	9–7
Minnesota	8–8
Tampa Bay	7–9

*Wild-card team

Last year head coach Dave Wannstedt astounded football insiders when he led the wild-card **Bears** (9–7) into the second round of the playoffs. Wannstedt had zero Pro Bowl players, a quarterback who couldn't throw deep and running backs who were too slow to turn the corner. What they did have was the discipline to avoid mistakes—the well-coached Bears were the least-penalized team in the NFL—and score just enough to win.

Chicago QB Steve Walsh is no mad bomber, but he completed better than 60 percent of his passes and was picked off only eight times. Walsh went 9–3 as a starter, and that's why Wannstedt likes him—Walsh is a winner.

Lewis Tillman, who came over from the Giants, gained 899 yards and was the Bears' one-man rushing attack. Wannstedt was delighted to pick up RB Rashaan Salaam, Colorado's Heisman trophy winner, in the college draft.

Despite sack leader Trace Armstrong's free-agent escape to Miami, Chicago's traditional backbone—its defense—remains strong. Da Bears are ready to take the division title.

Green Bay's third straight 9–7 record was good enough to land the **Packers** in the playoffs for the second straight season. It will be a challenge to hold that form with Sterling Sharpe injured, but the Pack added two quality receivers from Miami, WR Mark Ingram and TE Keith Jackson.

Green Bay QB Brett Favre can get the ball to them, too. He completed 62 percent of his passes for 3882 yards and 33 touchdowns, with just 14 interceptions. Only Steve Young was better. At 25, Favre is the Packers' future, and it appears bright.

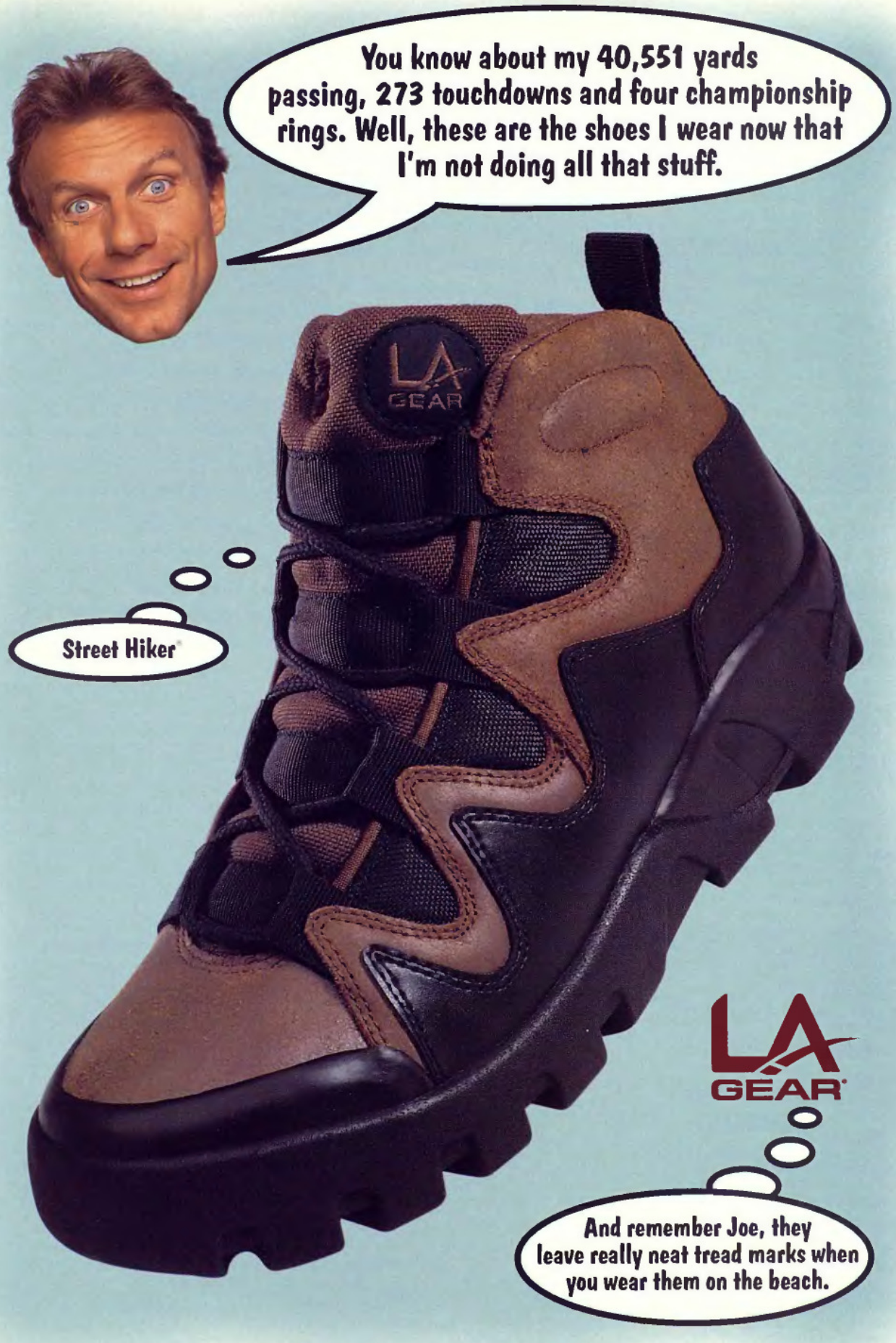
Lions coach Wayne Fontes is a survivor. Every season he comes dangerously close to being fired, but then All-Pro RB Barry Sanders goes on a tear and Fontes dodges unemployment. A year ago Fontes promised Lions fans a Super Bowl berth, but his team lost a wild-card game to Green Bay. Once again he saved his job, at least until the next losing streak.

The Lions wouldn't have finished 9–7 if not for the work of backup QB Dave Krieg. He was the bargain replacement for $11 million free-agent QB Scott Mitchell, who flopped before being sidelined with an injury. But Krieg now plays for Arizona. Once again the burden will fall on Sanders. He's man enough to shoulder it. Last season Sanders rushed for 1883 yards (the fourth best mark in NFL history) and caught 44 passes. Herman Moore led Lions receivers with 72 receptions for 1173 yards.

Detroit's defense, which ranked 24th in the league, is pinning its hopes on former Pro Bowl tackle Henry Thomas, who'll be a big help to star LBs Chris Spielman and Mike Johnson.

For his team to prosper, Fontes needs a great season from Mitchell, who's healthy again. If he stumbles out of the gate, Coach Fontes will hear it from the Silverdome mob.

The **Vikings** (10–6) won the NFC Central last year, then flamed out in postseason play. It's becoming a bad habit. Head coach Dennis Green has won two division titles during his three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years in Minnesota but has yet to win a playoff game.

Quarterback Warren Moon knows all about the playoffs, which is why he was brought in from Houston. His knowledge isn't necessarily an asset, however: Moon is now 3–7 in postseason play. Still, he's a great competitor, and even at the age of 38 he shows no signs of slowing down. In 1994 Moon completed 62 percent of an NFC-high 601 passes for 4264 yards. His touchdown-to-interception ratio (18 to 19) wasn't very good, and was one reason the Vikings ranked last in the NFC in scoring TDs from inside the 20-yard line. To succeed, the Vikes have to stop acting as if the red zone were the twilight zone.

Everyone's on the spot in Tampa Bay, from head coach Sam Wyche to the fans. New owner Malcolm Glazer, who purchased the **Buccaneers** for $193 million, says he'll keep them in Tampa only if the fans show more support. Let's see, now. The team's overall record (88–207–1) is the worst in NFL history. Yo, Malcolm—what makes you think the Bucs deserve fan support?

The pressure to improve falls squarely on Wyche's shoulders. After leading Tampa Bay to consecutive 5–11 seasons, Wyche guided his team to a 6–10 finish in 1994. Only a delusional optimist would call that an improvement.

More bad news: QB Craig Erickson, a 56 percent passer in 1994, hightailed it to Indianapolis. Now that he's gone, the Bucs will unleash the $16.6 million arm of their 1994 number one draft choice, Trent Dilfer.

At least Tampa chose wisely in this year's college draft. The team's first two selections, Miami DT Warren Sapp and Florida State LB Derrick Brooks, will help Tampa Bay turn it around.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

San Francisco	12–4
Atlanta*	9–7
New Orleans	9–7
St. Louis	4–12
Carolina	3–13

*Wild-card team

In their quest to repeat as Super Bowl champions, the **49ers** are up against a tougher opponent than the Dallas Cowboys: They're fighting the salary cap. Pro Bowl RB Ricky Watters left, and CB Deion Sanders still hasn't decided whether he'll stick around.

The most explosive offense in recent NFL history will again be led by QB Steve Young, who last year finally stepped out of the shadow of Joe Montana. In 1994 Young set an NFL record by becoming the league's highest-rated passer for the fourth consecutive season. And he capped it all by throwing a record six touchdowns in the Super.

Luckily for Young and the 49ers, his top three receivers—Jerry Rice, Brent Jones and John Taylor—are still around. Rice has now scored more touchdowns—139—than any other player in NFL history. The Niners may have made up for Watters' loss by drafting WR J.J. Stokes (UCLA).

San Francisco's defense, overshadowed by the team's spectacular offense, finished second in the NFL against the run. And even if Deion doesn't return, the Niners still have a strong secondary.

Meanwhile, head coach George Seifert has quietly built the best six-year record—85–23—in NFL history. Maybe his legend will spread after this season, when the Niners win an unprecedented sixth Super Bowl.

In his first year as head coach of the **Falcons** (7–9 last season), June Jones was put through hell by his players, several of whom seemed to spend most of their energy arguing with him. So Jones made changes. He let WR Andre Rison go to Cleveland and brought in a new defensive coordinator, Joe Haering. Last year Atlanta's defense was rated 27th in the league, but I expect the Falcons to be tougher to score on this season.

I also expect to see some improvement in the play of QB Jeff George, even though he's coming off a laudable season. In his first year at the helm of a run-and-shoot offense, George threw for 3734 yards and 23 TDs. WR Terance Mathis, who came over from the Jets, caught 111 passes for 1342 yards and 11 TDs. Jones is expecting another free agent, WR J.J. Birden (Kansas City) to step in and offset the loss of Rison. He also picked up another offensive threat in all-purpose RB Eric Metcalf (Cleveland).

Jones has put his house in order, and his Falcons are ready for the playoffs.

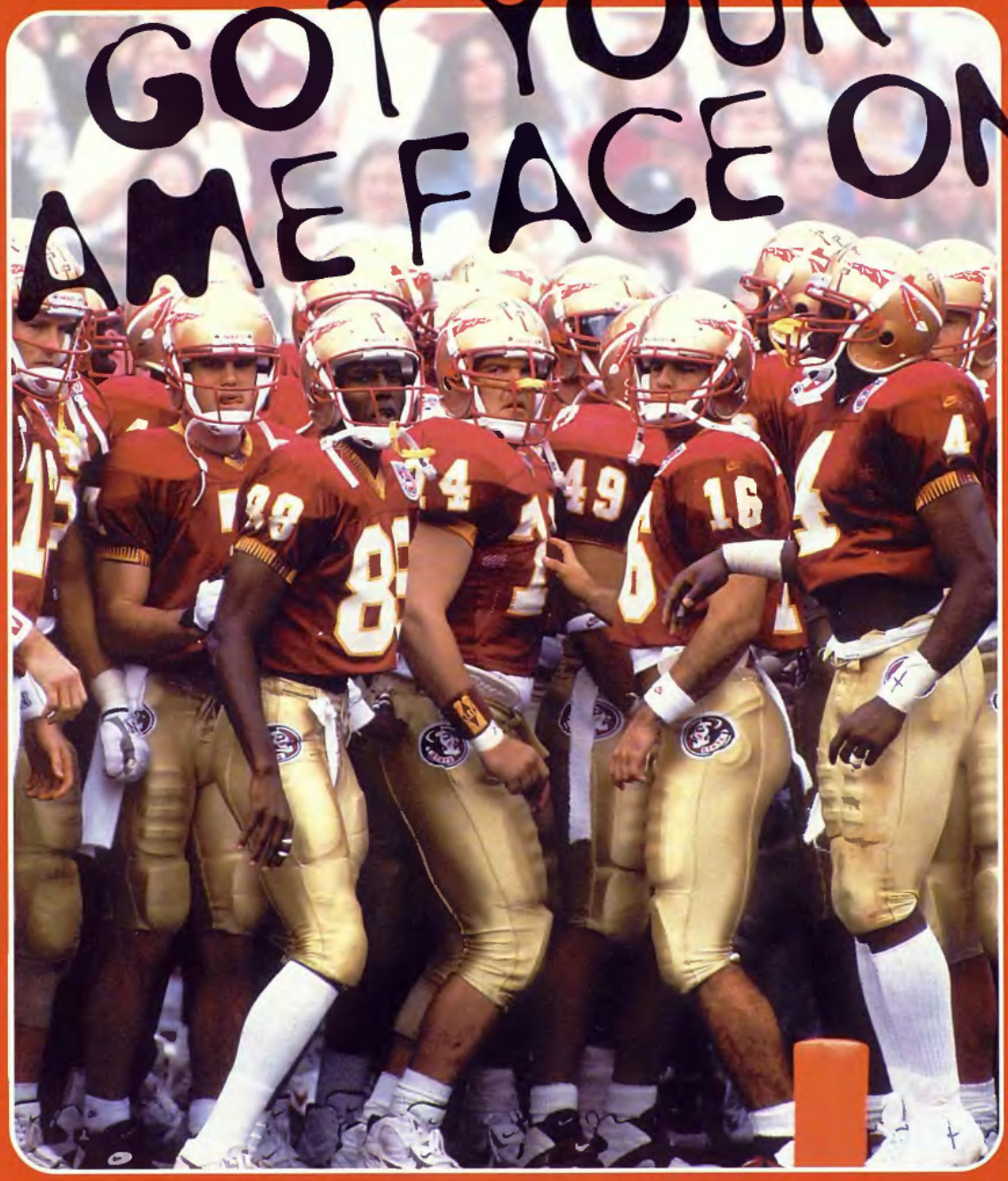
After the **Saints** slipped to 7–9, fans and media alike were calling for coach Jim Mora's scalp. Team owner Tom Benson listened to the complaints and then wisely extended Mora's contract.

The knock on Mora was that he was too conservative. But he dispelled that notion in 1994 when he stole QB Jim Everett from the Rams for a seventh-round draft choice. All Everett did was set franchise records by completing 64 percent of his passes for 3855 yards. So who's conservative?

The Saints would have been truly dangerous if their defense, the team's traditional trademark, hadn't fallen apart. Mora has replaced his defensive coordinator and defensive line coach. Expect New Orleans to be a lot stingier this season. Even if Mora can come up with a running game, the Saints won't march to a title. But at least they'll sin no more.

These days the once-proud **Rams** resemble a flock of sheared sheep. After they finished 4–12 last season, team owner Georgia Frontiere canned shrewd head coach Chuck Knox and replaced him with University of Oregon coach

GOT YOUR GAME FACE ON?



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Rich Brooks. In Brooks' 18 years, the Ducks rolled up a woeful record of 91-109-4. This qualifies him for the NFL?

The Rams' passing attack is about to fall on hard times. QB Chris Chandler and fleet WR Flipper Anderson have moved on, and their replacements—Chris Miller and Alexander Wright—are not of the same caliber. The St. Louis defense, anchored by tackle Sean Gilbert (a Pro Bowl pick in 1993) needs a lot of help. Free agent LB Keith McCants (Arizona) will pitch in, as will top draft pick DE Kevin Carter (Florida).

Frontiere, a former nightclub singer, had a baby grand piano lifted into her 48-seat private box. As bad as the Rams are, I'd rather watch them play.

Carolina owner Jerry Richardson, a former NFL player, has provided his Panthers with perhaps the NFL's finest management team. Mike McCormack, a Hall of Fame lineman and former GM of the Eagles and Seahawks, is the club's president. Bill Polian, the Panthers GM, built Buffalo into an AFC juggernaut.

McCormack and Polian quickly gave the coaching job to one of the brightest young guys in the league: Pittsburgh defensive coordinator Dom Capers.

Polian next reached out to his colleagues in Buffalo and came away with QB Frank Reich, WR Don Beebe and TE Pete Metzelaars, three quality players. Capers concentrated on defense and collected such standouts as DE Lamar Lathon (Oilers), LB Sam Mills (Saints), DT Mike Fox and LB Carlton Bailey (Giants), and LB Frank Stams (Browns). He also snatched 1000-yard-runner Barry Foster from Pittsburgh.

The Panthers had a solid draft. The first two college players they picked, QB Kerry Collins (Penn State) and DB Tyrone Poole (Fort Valley State), look like they have shots at becoming All-Pros.

They won't win much this year, but at least Richardson has Carolina pointed in the right direction.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
EASTERN DIVISION

New England	11–5
Miami*	10–6
Buffalo	9–7
Indianapolis	8–8
New York Jets	6–10

*Wild-card team

Patriots head coach and GM Bill Parcells reshaped an awful team and guided it into the playoffs last season. Any wonder why he was voted coach of the year?

His Patriots finished with the NFL's top-ranked passing attack. QB Drew Bledsoe threw for 25 TDs but was intercepted 27 times. He'll be smarter this season. Ben Coates, his favorite target, set a league record for tight ends by snaring 96 passes.

Parcells committed to a wide-open air attack because New England's running game was anemic. Versatile RB Dave Meggett, a free-agent pickup from the Giants, will help correct that.

New England's defense, 18th in the league last year, has been beefed up with towering linemen, 6'6" Tim Roberts (Oilers) and 6'7" Jon Hand (Colts).

The Patriots look ready to finish first in their division and play in the Super Bowl. That's when the trouble starts.

Miami hasn't made it to the Super Bowl since 1985. Head coach Don Shula is getting old (65) and so is QB Dan Marino (34). **Dolphins** diehards want South Florida hero Jimmy Johnson to take over now. If the Dolphins don't make it to the Super Bowl this season, Shula will be toast.

During the winter, Miami brought in a handful of high-priced free agents—TE Eric Green (Steelers), WRs Randal Hill and Gary Clark (Cardinals), DE Trace Armstrong (who led the Bears in sacks) and CB Terrell Buckley, a former number one draft choice for the Packers.

The Dolphins have a Super Bowl offense, but their defense can't handle a decent passing attack. With Jimmy Johnson lolling around in the analyst's chair, Shula knows it's gut-check time.

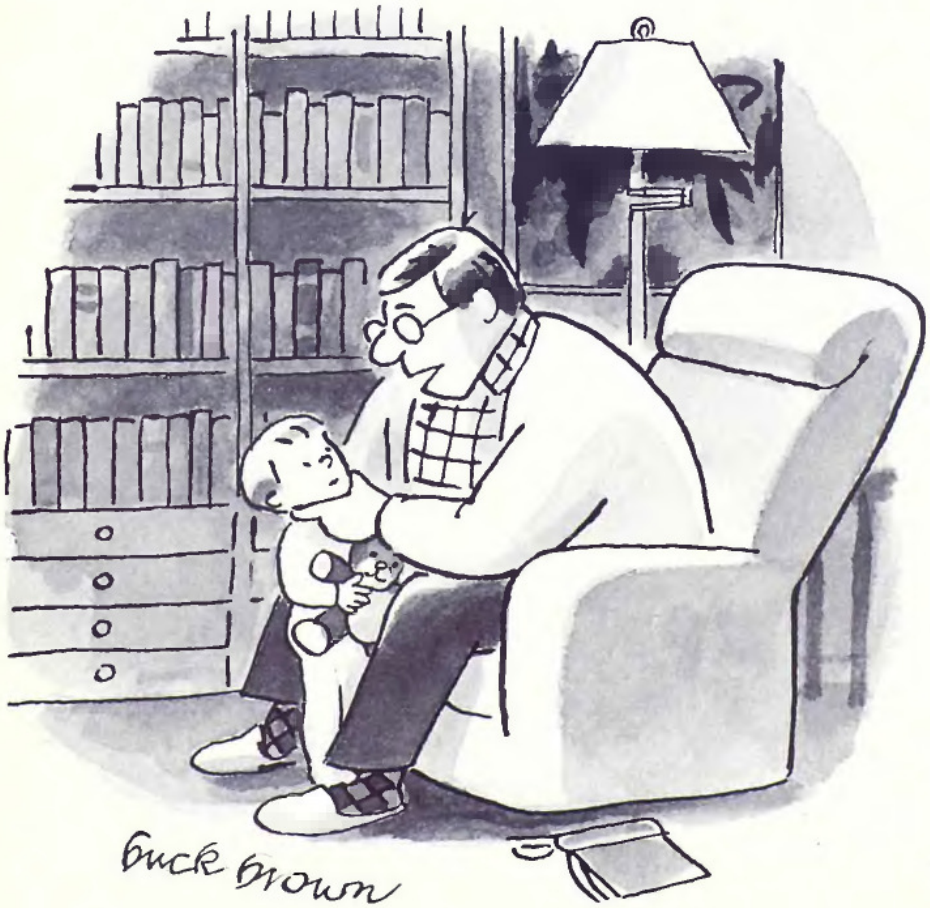
The **Bills**—with a 7–9 record—never got close to making it to a fifth straight Super Bowl. The team aged overnight. "It may be time to start a new chapter with a new cast of characters," says team owner Ralph Wilson.

That's just what head coach Marv Levy is doing. Levy and the Bills' brain trust picked up three defensive standouts: DE Jim Jeffcoat (Dallas), DT Ted Washington (Denver) and the prize of the trio, LB Bryce Paup (Green Bay). They'll join LB Cornelius Bennett and DE Bruce Smith, who led the team in sacks (ten). The defection of top-notch backup QB Frank Reich leaves the Bills vulnerable if Jim Kelly gets injured again. That's why the Bills drafted QB Todd Collins (Michigan), a Kelly clone. Thomas and WR Andre Reed should have their usual productive years.

For the first time in seven years, the Bills failed to lead the league in attendance. If the team sinks further, Buffalo will lead the league in no-shows.

Colts owner Bob Irsay is finally wising up. In 1994 Irsay didn't interfere with team management and the results were obvious: The Colts finished 8–8 and almost made the playoffs.

This year the team has the look of a contender, primarily because of RB Marshall Faulk, the NFL's offensive rookie of the year last season. He rushed for 1282 yards and 11 TDs, and caught 52 passes. Faulk's 1804 total yards from scrimmage



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was the fourth highest total for a rookie in NFL history.

To supplement the ground game, the Colts are upgrading their woeful air attack. Onetime Packer coach Lindy Infante signed on as offensive coordinator. He'll be planning strategy with ex-Ram WR Flipper Anderson and ex–Tampa Bay QB Craig Erickson, who completed 56 percent of his passes in 1994.

I like the new direction this team is taking. Don't be surprised if Indianapolis makes the playoffs.

Last year the **Jets** became the only team in the league that hasn't won a division title since the AFL and NFL merged in 1970. (The good news: Neither has Carolina or Jacksonville, yet.) The prospects don't look good this season, either. New head coach Rich Kotite has his work cut out for him. Last year the Jets were 25th in the league in scoring and 26th in first downs.

Quarterback Boomer Esiason took most of the blame. He had problems getting the team into the end zone, with only 17 TDs to his credit. Kotite's response was to bring QB Bubby Brister along with him from Philadelphia. Brister could wind up as the Jets starting quarterback. If that happens, he had better be prepared to scramble—something he can do very well—because their offensive line lost three starters to free agency. New York also has to develop a pass rush. Sack leader Jeff Lageman (6.5) left for Jacksonville.

Don't sell Kotite short. He's the best man for this rebuilding job, but he'll need time to complete it.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
CENTRAL DIVISION

Pittsburgh	11–5
Cleveland*	9–7
Houston	5–11
Cincinnati	3–13
Jacksonville	3–13

*Wild-card team

Steelers head coach Bill Cowher was so emotionally drained after Pittsburgh's 17–13 AFC championship loss to San Diego that he didn't look at the game film for two months. The Steelers probably were the best team in the AFC. Pittsburgh had the league's most feared defense, and on offense, the Steelers had three productive backs and a quarterback who was effective off the run.

Pittsburgh's offense has taken some hits, notably RB Barry Foster, now playing for Carolina, TE Eric Green, now a Dolphin, and G Duval Love, who'll be mowing down tacklers for Arizona. But the Steelers compensated for those defections by drafting TE Mark Bruener (Washington) and G Brenden Stai (Nebraska). Last year the Steelers led the NFL in QB sacks (55), and they'll again be formidable enforcers.

"We'll be back," promises Cowher on behalf of his Steelers. He could be right.

Oh, the pain: Art Modell's **Browns** have never been to the Super Bowl. The current obstacle is that his team can't beat the Steelers. Last year Pittsburgh whipped the Browns three times, including a 29–9 pasting in the playoffs.

"Pittsburgh has our number right now, but we vow to be a better team in 1995," Modell says.

Modell's optimism centers around free-agent acquisition Andre Rison. The Falcon bad boy wore out his welcome in Atlanta despite catching 81 passes for 1088 yards. The addition of NT Tim Goad (Patriots) fills a hole as well.

Vinny Testaverde knows he has to cut down on last year's 18 interceptions. He'll be a lot better off handing the ball to RB Leroy Hoard (890 yards) or to free-agent pickup RB Lorenzo White (Oilers).

Cleveland's 11–5 finish was its best since going 12–4 in 1986. Belichick has done more with less, but he still has to get past Pittsburgh.

As long as Bud Adams owns the **Oilers**, turmoil will reign in Houston. Adams didn't realize it, but the turning point of his team's 1994 season occurred last spring when he traded Warren Moon to Minnesota. Rugged defensive ends William Fuller and Sean Jones also left, and the Oilers ended up 2–14. Until then, no NFL team had ever completed the fall from first to worst in only one year.

Jerry Rhome, the team's new offensive coordinator, will be working with Chris Chandler, whom he coached at Arizona. Adding C Mark Stepnoski (Cowboys) and premiere KR Mel Gray (Lions) were good moves, as was taking QB Steve McNair (Alcorn State) in the first round of the college draft.

Still, the Oilers have a major talent gap. As an oilman, Adams knows what hitting bedrock means.

Something stinks in Cincinnati, and it's not the Ohio River. Over the past four seasons the **Bengals** have finished 14–50, mostly because owner Mike Brown gets his jollies competing with other owners for the lowest payroll in the NFL. (He usually wins.)

The Bengals need a reliable quarterback. David Klingler isn't the answer. And now that leading rusher Derrick Fenner is gone, the Bengals' only remaining threat is WR Carl Pickens, who last year caught 71 passes for 1127 yards and 11 TDs. They hope that RB Ki-Jana Carter (Penn State), the first player taken in the draft, will help.

Cincy's defense is weak, but when it comes to filling holes, the Bengals just aren't buying.

The brand-new **Jaguars** already own league bragging rights for most Heisman Trophy winners, with two: QB Andre Ware and WR Desmond Howard.

What kind of team will they field?

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Al Davis, Raiders: Brokered peace between owners and players two years ago. Fiercely loyal to his Raiders, the last AFC team to win the Super Bowl.

Eddie DeBartolo, San Francisco: Built the organization that won five Super Bowls in past 13 years; beloved by his players.

Robert Kraft, New England: In two years his Patriots have recovered from the disastrous reign of Victor Kiam.

Jerry Jones, Dallas: Give the guy credit—he fired two legends (Tom Landry and Jimmy Johnson) and lost a ton of free agents, and the Cowboys are still great.

Worst Owners:

Bud Adams, Houston: Another oil shock rocks Texas.

Bill Bidwill, Arizona: Set a record by alienating fans in two major cities—St. Louis and Phoenix.

Georgia Frontiere, St. Louis: As clueless in St. Louis as she was in California.

Head coach and GM Tom Coughlin went for youth in the expansion draft. The average age of the 31 players he selected was 25. Coughlin leaned toward offense in the expansion pool. He was happy to get QB Steve Beuerlein, who two years ago passed for 3164 yards and 18 TDs with Arizona. Beuerlein will find quality receivers in Kelvin Martin (Seattle), Derek Brown (Giants) and Howard (Washington). Coughlin and his staff also picked up free-agent RB Reggie Cobb (Packers) and selected RB James Stewart (Tennessee) in the college draft.

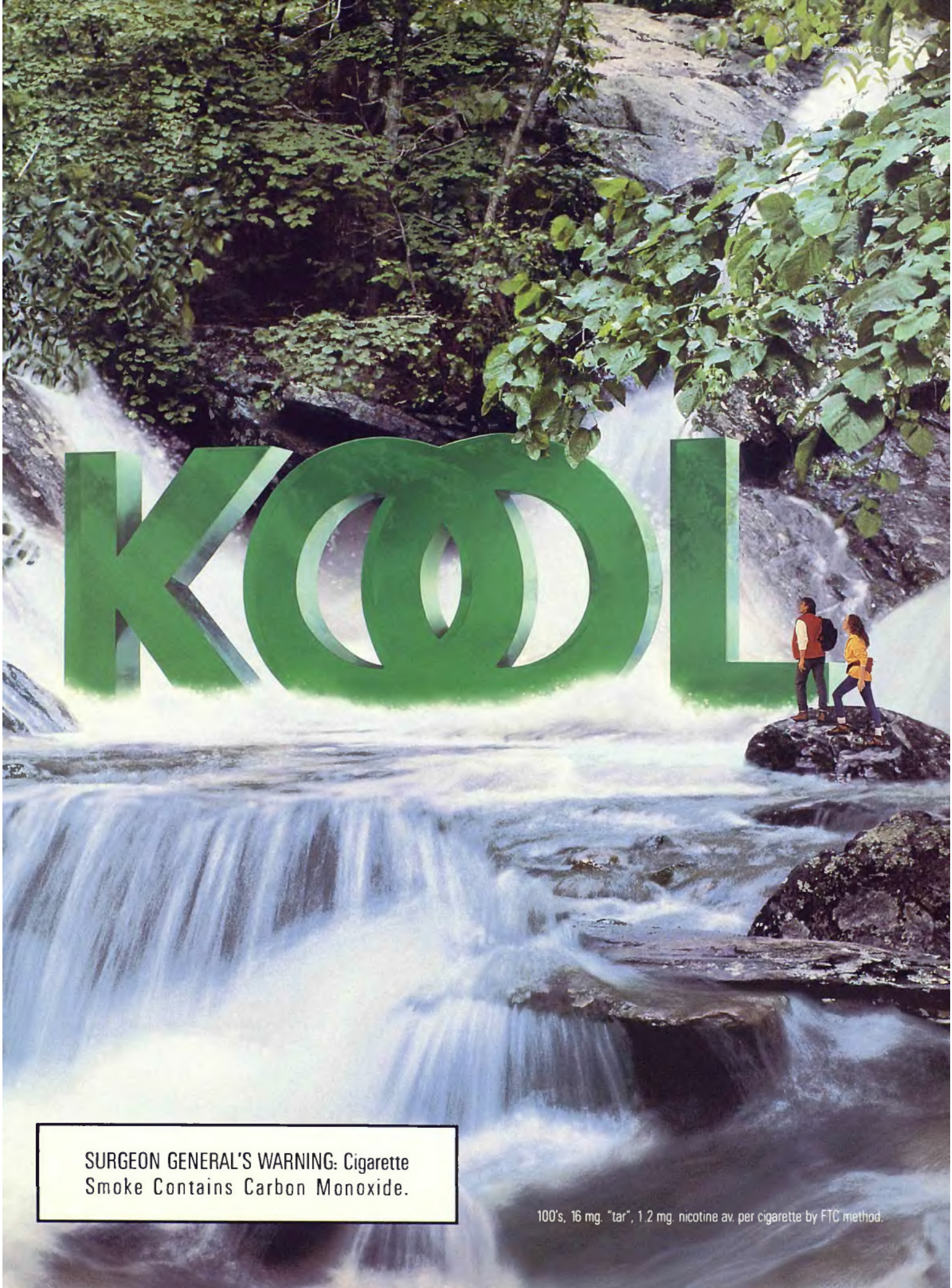
Former San Francisco coach Bill Walsh is impressed by all the offensive talent and thinks Jacksonville could win six games this season. I think it'll be a fight to the finish to see if the number of Heisman trophies beats the victory total.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE
WESTERN DIVISION

Raiders	11–5
San Diego*	10–6
Seattle	8–8
Kansas City	8–8
Denver	7–9

*Wild-card team

Raiders boss Al Davis was a busy man in the off-season. First, he was suspected of engineering the Rams' departure to St. Louis. "He's responsible for everything but the Hindenburg," jokes Howie Long, a Fox analyst and former Raiders hero. Then he gathered up his team and attempted to move back to Oakland. If he succeeds, his team will have one of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History will record that Davis was the first NFL owner to hire an African American head coach. Last year, after the Raiders finished their 9–7 season, Davis showed he was a true equal opportunity employer by firing Art Shell.

The new head honcho is Mike White, a Bill Walsh disciple who will open up the Raiders passing game, and that's welcome news to QB Jeff Hostetler. (Last year he passed for 3334 yards and 20 TDs.) He'll be throwing to the fastest receivers in the NFL: Tim Brown, Rocket Ismail, James Jett and Daryl Hobbs. RB Harvey Williams, who didn't start until midseason, ran for 983 yards. He is joined in the backfield by rookie Napoleon Kaufman (Washington).

The Raiders' defense is up to Super Bowl standards. Keep an eye on All-Pro T Chester McGlockton, newly acquired LB Pat Swilling and a secondary headed by All-Pro CB Terry McDaniel.

Davis is looking to get back to the Super Bowl for the first time since 1984, and he just might.

The **Chargers** were the NFL's Cinderella story last year, going 11–5 and winning the West before losing their glass slipper at the Super Bowl. It couldn't have happened without the great job done by Bobby Ross, my choice for coach of the year. In the three years since he left Georgia Tech, Ross has put San Diego into the playoffs twice.

The key to last season was the opening game at Denver. Down 24–6, the Chargers bolted back to win 37–34. "That win gave us the momentum we needed to win our next five games," said S Darren Carrington. QB Stan Humphries finished with a career-high 17 TDs and 3209 yards. RB Natrone Means rushed for a team-record 1350 yards.

San Diego's defensive unit is as tough as LB Junior Seau. Playing half the season with an arm injury, Seau led the Chargers in tackles with a career-best 155. DE Leslie O'Neal finished second in the AFC with 12.5 sacks while Chris Mims, the other end, had 11.

In reality, the Chargers beat the odds last season, if not the Super Bowl point spread. They don't figure to beat either of them this year.

The leaky Kingdome roof literally fell in on the **Seahawks** last year. They never really found themselves and finished 6–10, last in the AFC West. Owner Ken Behring ditched head coach Tom Flores and hired Washington native Dennis Erickson, the highly successful University of Miami coach, to get the Seahawks winging. "We have to put on a better show or we shouldn't be around," Behring said.

Under Erickson, a proven winner, the Seahawks will be a much better team. Erickson's first project will be to regain the success QB Rick Mirer had in 1993, when he set rookie passing records. He'll have three good targets: Ricky Proehl, Brian Blades and speedy rookie Joey Galloway. Last year the Seahawks ranked near the bottom of the league in offense (24th), and the defense wasn't much better (23rd). The team doesn't really have a pass rush, and there's a limit to what all-world DT Cortez Kennedy can do by himself. Even so, Erickson will bring plenty of sizzle to Seattle.

Marty Schottenheimer is on the spot in Kansas City. Although he took the **Chiefs** to five consecutive playoffs, Chiefs president Carl Peterson still isn't wearing any rings. Last season Kansas City was eliminated by Miami in a wild-card game.

Schottenheimer's problem starts at quarterback. Joe Montana was acquired from San Francisco to take the Chiefs to the Super Bowl, but that was one of the few goals he failed to achieve. His departure creates a vacuum. The Chiefs will now be led by either Steve Bono, a solid backup with no big-game experience, or hopeful Matt Blundin. Neither will make anybody forget Joe Quarterback.

The loss of WR J.J. Birden thins K.C.'s receiving corps, though Willie Davis (51 catches) is back and Lake Dawson appears ready to break out. Still, a running back, Kimble Anders, led the team in receptions (67) last year.

The Chiefs are becoming old warriors. No Joe Montana, no passing game and no running game could mean no more Marty.

Before the season is half over, new **Broncos** head coach Mike Shanahan may wish he were back in San Francisco as offensive coordinator. Denver has fired two head coaches in three years and frittered away a bunch of draft picks. That's no way to run a football team.

John Elway is still Denver's starting QB, beginning his 13th year with the Broncos. He's a tough customer. In his 12 years in Denver, he has been sacked 419 times. Compare that with Miami's Dan Marino, who, over the same period, has been sacked only 177 times.

Elway's view of the upcoming season? "Everybody has to realize it's going to take some time to get where we want to be," he admits.

The Broncos had to pursue free agents for help, especially for their Orange Crush defense, which has turned into Orange Sherbet. The two Browns defensive tackles they signed, Michael Dean Perry and James Jones, will help, as will CB Lionel Washington (Raiders).

Shanahan was smart enough to sign a seven-year contract. That may be how long it takes for Denver to rebuild.

"We think the Nineties traveler may have lower expectations."

$6 BILLION ROGUE

(continued from page 92)

markets. And GM, it seems, had been lax about checking cargo.

In late 1984 or early 1985, McNamara called bookkeepers Laura Southard and Gail Humel into his office. Neither of the women had more than a year or two of college, yet they found themselves being asked to cook the books in an international con game. Like many of McNamara's accomplices, neither woman seems to have had more than a momentary pang of conscience about stealing billions of dollars from the world's largest manufacturer. But to assuage any future pangs, McNamara upped their salaries to $100,000.

Southard and Humel's main task was to make up vehicle identification numbers and type invoices for nonexistent, upfitted vans purportedly being shipped overseas. Each invoice would bring McNamara Buick–Pontiac a check from GMAC for $25,000. Southard and Humel typed reams of them.

But McNamara knew that GM would not hand over millions of dollars based on invoices alone. There had to be more paper.

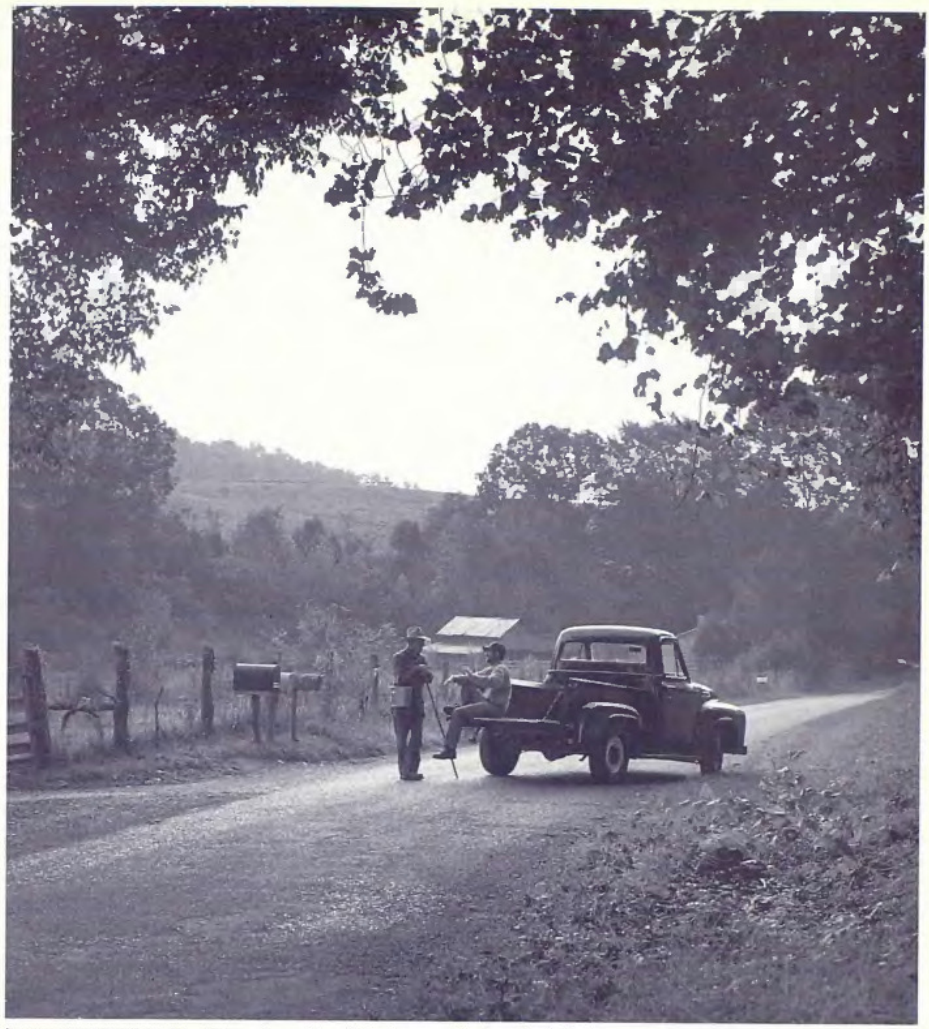
First came the upfitter. McNamara used Kay Industries, a defunct upfitter in Indiana—home state of virtually every national upfitter. He kept the corporation as a shell: a telephone, a charter and a one-room office. When a paid employee wasn't in Indiana pretending to be Kay Industries, McNamara had calls forwarded to a private line in his Port Jeff office.

McNamara then worked with employee Ted Cavaliere to duplicate a bank's canceled-check stamp for checks allegedly used by McNamara Buick–Pontiac to pay for vans from Kay.

Finally, he formed a corporation in Cyprus called Cydonia Trading, Ltd., which claimed to be selling the vans in Lebanon.

In the words of a former GMAC vice president, the paper trail was "impeccable": Kay Industries had a corporate charter and a telephone. Canceled checks accounted for all the sales; bills of lading proved shipment to Cydonia. As the scam got rolling, GM's ignorance seemed boundless. According to General Motors itself, no one in Detroit even bothered to compare the number of vans GM manufactured with the number of vans that it was financing or shipping. Indeed, if General Motors had looked at anything more than the profits that McNamara seemed to be generating, the scam would probably have folded in the first year.

In 1985 McNamara "borrowed" $194 million of GMAC's money to buy nearly 8000 nonexistent vans. The next year, the figure swelled to $231 million



It may not look like it, but this photograph was taken just last year, on Hurricane Creek Road.

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for close to 10,000 vehicles. An endless Lebanese traffic jam should have been forming. But in an otherwise discordant period for the U.S. auto industry, McNamara was singing an upbeat song. And questioning McNamara raised worrisome issues: What if this college dropout from the burbs really had conned them? What would shareholders say?

Gus Sellitto, the assistant U.S. attorney currently overseeing the forfeiture of McNamara's assets, still laughs about GM's alleged tunnel vision: "Of course they gave him money. On paper, he was becoming the largest consumer of GM vehicles in the world."

•

Meanwhile, back on Long Island, a new John McNamara emerged on the scene. The hometown car salesman made a name for himself as a political insider, openhanded philanthropist and shrewd entrepreneur. In one lucrative move, he used a million dollars (of stolen GM money) to buy a farm zoned exclusively for agricultural purposes. His connections on the local board rezoned the property for condominiums. McNamara sold, or "flipped," the farm for $14 million. Soon, McNamara's housing developments, malls and shopping centers appeared throughout the area.

McNamara himself has since testified that most of these deals were greased by bribes to members of local boards (although no members have ever been convicted). With a few free auto repairs, part-time jobs and deals on trade-ins, McNamara said he could turn worthless corner lots into some of the most desirable business properties on the north shore.

Port Jeffersonians, for their part, loved their local big shot. When McNamara wasn't revitalizing the real estate market, he could be seen riding his bicycle to attend 6:15 Mass at the Infant Jesus Parish Church, or donating a million-dollar building for Father Pizzarelli's Hope House ministry.

His technique at home was the same as with GM. He made sure Port Jeff had a stake in his success, and he told people exactly what they wanted to hear.

A bartender at a Port Jeff tavern spoke warmly of his old pal, even as he acknowledged the criminal charges: "John was the kind of guy who would walk in wearing a $120 suit, with his shirt all rumpled. I think it all just started to run away with him before he knew what was going on. He was really a Robin Hood, with all the good things he did for the community."

McNamara aggressively worked the Long Island Republican circuit. A local GOP campaign manager recalls: "John inserted himself into Republican politics overnight in 1986, spending money profligately to ingratiate himself. He would host fund-raisers or lunches, pay for the whole goddamn thing. Contribute to campaigns left and right, without batting an eye."

Most notably he cultivated a circle of Republican board members who met for breakfast every Saturday at a local diner. The GOP breakfast club included Donald Zimmer, Anthony Losquadro and Buovodantona Aliperti. McNamara used the same gentle seductions that had worked before: free auto repairs, deep discounts on new cars, all coupled with a low-key demeanor. He also told the breakfast club members exactly what they wanted to hear: His projects were good for the community, first-class operations that would stimulate the economy.

Don Zimmer, in particular, was completely taken with the car dealer's charm, and McNamara showed no mercy in exploiting his susceptibility. When Zimmer was named man of the year of Suffolk County, McNamara took out a full-page ad in a journal that read: "Don Zimmer: It Couldn't Happen to a Nicer Guy." McNamara said he bought antiques from Zimmer at inflated prices. He hired Zimmer's sons. When Zimmer and his wife celebrated their wedding anniversary, McNamara was their honored guest.

Yet, behind the scenes, McNamara lived a life that seems a naive imitation of a Donald Trumpesque wheeler-dealer. By 1988, he was flying in his private jet to Nevada to inspect his two gold mines. He started building a huge golf and recreation complex in Florida. There was talk of starting his own mutual fund. "He was immensely unsophisticated," said Dominic DiNapoli, the trustee from Price, Waterhouse who led a team of accountants through the defunct McNamara empire. "There was no rhyme nor reason to his ventures. He owned a Mobil station, a heating-oil business in Hartford and hundreds of pieces of real estate—many in places that hurt their values. A classic example is in Florida. He owned a country club on a huge tract in Lady Lake. I think McNamara wanted this to be his monument. He spent tens of millions of dollars on it. The only problem was, it was two hours from the nearest major city. We finally had to sell it off for $10 million."

In retrospect, John McNamara might have managed to turn a few more land deals, repay GM and walk away from the con a rich and respected man. But by then his ambitions were out of control.

"It was Disney World," said Maureen Hoerger, a defense attorney who represented one of the local politicians fingered by McNamara when he later cooperated with the government. "But when Walt Disney borrowed the money to build his fantasyland, he paid it back."

By the late Eighties, trouble loomed. A few friends asked how, with a newly declared trade embargo, McNamara could keep up his cash flow. McNamara laughed and credited his success to his gold mines. But the joyride was already getting rugged.

Real estate prices crashed in 1989 and McNamara began to borrow more heavily from GM. McNamara testified that he deeded one of his ventures, the Alka Corp., to his then-girlfriend, Diane Dangerfield. Alka's assets include the house where McNamara still resides.

Meanwhile, people at GMAC started to ask questions. One employee called McNamara to say his computer didn't recognize the vehicle identification numbers listed on McNamara's invoices. McNamara gambled that an accountant would hesitate to make life difficult for a billion-dollar client. He said he told the man: "Whatever's easier for you." According to McNamara's testimony, the accountant said he would override the computer.

At another point, GMAC employees confronted him with the discovery that he had submitted a fraudulent letter of credit. McNamara somehow dodged that bullet and submitted a valid letter.

During 1991, when statistics from the Recreational Vehicle Industry Association showed total annual overseas sales of 1800 U.S. vans, McNamara claimed to have shipped 17,000 upfitted vans in one month. He "borrowed" more than $2.1 billion from GMAC in 1991. The paperwork had grown to such proportions that it had to be delivered by van to GM's regional headquarters, occasions known as "Mac attacks."

The game of musical chairs eventually had to end. And the denouement came in the person of Harry Yergey, a now-retired vice president of GMAC's East Coast operations.

According to reports from outsiders (Yergey has refused to be interviewed), the East Coast vice president developed a hunch that McNamara's high-volume business could not be legitimate. On December 10, 1991 he went to the dealership, looked at records and invoices and confronted McNamara with the fact that his books didn't balance.

McNamara reportedly countered with a threat to take his business elsewhere: "I'll write you a check right now," he said. From the number one GM consumer in the world, a man who accounted for $2 billion a year in GMAC loans, the threat had considerable weight.

But Yergey called McNamara's bluff and offered to take payment on the spot for the outstanding debt of $436 million. McNamara crumbled. "Then there's a problem," he said.

After Yergey's visit, GM began negotiating with McNamara. Throughout January and February 1992, McNamara continued to do what had always worked

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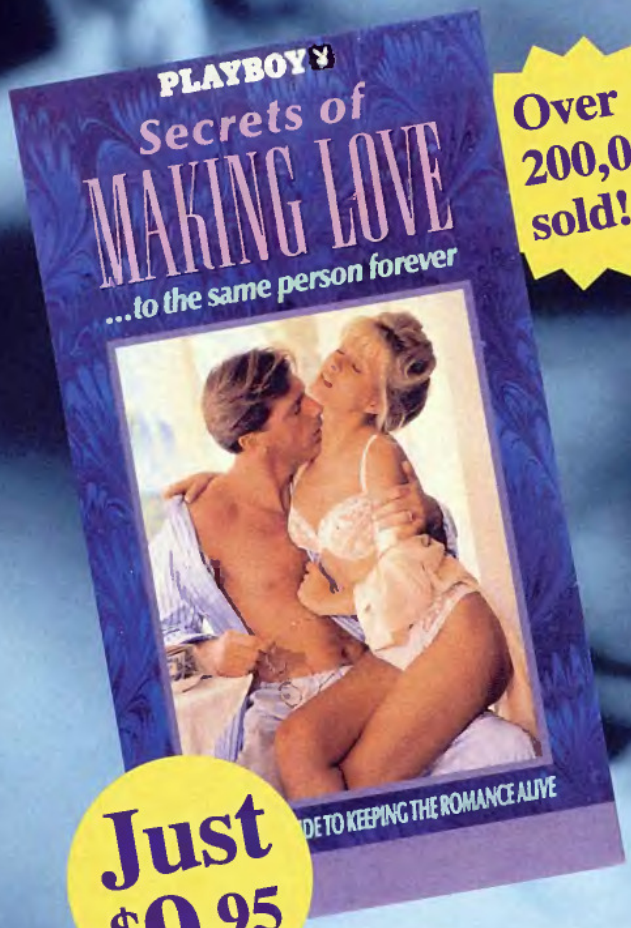

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in the past. He told GM's attorneys exactly what they wanted to hear. He promised to pay down his debt with cash he had on hand. He promised to consolidate his assets and give GM a complete listing of his holdings plus a security interest. He promised to go to the Middle East to recover a huge debt he claimed to be owed from arms dealing. All he needed was time.

McNamara must have known that his offer presented GM with a dilemma. He could hide his assets and double-cross the company. GM could call in the FBI, but that could mean losing any hope of being paid back, especially since the government might seize McNamara's assets or exhaust his resources with huge fines. And there would be uncomfortable and very public questions about why GMAC didn't look more closely at a man who had submitted a fraudulent letter of credit, used unlisted vehicle identification numbers and "sold" more vans abroad in a month than the entire country exported in a year.

The promised list of assets and cash payments, however, never arrived. Kay Industries fled its lone office and McNamara returned from Lebanon empty-handed. In April 1992 GMAC attorneys filed a suit and a motion to seize McNamara's assets. They complained of being "gravely concerned about the honesty and integrity of McNamara and [his] refusal even to disclose, much less discuss, the whereabouts of property financed by GM." They cited broken agreements, "gross misstatements and misrepresentations." There were even allusions to more sinister activities: "Former associates and employees of McNamara were fearful of bodily harm concerning candid disclosure of relationships with McNamara."

GM also contacted the FBI, and in 1992 federal agents descended on the dealership with an arrest warrant. With characteristically disarming candor, McNamara told the arresting agent, "I'm surprised you didn't catch me earlier."

But the real disarming took place behind closed doors, when McNamara and his lawyer met with prosecutors in the Eastern District of New York. "We were in a room discussing the case," former prosecutor Jonny Frank recalls. "And McNamara's lawyer started to suggest that McNamara knew about local political corruption. So we agreed to work something out."

Prosecutors, in fact, appear to have bought McNamara's assertions with no more than a cursory investigation. As part of the agreement, Southard and Humel—who committed thousands of frauds a year—received immunity. Humel continued to work with court-appointed accountants in unraveling the extent of McNamara's holdings. McNamara himself remained free on $300 million bail (though he was never required to post any money) and was allowed to keep slightly less than $2 million in assets and to continue living in the Alka Corp. house. With Justice Department blessings, he recently started two new auto businesses. One venture involves exporting vans, while the other required taking $300,000 from his daughter's trust fund to start an auto parts business.

Other signs of the government's trust in McNamara abounded. No one ever searched McNamara's, Southard's or Humel's homes. At the time, nobody bothered to value McNamara's holdings (which turned out to be worth less than half of what he represented to prosecutors). No one bothered to check his bizarre claims of Middle East arms dealing—even though prosecutors had McNamara testify in detail about an implausible $169 million commission for selling arms to Phalangists. In exchange for lenience, McNamara recorded conversations with his former lawyer, retired town officials and low-level political hacks.

Long after the bargain with McNamara was struck, Jonny Frank told me: "Some people say McNamara got a good deal. That's ridiculous." Yet to those who have known McNamara over the years, what happened with the U.S. Attorney's Office hints at a classic McNamara con.

All along he told the U.S. Attorney's Office exactly what it wanted to hear: He would help break the Republican stranglehold on Long Island. It seemed that what was good for McNamara was good for the U.S. attorney.

But the plea bargain finally proved to be an expensive embarrassment. Despite the hours of tape, only three political-corruption indictments were ever filed and there have been no convictions.

The first two cases involved McNamara's old buddies Don "Man of the Year" Zimmer and Anthony Losquadro. McNamara was the government's key witness at their joint trial last year. From the stand, he savaged both Zimmer and Losquadro, accusing them of selling their votes for trifling sums of cash, home improvements and deals on cars. On tape, McNamara's efforts to hang his old friends sound at once brazen and inept.

"You knew stealing from GM was a crime?" Losquadro's attorney, Benjamin Brafman, asked as the jury listened.

"Yes."

"You weren't living in the street? You had a home to live in, correct?"

"Yes."

"And you decided to steal from General Motors. Why? Because you were fundamentally corrupt?"

The court sustained an objection by the prosecution, but McNamara persisted: "It's something that happened. It's

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not a secret."

After the jury acquitted both Zimmer and Losquadro, one juror stated that she hoped the government would never use McNamara as a witness again, that "we couldn't trust him as far as we could throw him."

But by then the government was too invested in John McNamara to turn back. The second trial involved virtually the same facts in a case against planning-board member Buovodantona Aliperti. Even though prosecutors had the benefit of the cross-examination from the first case, the Aliperti trial ended in deadlock. Prosecutors took heart from the jury's 11–1 split to convict. But that is cold comfort, given that the entire investigation was built on a deal that leaves the largest swindler in history swimming in his indoor pool rather than working in a prison laundry.

McNamara's other creditors—a host of individuals from plumbers to tenants to local banks to whom he still owes millions—are even angrier than the jurors. McNamara's fall has put dozens of small businesses into Chapter 11, kept hopeful couples from moving into stalled housing projects and stiffed scores of laborers. They all share a sense that something is fundamentally wrong with a system that allows a white-collar criminal to walk away from a $6 billion fraud. And they are mad as hell that GMAC still may get repaid before they do.

In a class-action lawsuit, McNamara's creditors have argued that GMAC's employees knowingly played along with the pyramid scheme. GMAC, they conclude, should thus be precluded from recovering any of its money until innocent creditors get their share. GMAC, of course, disagrees. It insists that after a "far-reaching internal investigation" it uncovered "no criminal activity or self-dealing." GMAC has repeatedly said: "We are the victim in this case."

Seemingly at odds with that blanket denial, however, stands GMAC's own conduct. Many important employees, from the president and chief financial officer on down, were replaced after the McNamara investigation.

Harry Yergey, the now-retired GMAC executive who uncovered McNamara's fraud, told me simply: "I want to put the whole affair behind me." Another former executive explained: "I would like to tell you what really happened, but when I left GMAC I signed an agreement that my pension would be revoked if I talked about McNamara."

Attorney John Ray is both lead counsel and a class member in the suit to disqualify GMAC from getting a piece of McNamara's empire. (Ray claims McNamara owes him $65,000 in fees.) Ray wonders what happened: "The employees within GMAC had a self-interest in promoting loans and a lot of people moved up the ranks because of the loans they gave to John McNamara, and that includes the GMAC president."

In particular, Ray claims to have analyzed GMAC's financial picture in the Eighties and found further reasons why they played along: "GMAC's assets in the late Eighties amounted to $103 billion, and John McNamara represented a major percentage. After the automobile industry crashed, GMAC wanted its stockholders to believe it was on its way up rather than down, largely because of the investments in loans, good loans. And who were those loans to? McNamara. They had an interest in selling their stockholders a false story."

If Ray is right, McNamara seems to have created a great, accelerating financial and political carousel, a ride where people hopped on and found themselves too scared to bring the great machine to a crashing halt.

•

Possibly, some of the larger issues about GM's and the U.S. attorney's behavior may be resolved after a year or two of litigation. Were there payoffs to GMAC's moneylenders to hide McNamara's fraud? Did McNamara dupe prosecutors with false promises?

And federal prosecutors may want to rethink a value system that soft-pedals white-collar crimes like McNamara's, while demanding all-but-perfect morality from the lowest-level politicians.

Yet not everybody sees McNamara as a pariah. Around Port Jeff, John McNamara's self-created mythology still has a good segment of the population under a spell. People discount the thievery and the fraud as "something that happened." Some love to retell the specious tale about his Middle East arms deals. For them, he remains citizen McNamara, the prince of thieves. Others will tell you that GMAC stands for "Give McNamara Another Car."

It isn't all that surprising. Six billion dollars is an appallingly large sum to steal. But when it comes out of General Motors' pocket, the crime inspires an urge to clap a hand on McNamara's shoulder and buy him a drink. No wonder McNamara so easily found recruits for his con game.

In the end, all the systems—from GM to the GOP to the federal prosecutors—seem to have justified the cynicism that made McNamara a local hero. McNamara simply took advantage of the forces that make us cynical in the first place: greed, careerism, bribery, cronyism. And when a little guy beats vast bureaucracies at their own games—well, all can be forgiven. No wonder folks around Port Jeff refuse to see the hometown con artist as anything other than a regular guy who got carried away; as a rogue, not a villain.

Attorney Ray Perini represented Don Zimmer at his trial. Perini still scratches his head over his client's attitude toward the man who tried to bring him down: "One of the toughest things I had to do with Don was to convince him that McNamara was capable of lying," Perini said. "He couldn't conceive of it. And he couldn't see an ulterior motive. We sat him down and said, 'You met with this man and he taped you and you don't think he's trading you for his own freedom?' And he couldn't buy it. The last thing Don said before we got a not-guilty verdict was, 'I don't harbor any bad feelings toward John McNamara.'"

"Come on, Gloria. It's the only exercise I get."

muscle-bound

(continued from page 124)

challenging as the workout it provides. It resembles a stair climber with pedals attached to a paddle wheel–like base. Instead of the standard up-and-down movement, the C544 lets you step in forward or backward motions at varying speeds, degrees of incline and resistance. Some have likened the movement to riding uphill in a standing position on a bike. The result: greater muscle involvement and a glute workout that's twice as tough as a stair machine's.

You may also want to run a few laps on Precor's M9.25 ($2700) or M9.45 ($3700) treadmills. These top-of-the-line home machines combine automatic incline and speed changes with Smart Rate, an electronic graph on the console that compares your current heart rate with your target heart rate. To enhance upper-body conditioning, Precor also is introducing Smart Weights, dumbbells with controls that use radio frequency technology to vary the speed and incline of Precor's electronic treadmills. Smart Weights weigh up to two pounds each and cost $100 a pair.

For those who swear by stair-climbing machines, Stair Master has introduced the $2500 Free Climber 4400PT. This version of the club classic has a design that encourages you to stand upright while stepping instead of leaning on the handrails, making it harder to cheat.

TREND TOPPERS

While guys the size of Dumpsters still prefer weight benches, an increasing number of men are getting their pump on climbing walls and in boxing classes. Both offer a thorough workout as well as an opportunity to learn and refine higher athletic skills.

Climbing walls range in height from 12 feet to nearly 100 feet and are freckled with handholds and footholds. Designed to be scaled vertically, horizontally and even at severely pitched angles, they provide an exceptional upper- and lower-body workout that seems more like play than exercise. Most climbing gyms supply the equipment (ropes, a belt, special shoes and gymnasts' chalk for a better grip) along with lessons and a belayer, someone who helps you remain on the wall instead of on your butt.

Some of the country's top indoor climbing spots include Chelsea Piers (opening soon) and the Reebok Club in New York City, the Boston Rock Gym in Woburn, Mass., Go Vertical in Stamford, Conn., the Vertical clubs in Seattle and Chicago's Athletic Club at Illinois Center (which boasts the tallest wall, at 98 feet). Most clubs require climbers to take lessons before going solo.

Guys are also boxing their way into great shape. Based on a fighter's training regimen, boxercise, as it's called,

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generally includes calisthenics, rope-jumping, shadowboxing, punching-bag routines and light sparring with an instructor using focus pads (you hit the pads he's holding, and he doesn't hit back).

With boxercise, you'll work up a sweat, and there's no better way to relieve the pressure of a rotten day at the office than by bashing a punching bag. Here's where to go: Crunch Fitness and Equinox Fitness Center in New York City, Bodies in Motion in Pasadena and Jamnastics in Chicago.

For a greater challenge, look for Solo Spar, an electronic sparring and training device that arrived in clubs recently. The $25,000 Solo Spar consists of a 9′x9′ boxing ring with a heavy bag suspended from an overhead mechanism that imitates a boxer's movements as it bobs and weaves across the canvas. Solo Spar doesn't punch back, but it moves quickly—even cornering you at times—so you have to be fast on your feet. Inventor Richard Murphy says "a seven-minute round with my machine is as challenging as 30 minutes of aerobics." Plus it can be programmed to move like the pros, so you can take on a Solo Spar version of Mike Tyson and live to tell about it.

At home, try the much simpler Aerobox bag kit ($80), which includes a heavy bag, support bar (you secure the bar in a doorway, hang up the bag and pound away), gloves, jump rope and video. For a classic home setup, Everlast offers a "gentleman's gym" set with professional-quality gloves, jump rope, heavy bag and speed bag ($630).

FROM THE FEET UP

If you think these new forms of indoor exercise are inventive, you'll be equally impressed with the latest lineup of athletic shoes. Nike's new Ndestrukt collection, for example, includes a cross-trainer called the Air Tuff ($85) that was developed with input from U.S. national ski teams. Thanks to a special molded fabric woven into the shoe's midsole, the Air Tuff can take five times the stress of shoes made of other synthetic materials. L.A. Gear's low- and mid-top Razorback cross-trainers ($65 and $70) use Flak, a bulletproof substance used in police vests, to cushion the heels. The Converse Psycho Comp ($75) is a cross-trainer with enhanced stability and shock absorption. And Avia's low- and mid-top Scorpion cross-trainers ($70 and $75) incorporate advanced cantilever technology—a horseshoe-shaped pad of rubber around the back of the sole helps disperse shock outward while increasing stability. For shoes that improve traction on indoor courts, try Adidas' Equipment Instinct low- and mid-top shoes ($80 and $85), featuring rubber mounds on the soles, or Wilson's low- and mid-top Spykes ($50 and $55), which grip the court with 175 grabbing surfaces.

"I'm taking you downtown. Dinner, a movie, and then, who knows?"

White Nights

(continued from page 112)

while aging in oak barrels provides a maturity and mellowness to the spirit. Called *añejos*, these tequilas (aged at least one year) take on flavor and color from the barrels, adding distinctive qualities to each producer's offering. "In Mexico they would never think of putting an *añejo* in a margarita," says Lucinda Hutson, author of the comprehensive new book *Tequila!* "They enjoy it at the end of a meal, as you would a fine cognac."

Herradura was one of the first producers to import a 100 percent blue agave to the U.S. At about $30 a bottle, Herradura Añejo has been a benchmark for superpremiums, in both quality and price. Another early entry in the American market was Sauza's Conmemorativo, with its light golden color and lovely smoothness, and Tres Generaciones, an *añejo* with exceptional richness. Many tequila connoisseurs believe that Sauza's Hornitos brand—a lesser-aged *reposado* (two months to a year in the barrel)—is the perfect balance of robust tradition and new finesse.

Jose Cuervo markets several upscale tequilas in limited quantities. Its Tradicional is a 100 percent blue agave *reposado* with a pepperlike bite balanced by a hint of oak. Cuervo 1800 is a blend of *reposados* and *añejos*, with a smoky flavor.

Tequila Imports in Austin, Texas offers four exceptional 100-percent blue agave tequilas. Porfidio Silver Label Agave is surprisingly smooth for a non-aged tequila. It and Porfidio Añejo Agave are both sold in hand-numbered grappa-type bottles. The *añejo* is aged two years in American oak barrels. Porfidio Extra Aged Añejo is a blue agave blended from a mixture of tequilas aged up to six years. It's sold in a hand-painted ceramic crock that's been signed by the artist. Porfidio Single Barrel Añejo is a limited production blue agave that is marketed in handblown glass bottles with a royal palm cactus design inside. Each bottle comes corked so that it can be used to store oil (or whatever) after you have finished the tequila—which is superb.

Centinela is an exceptionally smooth blue agave tequila that's been produced by the same family-owned distillery since 1894. *Blanco*, *reposado* and *añejo* spirits are produced and the company doesn't use any artificial colors or sweeteners in its tequilas. El Dorado Importers in Santa Fe brings Centinela into the U.S.

The double-distilled Dos Reales Añejo—which Cuervo calls an "ultrapremium"—shows its age gracefully in its amber color and complex flavors. This year, to mark the company's 200th anniversary, there will be a limited release of a three-year-old *añejo* called La Reserva de la Familia de Jose Cuervo that is corked

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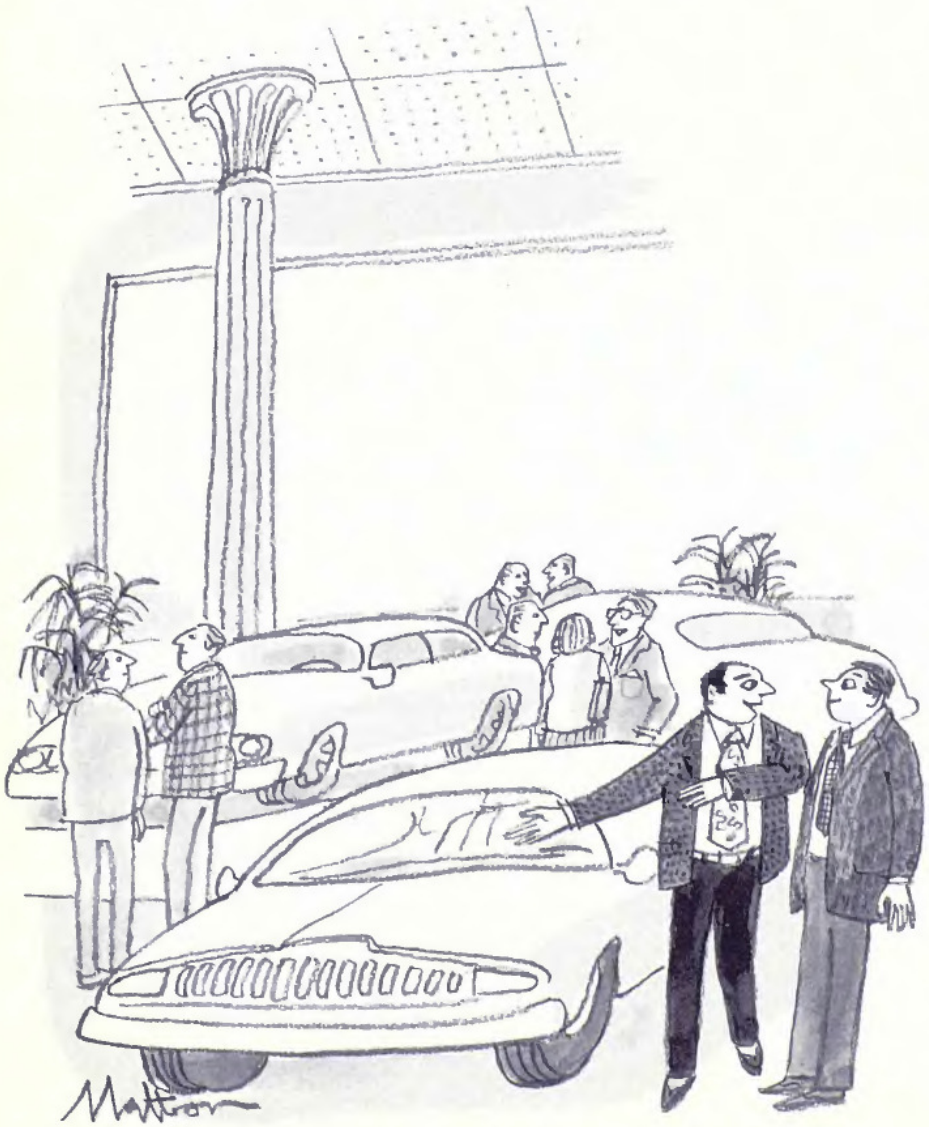
and wax-sealed and placed in a hand-painted wooden box. Only 4000 of the 1.75-liter bottles will be introduced to the U.S. in 1995, and, despite a $150 price, it's a good bet they'll sell fast. This tequila is impressive, with a flavor reminiscent of sherry and cognac. Yet it still retains the fruitiness of the blue agave.

Also look for an *añejo* from a small distillery named Patrón. This tequila comes in a handblown, numbered glass decanter. The spirit spends at least two years in wood, from which it derives its amber color and toasty hints of vanilla sweetness.

But if any tequila can claim a kind of cult status, it would be Chinaco. Produced by a great-grandson of a former president of Mexico and named after the legendary guerrillas who fought to free Mexico from European dominance, Chinaco is as famous as it is elusive. (In 1990 a shipment of Chinaco destined for southern California was hijacked, and production ceased at the distillery. By 1993 Chinaco was being bottled again.) Currently the silver Chinaco (unaged) and the *reposado* (aged in barrels for eight months) can be found in the U.S. in limited supply. The highly regarded *añejo* will be available by the end of this year.

The importers of Chinaco have also just brought in El Tesoro de Don Felipe, a blue agave tequila made at a 50-year-old distillery in Mexico's Los Altos mountains. No water is added to Tesoro—a process others use to dilute the tequila—so it retains a robustness from the quality of the agave and the Kentucky bourbon barrels in which the spirit is aged for two to three years before blending.

Such spirits, whose antecedents once were little more than the perfect ingredients for such drinks as screwdrivers and margaritas, are now being prized by serious sippers. *Salud!*



"Think of the dual air bags as giant breasts ready to pop out and comfort you in your time of need."

disc heads

(continued from page 130)

million-dollar budgets.

"We didn't start this for money," says Carrella, who worked for Macromedia in Silicon Valley before coming up to San Francisco. "Otherwise we wouldn't have quit our $70,000-a-year jobs to eat macaroni and make no salary for a year."

Huffman concurs: "If this weren't my job I would have to work to get the money to pay for the machines to support this habit."

•

Marc Canter has been known to refer to himself as the "godfather of multimedia." Mention his name among a group of multimedia developers and watch the glances carom around the room. "You either love him or you hate him" goes the refrain, though something tells you that the breakdown is not exactly 50–50. He is the founder of Macromind, the company that became Macromedia, which created the software that makes multimedia possible. He has also started another company, Canter Technology, which recently shipped its first product, Meet Mediaband.

There must be other people in the industry as opinionated as Canter, but none seem to blare at quite the same volume. He projects such an image that by the time he sat me down in front of his basement computer, I was prepared to witness a stirring vision of the future.

Canter whirls me through the two presentations that make up the debut disc. The first, entitled "Undo Me," is a point-and-click interactive music video based on the question of what romance would be like if our lives were equipped with an "undo" function key. The second is a world-beat tribal-dance party, in which the viewer adds sonic layers to an endless, throbbing beat by clicking on symbols, words and images as they fly across the screen. The graphics are slick, the interfaces are new and appealing—and the content is as fatuous as the worst of the shovelware (boring material loaded onto badly produced discs) that Canter maligns.

When I ask him if he would enjoy messing around with these discs himself, Canter passes off the question. "Would you or I spend 15 hours a day playing Nintendo? Maybe not, but there are millions of kids out there who do."

Once again, it all comes down to content; the medium itself isn't enough. That's the problem with multimedia these days: Despite the enormous amount of hype that surrounds it, the results have been disappointing, aesthetically and commercially. Myst and Doom, among the most popular CD-ROMs ever released, have made modest piles of money for their makers, but

these numbers are tiny compared to, say, music sales. The Residents' Freak Show has garnered critical acclaim. But the current expectations for most products are best captured in the title of a semi-regular column in *Wired*: "CD-ROMs That Suck."

"The problem with most multimedia," says Sean Wagstaff, former reviews editor for *MacWeek*, "is that it's a lot more fun to develop than it is to look at."

One explanation is that because the medium is in its infancy, it hasn't had enough time to develop its own geniuses. In the early days of film it took some time before directors stopped running stage drama in front of the camera and started using the new medium to tell stories in completely new ways. "Right now all I'm making are horror movies and disaster movies," says John Evershed, president of Mechadeus. "If I tried to do a subtle exploration of a relationship on CD-ROM, it just wouldn't fly."

Mechadeus has tried to make a niche for itself among the spate of space adventures by filming live actors in front of a blue screen and welding the action to a three-dimensional background. With lots of interactive cleavage from Tia Carrere, The Daedalus Encounter should sell to enough adolescent males to get a return on the investment, but it is unlikely to move the general public.

Mechadeus' office looks like something out of a disaster movie. The company has grown so quickly that it has overgrown its original cubicles and started spilling down the hallway past other companies into any available rooms. In a space the size of a living room sit 20 artists and programmers. At one point the combination of human flesh and electronic circuitry brought the ambient temperature into the 90s, but they were too busy cranking out The Daedalus Encounter to move anybody out. The solution: They brought in one of those factory-size air conditioners and hooked it up with duct tape and extension cords. Six months later it still sits on the floor of the sweatshop.

It takes just this kind of improvisation to put together a CD-ROM title. "So far, multimedia has been a bunch of tools that don't work," says Larry Chandler, an illustrator who has worked with a number of San Francisco companies, including Drew Pictures. "You'll try cinematic camera movement and watch the machine choke on it."

Evershed agrees: "It's as if you have a camera that won't shoot straight and a lens that doesn't focus, riding on a crooked dolly. You're trying to make a movie with this stuff. Right now everybody is compelled to try to do it, but all we can do is very crude stuff."

Over the past few years Hollywood has made serious efforts to move its product into multimedia formats, with such players as Steven Spielberg and George Lucas getting into the game. Ironically, the primitive status of the technology may have kept the studios from wiping out in the Gulch. "We are the ones who figured out all the end arounds and jury-rigging to get it to the point where it looks good enough to watch," says Chandler. "When programmers get all the bugs out we may be obsolete."

Despite multimedia's limitations, the investment money—from Hollywood, the big software companies and Japan—keeps pouring in. "Talent is furiously busy these days," says Evershed. "Any multimedia business that doesn't have two years' worth of work lined up must be just starting."

The hope is that if interactive TV ever comes online, it will blow the roof off the industry. Then Gulch companies with titles on the market will be positioned to pipe their products into the world's living rooms. Says Lee Swearingen, art director of Macromedia, "I believe that these artists and programmers are the Lucases and Spielbergs of the future."

•

Over at *Substance* the auteurs of tomorrow have a new piece of machinery on the premises and they're pretty excited about it. Nick Roberts takes the opportunity to show it off to me when I stop by one night to visit.

"We haven't gotten a chance to load it yet," says the editor, beaming as he gestures toward the brand-new, state-of-the-art Coke machine. Roberts is confident this technology will give them an edge during the inevitable all-nighters ahead.

But tonight soda will not be the preferred refreshment in the bunker. The second issue is in Sony's hands, being beta-tested. *Monday Night Football* is on the box. A stream of friends and relatives passes through the office. Publisher Alex Ragland, Rob Winfield and Roberts tell the story of how a cousin of one of the staffers and a guy called Smoke took three months to finish the bathroom, doing some of their best work at four in the morning. They also show me the couch where I am welcome to crash if I should choose to ride out the night.

Roberts is thinking about putting off the evening's sleep, seeing as he has to get up at eight anyway to buy back his car at a police auction. "It's cheaper than paying off the tickets," he says. His decision is influenced by the electric duo that begins its midnight jam session several futon lengths away from where he generally lays his head.

But he knows that this glamorous life of CD-ROM development can't go on forever. "We're hoping to be living somewhere else by the time summer comes. Who knows, maybe someday we'll even get paid."

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CLASSIC KIMBERLEY (continued from page 140)

Hef adores her. She is supremely beautiful. How does this square with being the mom next door?

on Mom for some refereeing. She sorts out the squabble calmly, like any good mother anywhere. Words such as sharing, caring and kindness drop from the full lips that do not conjure up visions of "good parenting." I go back to this apparent paradox. Kim is 32. Hef adores her. She is supremely beautiful. How does this square with being the mom next door? I turn to the pictures lying on the desk, photographs that, in the absence of a poet to describe them, will have to speak for themselves.

Kimberley talks me through my bewilderment: "It's important not to neglect your sensuous side. You have to develop it. When some women have children, they just bury their sensuality, and their husbands lose interest. You know, they chop off their hair, wear more jewelry and fall into the role of mom. Doing this PLAYBOY pictorial was great. I felt like, Wow, this sensuous thing is still alive in here. It made me feel very sexy and really good about myself."

The children drape themselves around her. I feel a burst of envy as I contemplate the bowling-green flatness of her stomach. I thought I knew a bit about having it all. Apparently not. Did she enjoy the shoot?

"Being photographed is a way for me to release the wildness in me," says Kim. "I can let go, be a free spirit. When I get in front of a camera, I'm incredibly relaxed. Easy, natural. It's a great feeling. I always like to have a bit of clothing on. I think that's very sexy. You know, when you're with a man intimately, he usually wants you bare-naked. I think it's really nice to wear something like a see-through T-shirt. But having said that, the pictures they took when I was completely naked were interesting. I felt uninhibited, different, so free."

We wander through the house, which is every bit as magical as I remember it from pre-Kimberley days. But there are additions I hadn't counted on—a scattering of children's toys everywhere, a jungle gym—that show her contributions to Mansion life. Surprisingly, they are not out of place. The animal house, with its monkeys and exotic birds, seems to have been designed with children in mind. The Mansion may be where Hef does his work, but now it is also a place where you can hear children running and shouting at their mother's side.

How does Kimberley maintain her privacy in such a public place? "I'm very reserved," she says, "very private. I don't let a lot of people into my life. I have close friends, but I don't have a lot of them. I don't have time to meet new people. I think a person needs solitude. You have to be in touch with your inner self, and you have to like yourself. Then you can care for other people."

By "other people" Kimberley means Hef and the kids. I remember sitting with her a few months earlier at one of their Sunday evening movie parties. We were at a table with some friends, and Hef's name came up. "I just love him so much," Kimberley had said, apropos of nothing. I recall the unself-conscious blush that had lit her face as she realized how much of herself she had so spontaneously revealed.

She says of her children, "I love to take them to the beach. There's a wonderful feeling of independence. We watch the baby seals and the mama seals. You can almost walk up and touch them. It's so peaceful. I thrive on that. Just the kids—no other people."

Kimberley shows me the gym where she chisels her body into the near-perfection revealed in these photographs. She has no trainer. That would be "people." She tells me of her plans to write a children's book, go back to school and do charity work. But almost immediately she returns to her main task: "Right now I'm really focused on the kids."

She most certainly is. Kimberley is all about family. She realizes that Hollywood is a "tough, dangerous place. In Moulton, Alabama, where I was born, there is a different mentality, with people helping people and family values, as opposed to the politics and superficiality" of Tinseltown. But Kimberley is a kind of refuge from all that, as any parent must be.

I go back to the photographs. Which part of that incredible body is she most proud of? To me, it seems impossible to choose. But Kimberley Conrad Hefner knows the answer, and she laughs as she gives it.

"I have a good heart," she says. Hef, Marston and Cooper are blessed indeed.

"Thanks, guys, but the hotel pays us to stay here and cavort."

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Playboy on the town (continued from page 80)

Drink features a full menu, live music and six distinctive spaces, including a cigar room.

Houston what Le Cirque is to New York. But not to worry. This fall, **Tony's** will be back in the same location (1801 Post Oak Boulevard) with a new decor, greater emphasis on fine northern Italian cuisine and an improved wine list. Somewhat lower on the social ladder but immensely popular is **Kim Son**, a lively local chain of Vietnamese restaurants. Look for a second branch where Houston has always needed good food at lunchtime—in the underground tunnels. **Churrascos**, a South American restaurant that features marinated and char-grilled meats and seafood, will relocate closer toward town sometime this fall. *Clubs:* Within the next five months Entertainment Properties will open a multiconcept club that is being billed as a musical Disneyland. One feature of the 20,000-square-foot complex will be a DJed dance room with Seventies and Eighties music. Live bands will also be booked.

DALLAS

While his father is busy reopening Tony's in Houston, Joey Vallone will bring the same great Italian and American cuisine to Dallas this fall at **Joey's** on Oak Lawn. Casual but chic, with mosaics and Italian tilework, Joey's emphasis will be on seafood and pasta. Seafood will also be the draw at the new **Star Reef**, also in the Oak Lawn neighborhood.

LAS VEGAS

Last year the MGM Grand imported Coyote Cafe from Santa Fe and Charlie Trotter's from Chicago. Early next year Caesars Palace promises to make things even more exciting with the opening of **Caesars Magical Empire**—a seven-story, 66,000-square-foot structure of ten dining rooms in the form of medieval magic chambers. There will also be beverage lounges, maze-like corridors and live entertainment. Dinners will be prix fixe with unlimited wine. A San Francisco import, the **Fog City Diner** at Hughes Center, will have 200 seats and a menu that features typical and not-so-typical diner fare. A re-creation of **Nicky Blair's** restaurant, for 20 years one of the most celebrated stargazing eateries in Hollywood, will also open at Hughes Center. *Clubs:* **Drink** sits on Harmon Street, just off the Strip near the MGM Grand and Hard Rock Cafe. It features a full menu, live music and six distinctive spaces—a main room with an elevated dining area, a psychedelic room, a tribal room, a cigar room dubbed Smoke at Drink, a tri-level VIP room with an outdoor deck and an outdoor garden.

LOS ANGELES

Although Los Angeles' restaurant scene has been in the doldrums this past year, there is no lack of new blues clubs. In 1994 the biggest draw was the House of Blues on Sunset Boulevard. This year it promises to be **Leadbelly's**, a 7000-square-foot blues and R&B club in Santa Monica, named after guitarist and blues singer Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter. Expect down-home American grub and strong drinks. The decor will evoke a vintage Delta blues joint. Out at LAX, the first **Rhino Chasers** pub (rhino chasers were daredevil surfers in the Sixties) will open in early October, serving only Rhino Chasers beer in varying strengths (from ale to dark lager).

SAN FRANCISCO

Frisco nightcrawlers eagerly await the reopening of the 21st-floor nightclub at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. Closed for more than two years, it will come back as **Harry Denton's Starlight Room**, complete with plush booths, a panoramic view of the Bay City, a live orchestra and a dance floor. The menu will be American-inspired. Smart money is betting that entrepreneur Max Schnallinger, who is the creator of the extravagant **China Max** restaurants in Hong Kong and Djakarta, will open a branch in San Francisco this winter. Expect deluxe decor and refined Chinese cuisine.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Although many cities have passed laws that prohibit smoking in public dining rooms, restaurateurs have found a way to accommodate gentlemen (and women) who enjoy a good cigar after a fine meal. *Cigar Aficionado* magazine will be holding a series of **Big Smoke** events throughout the fall and winter in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York and Miami. Richard Carleton Hacker, author of *The Ultimate Cigar Book* and a contributor to PLAYBOY, will be hosting various brandy-and-cigar and whiskey-and-cigar tastings from October through next February. A **Cigar Lover's Cruise** for five or ten days aboard Holland America's MS Ryndam departs in November from Fort Lauderdale, Florida for the Caribbean. Onboard festivities will include cigar seminars and plenty of free smokes. There will also be optional stogie-related excursions ashore. (For more information on Big Smoke events, Hacker's seminars and the Cigar Lover's Cruise, see Where & How to Buy on page 184.)

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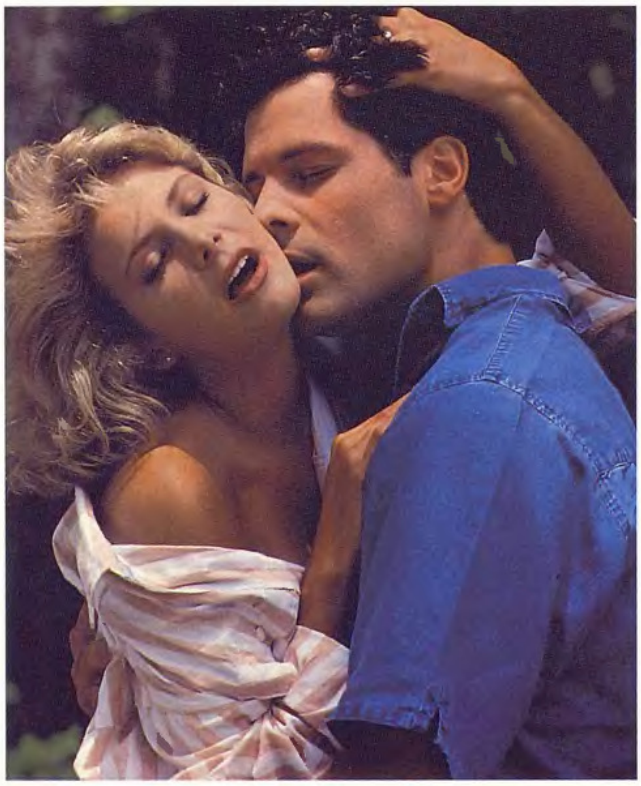

Many couples find that their interest in each other increases substantially after watching these videos. They also gain the information they need to transform that interest into life-long sexual pleasure.

Here are some comments from people who have previewed ***Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex***:

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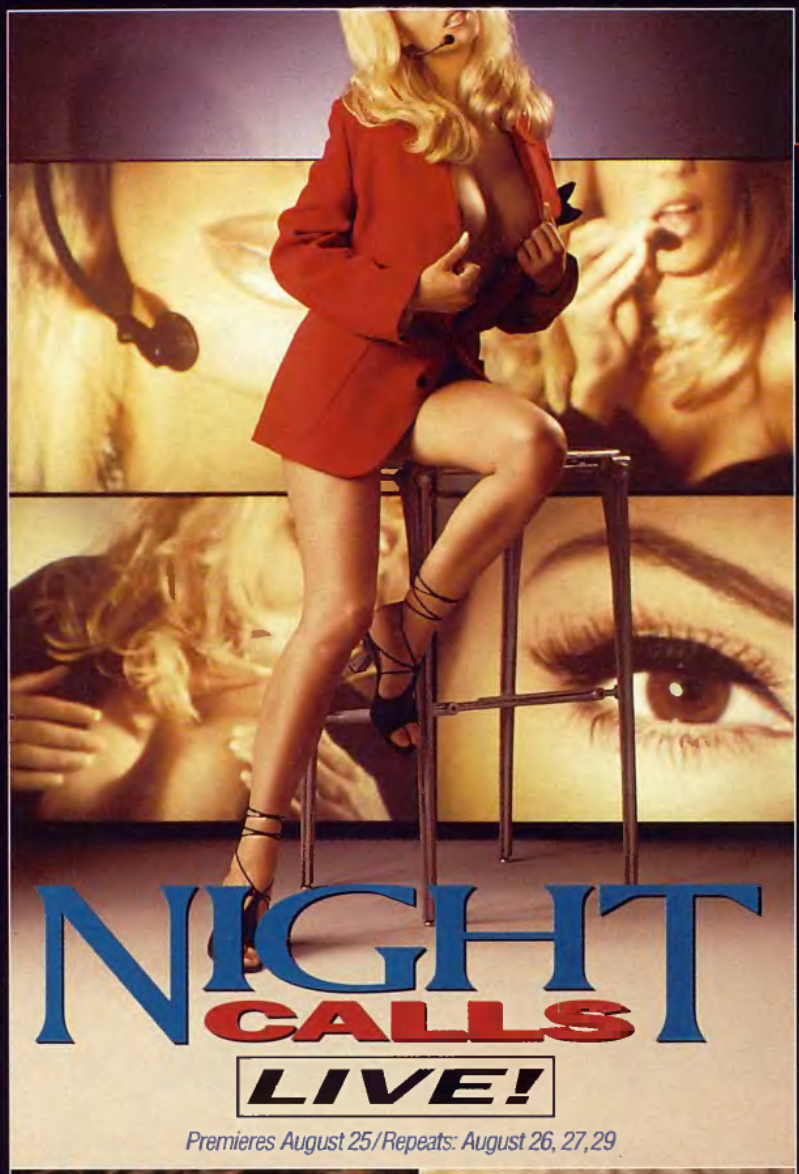

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PLAYBOY TV

TED KOPPEL *(continued from page 144)*

Rumors had Roone Arledge joking that the newsman looked like Howdy Doody. Koppel quit.

the 1968 Nixon campaign and served as bureau chief in Hong Kong and Miami. In 1971 he was named ABC's diplomatic correspondent, and he became one of the network's most valuable players.

Koppel was so secure that in 1976 he took a year's leave of absence to run the household while his wife attended law school. He went from globe-trotting with Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to making breakfast for his four children, food shopping, cooking dinner, washing windows and mopping floors. He kept his hand in at ABC by working on radio commentaries and anchoring the Saturday news. And, for a lark, he wrote a thriller with former newsman Marvin Kalb. But when he was ready to return to ABC, he found that his world had changed.

Roone Arledge, president of ABC Sports, had also been appointed head of ABC News. There was concern among the "serious" journalists that Arledge would cheapen the news, and he got off to a bad start with Koppel by firing his executive producer. Also, rumors had Arledge joking that the newsman looked like Howdy Doody. Koppel quit and said goodbye on his Saturday news show.

A month later Arledge wooed him back over a long lunch. "Roone had a way of making you feel that you were the center of the world," Koppel recalls. He went from unemployment to being in the running for an anchor spot.

His chance came in 1979 when Iranian militants took hostages at the U.S. embassy in Tehran. Arledge created the first late-night news show, called *America Held Hostage*, anchored by Frank Reynolds. Ratings took off. Koppel occasionally subbed and proved his mettle as an interviewer. Arledge recognized that, with the right anchor, a late-night news show could have legs. Dan Rather at CBS was an option. Koppel put himself in play.

On February 8, 1980, his 40th birthday, Koppel received a call from a senior vice president at ABC.

"You want to do this new show?" the man asked.

"You bet," Koppel responded. The first *Nightline* was broadcast on March 24 with Koppel at the helm.

Fifteen years later, Arledge and Koppel are both reaping the rewards of *Nightline*, which according to some estimates brings in as much as $50 million a year to Capital Cities ABC.

•

Koppel excuses himself from the graduation festivities and dashes for his little Mercedes. It's 3:30, and we're heading south to prepare for his show, which will air in eight hours.

The phone rings. It's Bettag, his executive producer. Koppel listens for half a minute. "It's a dynamite story," Koppel says. "We've got to go with it. No doubt in my mind. Not a close call."

For once, it isn't about O.J. It turns out that White House communications director Mark Gearan had called *Nightline*'s production offices the day before and said that President Clinton was interested in holding a town meeting in Montana next week. The subject would be militias. He wanted Koppel to moderate. Koppel hangs up the phone. He's pumped.

"I think it's a clever idea," he says. "First of all, Bill Clinton is terrific in those kinds of settings. Second, the public perception is that the president of the U.S. is confronting a bunch of these

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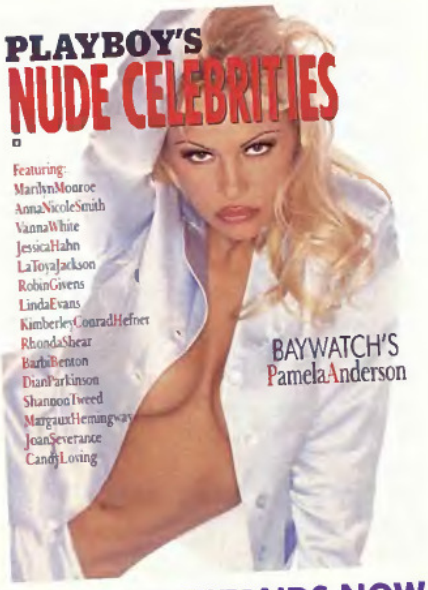

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superpatriots who think he is the closest thing to a traitor that the White House has seen in a long time.

"On the surface it's Daniel in the lion's den," he says. "In reality, they are at worst fairly conservative Republicans, and they will be respectful and polite. Nothing he can't handle. It's a real smart thing to do."

But is it smart for Koppel and *Nightline* to be Clinton's facilitators?

"It's not my job to discourage the White House from doing things that are good for the president," he says. "It will make for riveting television. I have no problem going along with it.

"When there is a story like this," he continues, "it gets my juices flowing. I love live television. The country is going through an emotional upheaval. That's a hell of a story with a hundred different manifestations. I can get excited focusing on any one of them. But this thing can still collapse for plenty of reasons."

The phone rings again. Koppel listens for a minute and hangs up. The White House has backed out.

"I'm disappointed," he says. "I'm not angry."

Given the makeup of the Clinton administration, he's not surprised either. "They're some of the smartest people I've ever met," he says, "but some of the clumsiest politicians. At least as a government, they're not adept managers. This is a good example. You don't call until you're sure you're going to do it."

Is it the president's fault?

"He's certainly the smartest president I've ever met," says Koppel. "Jimmy Carter is smart. Clinton is even smarter. But I think he's a terrible manager. I get images of endless meetings where everyone is allowed to babble. He doesn't have time for that."

•

Another person who has often been described as "the smartest" is Ted Koppel. *New York* magazine's 1984 interview ran under the headline THE SMARTEST MAN ON TV, and the label stuck. Now you can't bring up his name without hearing about his abundant brains.

Is he still the smartest?

"Never was then. Am not now," he says. "I have some of the same qualities I ascribe to Bill Clinton. A voracious appetite for information. I know a little bit about a lot of things—one inch of knowledge about anything you want to discuss. I have the ability to detect bullshit when I hear it. It makes for good television. But I'm not the smartest man on TV."

There was a time when he wasn't the happiest man on TV, either. The year was 1987, and even Koppel's adoring staff members could detect a change at the top. He'd had a string of big hits. Los Angeles Dodgers vice president Al

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Campanis, invited on *Nightline* to reminisce about Jackie Robinson, had said that blacks "may not have some of the necessities" to be managers. Koppel said, "I gotta tell you, that really sounds like garbage, if you'll forgive me for saying so." The interchange cooked Campanis and forced the major league to reconsider its minority hiring policies. When disgraced televangelists Jim and Tammy Bakker went public, they chose to confess on *Nightline*. Gary Hart came on to discuss the Donna Rice affair.

Koppel tried to stay humble, but not hard enough for some. "There was a perception that Ted's head had grown even larger in proportion to his body than it normally was," says a former *Nightline* producer. "There was a rash of articles about him. There was talk that he could be secretary of state. You should never believe your press notices. He did."

Others said he had become more arrogant, less patient, more dismissive of his staff. Morale at *Nightline* reached a low point. Koppel says he was responding to a problem. Cap Cities, a relatively small media company, had just gobbled up ABC, and Koppel was worried that the new owners might be tightfisted and small-minded.

"I needed a professional lifeboat of sorts," he says. So he decided to start his own production company, Koppel Communications Inc. The idea, novel in the news business, was for KCI to create programs that would be broadcast on ABC, but owned by Koppel. It made Arledge anxious about control, and loyal *Nightline* staffers felt abandoned.

Koppel signed a contract that had him anchoring *Nightline* three nights a week. He split his days between ABC and KCI. Rick Kaplan, his executive producer at *Nightline*, also straddled the fence. Staff was hired, shows were created, awards were won—and Koppel found out something about himself.

He admits he's a lousy manager. "I don't really enjoy business," he says. "It's not where I get my kicks. I enjoy making television programs."

In 1990, with the Gulf war gearing up and Koppel facing the prospect of losing money on KCI, he realized he "would have to jump one way or the other." The seduction of covering a war prevailed. He closed KCI, leaving the lifeboat for the mother ship, ABC.

That may have quieted the internal critics, but unkind words were coming from the outside, most notably from Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting, a left-leaning watchdog group. "Koppel is a publicist for Henry Kissinger, a sycophant," says FAIR executive director Jeff Cohen. "I call Koppel and the two Kalbs the KKK club."

Indeed, Koppel, Marvin Kalb and his brother Bernard covered Kissinger in the mid-Seventies when the secretary was the Metternich of his time, flying from the Middle East to Paris to Hong Kong. During long flights, Kissinger spun his version of events. In a sense, Koppel and the Kalbs made their careers covering Kissinger.

Christopher Hitchens, a British writer who makes his living by skewering American institutions, calls Koppel "fantastically overrated" and accuses him of "groveling to Henry Kissinger."

Koppel admits that Kissinger and he are friends and goes so far as to call it "a mistake to allow a friendship to develop with someone when they are still a policy maker. Having said that, he's still my friend, and I'm not going to dump him now. Show me where you think I did him any favors on-air. So far no one has come up with a thing."

•

Koppel is driving up 17th Street by the Old Executive Office Building, a few blocks from the ABC bureau and his *Nightline* offices. A man walks off the curb and steps into traffic. Koppel pulls to the left, into the path of a brand-new Toyota Supra with a spoiler. The driver honks. Someone else might have flipped him the bird. Koppel waves.

"I'm sorry," he says. "You're right."

This is Ted the nice guy, the one you most often see, at least when he's not roasting guests alive on the air. He rarely passes a homeless person without forking over a bill. "Never can tell when they might really need it," he says.

At 5:00 P.M. Koppel walks into the *Nightline* offices, where the day started at 10:30 when Bettag biked over from Georgetown. His small staff of producers and bookers are assembled around "the rim," a semicircle of desks in an open newsroom. When Koppel arrives, the action heats up.

Koppel relishes the fact that *Nightline* is put together in the few hours before it airs. He notes that the production staff for *Day One*, ABC's weekly magazine show, numbered around 70. *Nightline*'s is around 50. "Sometimes it comes together live on the show," he says.

At 7:30 correspondent Judy Muller calls with O.J. news. A book called *Kato Kaelin: The Whole Truth* is out. Kaelin's interview with author Marc Eliot doesn't jibe with his testimony in court. The Los Angeles bureau has footage. Muller and the producers scramble to rearrange the telecast.

Koppel repairs to his crowded corner office overlooking the Mayflower Hotel on DeSales Street. Emmy awards, gold-winged figures holding aloft filigree globes, occupy the available perches: four on top of the trio of televisions stacked by the window, eight or ten in a case behind his desk, five more in a

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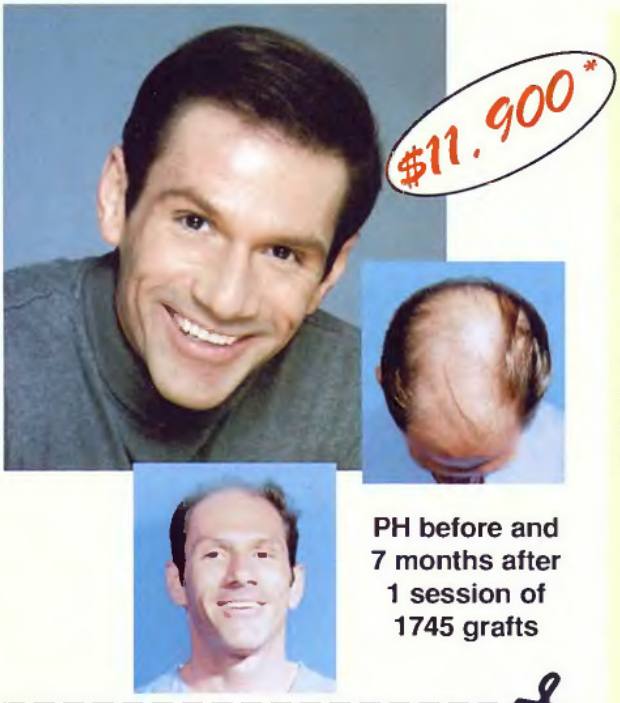

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corner cupboard. His desk is barely visible under papers, files, tapes and a picture of his children.

At 9:00 P.M. the *Nightline* crew ratchets the pace up to warp speed. Attorney Leslie Abramson, one of the regular analysts for the Simpson trial, refuses to cancel dinner plans so she can go on for a live interview from the L.A. studio at the regular time. Battag and Koppel decide to tape the show at 9:30 for broadcast two hours later. Muller's copy is in. Editors are madly cutting videotape of Kaelin. Producers are still trying to find out why the latest juror was dismissed.

At 9:15 Koppel switches on his computer and writes his introduction.

"He's a great procrastinator," Bettag says. "He doesn't do anything until he wants to. If I say, 'We gotta go!' he'll slow down. If I ask him what he's going to do with an interview, he says he'll figure it out when he gets to the studio."

Bettag is hardly an unbiased eye, but he does have a unique perspective. Before coming to *Nightline* in 1991, he worked at CBS for 22 years, producing shows for Walter Cronkite, Dan Rather and *60 Minutes*. He was fired from CBS in the highly charged palace warfare that occurred when Laurence Tisch took over the network. Arledge helped pair Bettag with Koppel, who was languishing with Dorrance Smith as producer. Now every time Arledge sees Tisch he says: "Stupidest thing you did was to let Bettag go."

Bettag discovered that Koppel is a different television animal. "Bill Moyers, Dan Rather, Barbara Walters—they're running scared all the time, like me," he says. "They're driven. Ted is not driven. I really don't know what makes him work. People succeed in this business by being scared. Ted is not scared.

"I believe great men are driven by demons," Bettag says. "If that's true, I can't explain Ted. I don't understand how he can be that secure. I've seen him take naps before going on the air."

The key may be that Koppel knows how to pace himself. He works four days a week, often spending the other three at his estate in St. Marys County on the western shore of the Chesapeake. His two loves—his family and the news—sustain him. In that world, there's not much else to aspire to.

"The last thing I want to do is be a traditional network anchor," he says. "I have the highest regard for those who do it, but that's a job I don't want. I know my strengths. That isn't one of them."

Koppel is often compared to Walter Cronkite. "I'm flattered," he says. "Cronkite fulfilled a national need. He was the national uncle. That's not the way I want to see myself. I'm always searching for what I might enjoy more than what I'm doing here. I haven't found it yet."

•

At 9:25, Koppel slips his copy onto Bettag's desk, flips his dark blue suit jacket over his shoulder and heads down a few floors to the studio.

A producer raises a question about Koppel's intro text, on the matter of Kato Kaelin's veracity. Changes in wording are suggested. "Put a line through it," Koppel says.

The taping begins. Koppel, sitting in the quiet studio, looks nothing like the sweating speaker who addressed 2000 students in Baltimore seven hours earlier. Now he's TV Ted. He reads his introduction. He blows it, and they begin again. He talks with the analysts, sorts the facts, asks the right questions. Twenty minutes later he says, "Goodnight, for ABC News." *Nightline* number 4032 is ready for battle with Jay and Dave.

Koppel sees Bettag on his way out. "Take the night off," he jokes. Bettag goes back to finish the show. He'll stay until midnight in case some news breaks: an assassination, an earthquake, another juror in the ejection seat. If so, he'll call out to Potomac, and Koppel will hop into his Mercedes.

He never gets enough.

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By Mike Hensen

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GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE *(continued from page 135)*

Want to test a buzz cut like the one Brad Pitt sports in "Seven"? The computer chooses from 600 styles.

products to choose from. For example, Braun introduces the Flex Integral shaver, which features a trimmer positioned between two foils. As you move the shaver over your face, the first foil does the initial shaving while the trimmer sets up the remaining whiskers for the second foil. Norelco has two new shavers—the rechargeable Speedrazor that can store power for up to two weeks, and the pint-size, battery-powered Access, which is handy for banishing five o'clock shadow. This fall, Conair enters the men's shaver market with two models priced from $40 to $60. The Accu Shave features floating dual foils, individually mounted cutters and a pivoting head designed to hug the contours of your face—plus a telescopic trimmer for mustache and sideburns. The Rotary Flex has three floating heads that keep the shaver's blades in constant contact with your face and a unique cleaning system that enables you to discard whiskers while you shave. Braun, Norelco and Conair also plan to offer trimmers designed for beards and mustaches.

Geo F. Trumper, the British purveyor of luxurious men's toiletries, turns the other cheek with a new selection of straight razors that are kept sharp with a leather strop. (We don't recommend this $140 item for novice shavers.) Mont Source bows to the past by adding handmade pewter shaving accessories to its line, including a bowl, cup, boar's-hair shaving brush and safety razor that takes Trac II blades.

Want to test a buzz cut like the one Brad Pitt sports in *Seven*? Styles on Video and Redken Laboratories jointly developed the Redken Interactive Consultation System, which is available in select Redken salons nationwide. First, an image of your head is taken by a video camera. Then a stylist programs into a computer information on the shape of your face, natural hair color, skin tone and lifestyle (from conservative to outrageous). The computer then chooses from more than 600 styles and shows you on-screen the cuts that it believes work best. Furthermore, you get a printout to take home to study. In some salons, the service is provided free with a haircut. Others charge extra.

Technology is also changing the way you brush your teeth. Norelco will soon introduce its first toothbrush, the Dentiflex plaque control system, with a dual-action motion and a pressure response system that makes the brush head back off when you apply too much pressure to your teeth or gums. Teledyne Water Pik has upped the brushing ability of its Sensonic Plaque Removal Instrument to 30,000 strokes a minute (that's about 100 times faster than manual brushing). Other new features include automatic shutoff and a low-battery indicator. Braun has created the Oral-B Plaque Remover Duo, a dental gizmo with two rechargeable plaque removers housed in one compact unit. An indicator alerts users when to change the brush heads. The Oral-B sells for about $100.

Men's hairbrushes are also moving forward—as well as backward and sideways. Räje introduced a battery-powered vibrating brush designed to invigorate the scalp while providing a comforting massage. Amirra will bring out the Shiatsu Untangler, a brush scalp massager that works with a side-to-side circular motion. It's waterproof, so you can use it in the shower. The Braun Control Shaper is a brush and hair drier in one. Equipped with a pivoting head that prevents pulling, this compact gadget adds fullness as you dry.

But not everything in men's grooming is being driven by technology. New products are also being influenced by the distant past. Aubrey Organics makes a moisturizer, toner, shampoo and conditioner that contain Japanese green tea (it's reputed to be great for skin and hair). Tea tree oil is a natural substance that's popular as a remedy for cuts, burns, infections and insect bites as well as skin and hair problems. Two companies, Desert Essence and Tea Tree Solutions, offer the pure oil as well as product collections. Desert Essence's line includes tea tree oil toothpaste, soap, body lotion and lip balm. Tea Tree Solutions imports a scalp tonic as well as a facial moisturizer, body scrub and foot lotion. Tea tree oil is also an ingredient in a shampoo from Paul Mitchell, a liquid soap from Bath & Body Works and a collection of men's products that are available from the Body Shop.

Other forthcoming men's products: No Debate from the Body Shop is an eau de toilette scented with citrus and herbs. It leads a collection of products that includes an aftershave splash, shower gel,

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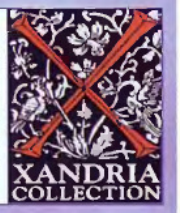

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Pages 78–80: For information on upcoming **Big Smokes**, 212-684-4224, ext. 375; **Richard Carleton Hacker cigar and spirits tastings**, 818-783-2477; **Cigar Lover's Cruise**, 800-621-6010.

THE ESSENTIAL FALL WARDROBE
Pages 82–83: **Shirts:** By *Calvin Klein Collection*, at Garys & Co., 714-759-1622. By *Robert Talbott Best of Class*, 408-625-2334. By *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Bigsby & Kruthers, 312-440-1750. By *Joseph Abboud Collection*, 617-266-4200. By *Baldessarini-Hugo Boss*, at Davis for Men, 312-266-9599. **Ties:** By *Baldessarini-Hugo Boss*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 212-339-3321. By *Gucci*, at Gucci stores nationwide. By *Joseph Abboud Collection*, 617-266-4200. By *Donna Karan Collection*, at Sami Dinar, 310-275-2044. **Cuff links** from the *Sentimento Collection*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 212-339-3309. Pages 84–85: **Sweaters:** By *Boss-Hugo Boss*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000. By *Ballantyne*, at Cashmere Cashmere, 800-763-4228. By *Malo*, 212-717-1766. By *Joseph Abboud Collection*, 617-266-4200. By *Gentry Portofino*, at New Republic, 212-219-3005. **Leather agenda** by *De Vecchi*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 212-753-4000. **Glasses** by *Oliver Peoples*, 310-657-2553. **Fedora** by *Worth & Worth*, 800-HAT-SHOP. **Jackets:** By *Ermenegildo Zegna Soft Collection*, at Wilkes Bashford, 415-986-4380. By *Boss-Hugo Boss*, 305-864-7753. **Trousers** by *Cesarani*, at Pinstripes, 816-531-3355. **Belts:** By *Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. By *Daniel Craig*, at Mario's, 503-227-3477. **Ties:** By *Donna Karan Collection*, at Raleigh Limited, 317-844-1148. By *Calvin Klein Collection*, at select Calvin Klein and Barneys New York stores. **Oxfords** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan and at fine department stores nationwide. Pages 86–87: **Suits:** By *Joseph Abboud Collection*, 617-266-4200. By *Calvin Klein Collection*, at select Calvin Klein stores. By *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Louis of Boston, 617-262-6100. **Shirts:** By *Robert Talbott Best of Class*, 408-625-2334. By *Joseph Abboud Collection*, 617-266-4200. By *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at M. Penner, 713-527-8200. **Ties:** By *Baldessarini-Hugo Boss*, 305-864-7753. By *Calvin Klein Collection*, at select Calvin Klein stores. By *Donna Karan Signature*, at Sami Dinar, 310-275-2044. **Shoes:** By *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KEN-COLE. By *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan and fine department stores nationwide. **Glasses** by *Paul Smith Spectacles from Oliver Peoples*, 310-657-2553.

1996 ELECTRONICS
Pages 94–98: **Camcorder** by *Hitachi*, 800-448-2244. **Headphones** by *Sennheiser*, 203-434-9190, ext. 148. **Laser disc player** and **audio-video receiver** by *Pioneer*, 800-746-6337. **DSS receiver** by *Sony*, 800-838-7669. **Video game systems:** By *Sony*, 800-345-SONY. By *Sega*, 800-733-7288. **Portable navigation system** by *Toshiba*, 800-631-3811. **Rear-projection TV** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900.

WHITE NIGHTS
Pages 112–113: *Star of Russia*, 313-869-4909. *Skyy* vodka, 415-931-2000. *Porfidio*, 800-728-9335. *Centinela*, 800-892-6069. *Dos Reales Añejo*, 800-SPIRITS. *Chinaco* and *El Tesoro de Don Felipe*, 800-669-7808. All other vodkas and tequilas are available at liquor stores nationwide.

MUSCLE-BOUND
Pages 124–125: **Fitness equipment:** By *Life Fitness*, 800-393-7386. By *Nautilus*, 800-628-8458. By *Precor*, 800-477-3267. By *Stair Master*, 800-635-2936. **Athletic shoes:** By *Nike*, 800-344-6453. By *L.A. Gear*, 800-786-7800. By *Converse*, 800-428-2667. By *Avia*, 800-345-2842. By *Adidas*, 800-448-1796. By *Wilson*, 800-272-6060.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU
Pages 127–128: **Coat** by *Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Fedora** by *Worth & Worth*, 800-HAT-SHOP.

GENTLEMEN'S CHOICE
Pages 134–135: **Cordless** and **rechargeable trimmers** by *Conair*, 800-326-6247. **Straight razor** and **leather strap** by *Geo F. Trumper*, 800-685-4385. **Pewter shaving accessories** from *Mont Source*, 800-833-2023. **Vetiver aftershave** by *Guerlain*, 800-882-8820. **Toothbrush** and **plaque remover** by *Teledyne*, 800-525-2774. **Mousse** by *Decleor*, 800-882-8820. **Speedrazor** and **battery-powered razor** by *Norelco*, 800-243-7884. **Hairbrush** by *Amirra*, 800-338-5008. **Toiletries** from *The Body Shop*, 800-541-2535. **Flex shaver** by *Braun*, at department stores nationwide.

ON THE SCENE
Page 187: **Alarm clocks:** By *Sony*, 800-937-7669. By *Zygon International*, 800-526-2177. By *Magnavox*, 800-531-0039. By *Oregon Scientific*, 800-853-8883.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 5 STEPHEN E. BARRETT, KATE DAVIS, ANDREW GOLOMAN, WILL HARING, ROBERT J. LARAMIE, RON MESAROS, DAVID MORGAN, PHIL SHOCKLEY, TONY VALENTINO; P. 12 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 18 © 1995 MIRAMAX FILMS; P. 20 DEAN WILLIAMS/© TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX; P. 21 ROBERT ISENBERG/© 1994 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC.; P. 22 GEORGE GEORGIOU; P. 67 RICHARD FEGLEY; P. 73 BLAKE LITTLE/SYGMA; P. 89 © 1990 VISAGES; P. 116 JIM DUNNE/POPULAR MECHANICS; PP. 131-132 MARIO CASILLI (2); P. 146 OUTLINE; P. 153 MICHAEL C. HEBERT/SPURLOCK PHOTOGRAPHY; P. 188 JAMES IMBROGNO; P. 189 GEORGIOU, POMPEO POSAR. PP. 82-87 PROPS: ALISON KRAMER, TABLETOP ITEMS BY PARKER EAST DRY GOODS, BETHEL, CONNECTICUT.

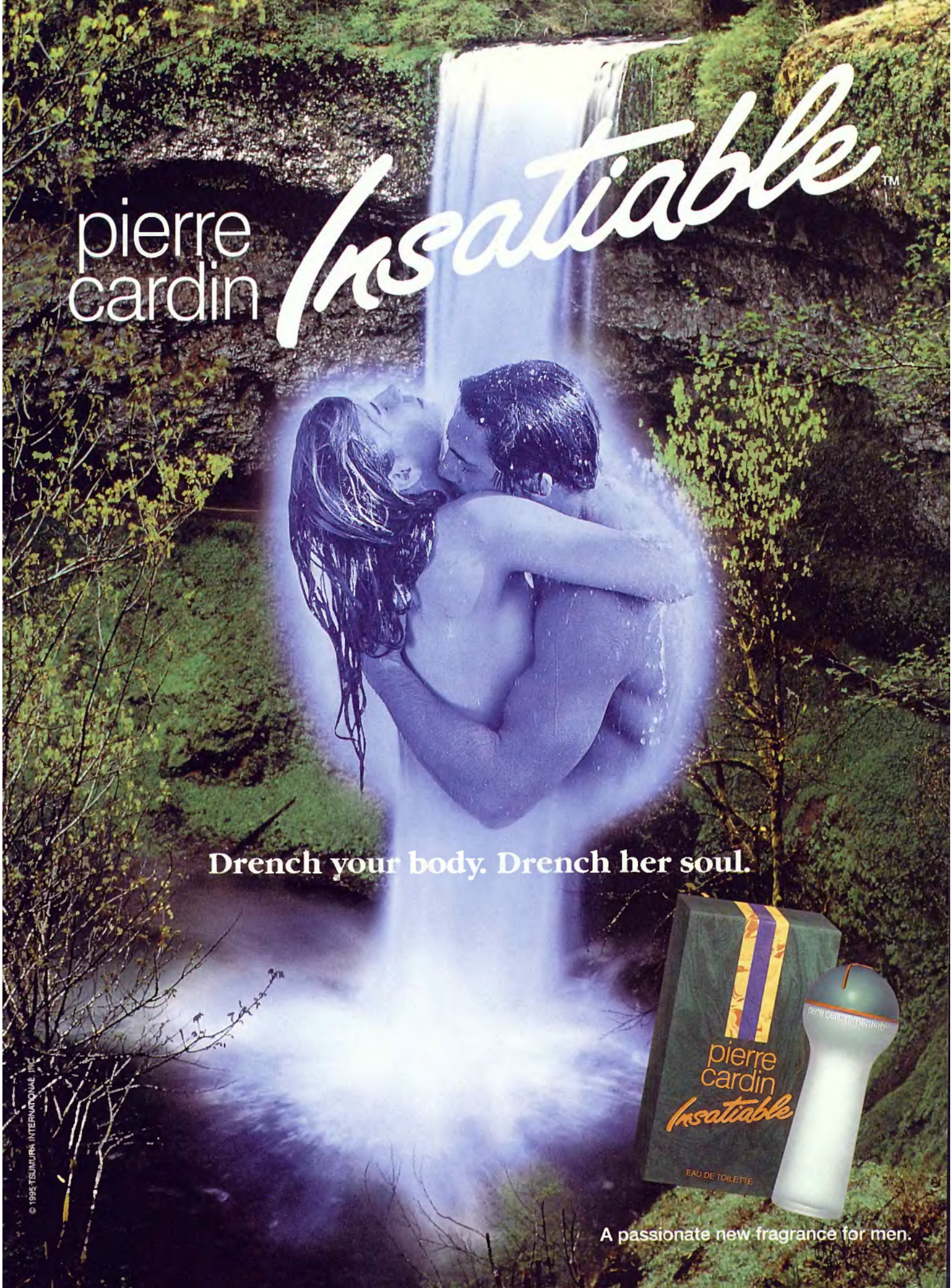
soap and deodorant. Aramis adds to its A+ line a shave cream that's formulated to reduce and soothe razor cuts and burns. Decleor's Mousse à Raser (shaving foam) is made with aloe vera and other ingredients designed to protect the skin and prevent irritation. Guerlain adds an aftershave balm to its Vetiver line. Chanel has a new aftershave. Its Egoïste Platinum aftershave will contain the antioxidant vitamins E and C to help protect the skin. Aveda has created a new, minty, analgesic lip balm. Calvin Klein adds deodorant, body wash and soap to its CK One Collection and Spanish fashion designer Jesus del Pozo releases his first men's fragrance, Quasar, with a deodorant, soap and shampoo to follow. Tommy Hilfiger's fragrance, tommy, which was launched a few months ago with a cologne spray, aftershave and aftershave balm, will soon be featured in an entire line of grooming products. Lancaster's most recent fragrance, Nightflight, includes an eau de toilette, aftershave, shower gel, body lotion and deodorant. When Donna Karan created a line of grooming products around her men's fragrance, Fuel, she lightened the scent. It proved so popular that this fall she'll introduce the lighter scent as DK Men Unleaded.

There's much more. Alpha hydroxy acid is a substance derived from natural sources such as sugarcane and fruit. When applied to the skin, AHA removes dead, dry cells, evens out imperfections and can ease tiny lines.

Alpha hydroxy acid moved into the men's market a couple of years ago, but was given short shrift by most guys. However, new AHA treatment creams are changing men's minds. For example, Lift Off from Aramis and Polo Sport's Face Fitness by Ralph Lauren combine alpha hydroxy with moisturizers and a sunscreen. The fact that these products are selling well proves that guys are starting to care about their skin.

But AHA may not stay in the spotlight for long. Skin- and hair-care products with antioxidants will be next. (Antioxidants are reputed to help protect the body from free radicals—oxygen molecules that have been linked to premature aging.)

If all this sounds a bit complicated, don't worry. Several companies have simplified things with one-step grooming products. For hair, there's Redken's Details, a combination conditioner and styling gel. Ariella is another hair product that has multiple uses, offering hold, moisturizing benefits, shine and a sunscreen in one can. DK Men aftershave skin conditioner contains AHA, a sun shield, moisturizers and an antioxidant. Because of the convenience of these items, you can expect more of these all-in-one products in the future.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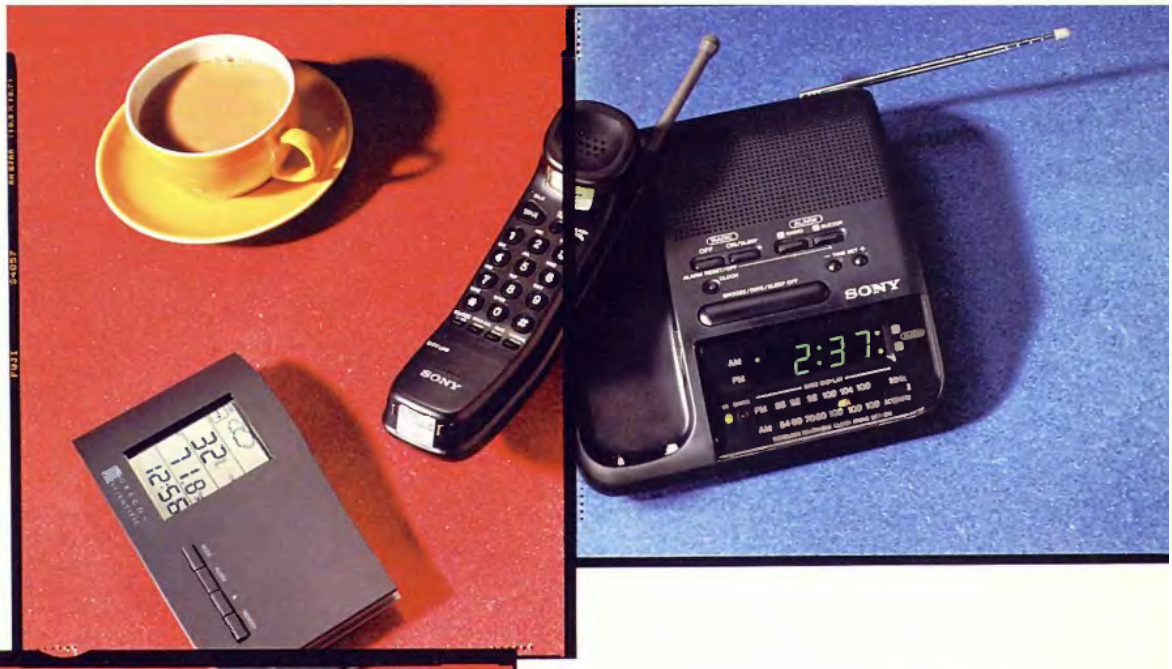
PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

ALARMING NEWS

A few years ago, reading about alarm clocks would have been a snooze, but electronics manufacturers now add all kinds of innovative features to their latest bedside buzzers. Sony, for example, lets you rise to the radio—or a wake-up call—with its combination AM/FM clock radio and cordless phone model. If you prefer to be nudged back to reality by your favorite tunes, Magnavox makes a combination CD player and clock radio with a special sensor that turns off the sounds with a wave of your hand. Like to stay in bed on rainy days? Oregon Scientific's alarm clock wakes you with a soft beep and the day's weather report. There's even the Power Pyramid, a New Age alarm that lets you start your day to the sounds of 12 "aural universes."

Clockwise from top right: Sony's SCT-100 combines an AM/FM alarm clock radio and a cordless phone, $130. You can wake to the sounds of a thunderstorm, the Australian outback, the jungle and more with Zygon International's Power Pyramid clock radio, $180. A sensor on the front of Magnavox' model AJ3930 clock radio and CD player lets you engage the snooze with a wave of your hand, $150. Oregon Scientific's desktop weather forecaster has an LCD panel that shows the time of day, plus date, temperature and weather forecast, $100.



JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 184.

Brandi's Dandy

BRANDI PAYNE has been on TV in *Baywatch* and *Beverly Hills 90210*. You can catch her in the movies *Destiny Turns on the Radio* and *The Net*. But not like this.

WERNER W. POLLNER

M. FERGUSON GALELLA LTD

Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing

COURTNEY LOVE has a gold album, critical acclaim and a spot on the Lollapalooza tour. This dress is held up by a lot of moxie and a couple of handfuls of Courtney. She's loud, lewd and very, very good.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

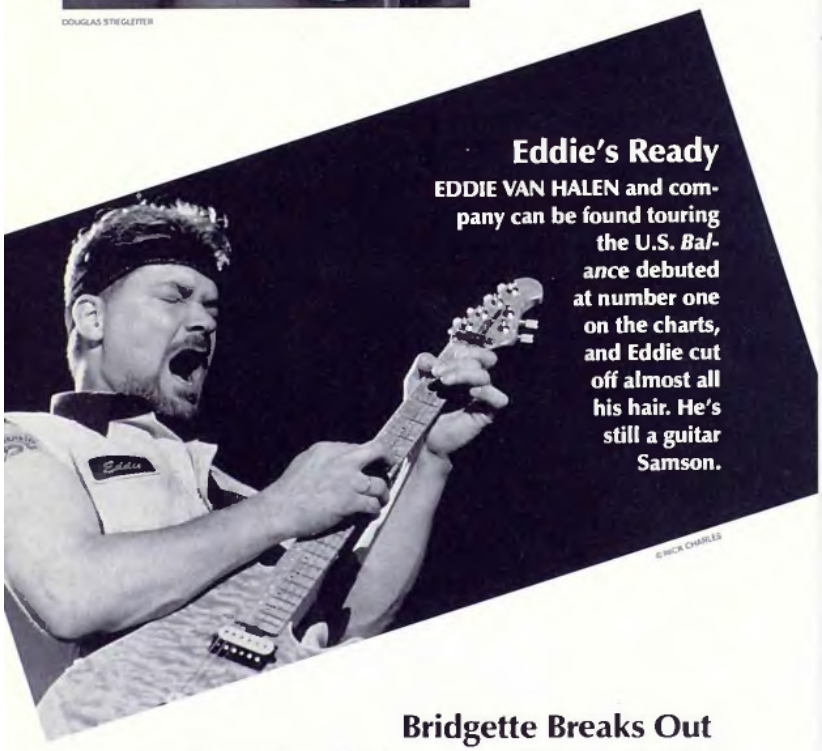
Going Fishing

South Carolina's HOOTIE AND THE BLOWFISH are currently on tour. Their first album, *Cracked Rear View*, has gone triple-platinum. The music is a blend of classic black pop with a shot of the blues. Hootie is a hoot.

DOUGLAS STIEGLITZ

The Face and the Lace

PETRA KOCH is a Wisconsin native and a member of the Milwaukee Mustangs Arena football dance team, the Fillies. When she gets discovered, you'll say you knew her when.



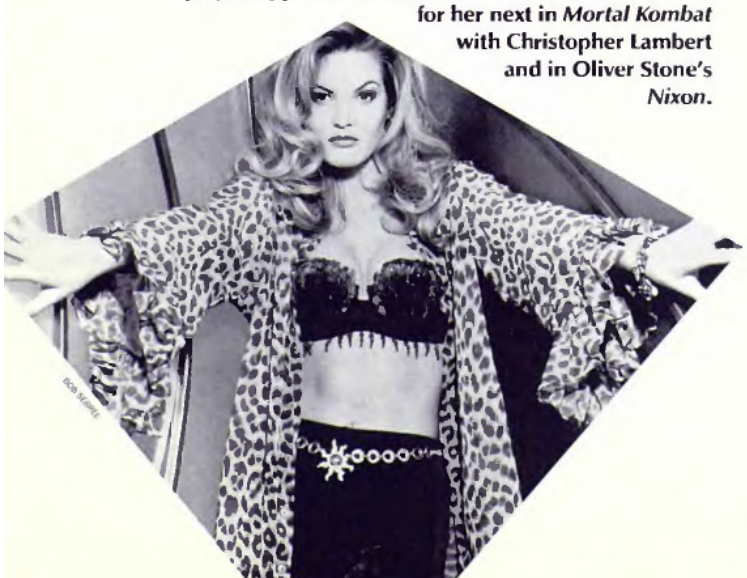
© RICK CHARLES

Eddie's Ready

EDDIE VAN HALEN and company can be found touring the U.S. *Balance* debuted at number one on the charts, and Eddie cut off almost all his hair. He's still a guitar Samson.

Bridgette Breaks Out

You may know this face. Actress BRIDGETTE WILSON played opposite Adam Sandler in *Billy Madison*. Look for her next in *Mortal Kombat* with Christopher Lambert and in Oliver Stone's *Nixon*.



BOB SEIDEMANN

© ALBERT ORTEGA-CELEBRITY PHOTO

Garcelle, Our Belle

Actress and model GARCELLE BEAUVAIS is a Mary Kay cosmetics model and she plays Cynthia Nichols on *Models Inc.* Is life imitating art? She has been featured on *Fresh Prince of Bel Air* and *Hangin' With Mr. Cooper*. Now, she's hangin' with us.

ENGLAND'S GLASS ACT

It's easy to buy a round of beers in a London pub, but it's harder to buy the unique glasses that the brew is served in—until now. The C.C. Purdy Co. of Evanston, Illinois is importing the real McCoy—a set of four Imperial pint (20-ounce) or Imperial half pint (ten-ounce) beer glasses for $24.95 plus shipping. The glasses have the official British government seal and the words ONE PINT or HALF PINT etched in them. Call 800-449-9556 to place an order.

IN THE CARDS, HOLLYWOOD STYLE

Adult trading cards are hot, and 21st Century Archives' latest offering, *Hollywood Pinups* ("movie legends from the golden age of Hollywood"), keeps up with the sizzle. A set of 50 pinup cards includes renderings by PLAYBOY's own Alberto Vargas as well as George Petty and other famous artists of the era. Rita Hayworth, Hedy Lamarr and Betty Grable are portrayed along with a sexy Thirties starlet named Boots Mallory (above left), June Havoc (center) and Irish McCalla (right), who played Sheena, Queen of the Jungle on TV in the Fifties. Price for a set is $16. Call 800-538-0353.

WISHING FOR A COOKIE

The Wish List, a "catalog where dreams come true," is offering the perfect gift for anyone who loves Chinese food and chocolate. It's a six-inch-wide fortune cookie that's hand-dipped in white or dark chocolate and stuffed with a personal message. The price: $16.50 to $22.50, depending on your choice of coating. The message you order can be as sexy as you like as long as you keep it brief. Call 800-644-WISH to order, and you'll receive a catalog, too.

THESE BOOKS ARE MADE FOR TRAVELING

You don't have to be on the road to enjoy O'Reilly & Associates' *Travelers' Tales* series. But if your wanderings should take you to Thailand, Mexico, India, France or Hong Kong, then you'll want to pack the appropriate softcover along with your passport. According to the publisher, "each volume collects travelers' tales that entertain, inform and sometimes show the dark side of the country to the would-be traveler." *Mexico*, for example, includes an essay on "The Flamingos of Celestin" and another on "Beans or Luxury in a Tijuana Jail." Other forthcoming titles include *Spain*, *San Francisco*, *Japan*, *Greece* and *Australia*. Call 800-998-9938 to order.

DOGGY DO

Can your dog see himself in a mirror? What's the most expensive gift you can buy him? To find out, read *277 Secrets Your Dog Wants You to Know*, by Paulette Cooper and Paul Noble. You'll also discover which celebrities own which breed of dog (Sly Stallone owns a bulldog—go figure) and whether or not dogs are psychic. Call 800-841-2665 to order a copy for $8.95 from Ten Speed Press.

KIRSTEN MELLON

GREAT SMOKE FRAME-UP

Now that fine cigars and gentlemen's smokers have puffers fired up nationwide, it stands to reason that vintage cigar-box labels would become a status symbol. Pictured here: Africora, a 4½" square chromolithograph, dated 1905, mounted under glass in an antique-finished 11½" x 11½" frame. Price: $99 from Everest Enterprises at 800-924-4271. Other cigar labels are available.

LATHER REPORT

Floris of London has purveyed luxury toiletries to men of taste and means since 1730, one year before No. 10 Downing Street became the residence of the British prime minister. For 1995, it has created a 7¾"-in-diameter floating teak bath bowl filled with aromatic, triple-milled body soap featuring high levels of glycerine. The price for the hefty bowl and two pounds of soap is $110. Refills are $55. A cactus-fiber body whisk for applying the soap to milord's body is $26. Call 800-5-FLORIS for information on store locations or to place an order.

JOHN SCHMELZER

FILLING IN THE CRACKS

Aside from contributing to *The Playboy Forum* and doing animated commercials, illustrator Kevin Pope has created a line of T-shirts that are as wacky as he is talented. Waking Up at the Crack of Dawn, pictured here, is available in black or white (sizes small through extra large) for $15. Other images include Spud Boy (a countercultural Mr. Potato Head), Kitty Kat Koffee (with the motto "it's purrfect") and the Slappy Weasel Petrol Co. (a weasel and a nerd motoring down the road). Send your order to Flat Iron Cartoon Co., P.O. Box 97, Smithville, Indiana 47458.

HEALTHY SHOWER OF ROCKS

Want to enjoy a soothing, therapeutic mineral shower without having to join a health club or visit a spa? Check out Health Secrets' Hot Springs showerhead, an easy-to-install model filled with salt-free and sulfur-free stones that mineralize your shower water and remove chlorine. The price: $69.95. (If you take a shower a day, you'll need to order replacement rocks for $29.95 in about a year.) Other body care products with minerals (herbs, too) are available, such as a Chinese-inspired Empress Secret Bath that includes ginseng and other exotic stuff. Call 800-471-7272 to order.

STEVE BOSWICK

NEXT MONTH

LESBIAN CHIC

IVY LEAGUE

SHOWGIRLS

NABOKOV'S RAZOR

THE RAZOR—A BLADE-WIELDING REFUGEE ENCOUNTERS HIS OLD ENEMY, HELPLESS IN A BARBER'S CHAIR. A PERFECT SCENARIO OF REVENGE FROM THE RUSSIAN MASTER **VLADIMIR NABOKOV**

WHAT CAN I TELL YOU ABOUT MY BROTHER?—THE WINNER OF PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST CONFRONTS THE MURDEROUS EMOTIONS OF YOUNG ROMANCE. A TALE OF LOVE AND LOYALTY BY **RYAN HARTY**

SNOOP DOGGY DOGG—IS HE THE POET OF RAP OR AN ACCOMPLICE TO MURDER? A HARSH AND OUTSPOKEN PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

MCVEIGH AT WAR—A HARROWING PROFILE OF ACCUSED OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBER **TIM MCVEIGH,** WITH TESTIMONY FROM THE MEN WHO KNOW HIM BEST: HIS FELLOW INFANTRYMEN IN THE GULF WAR—ARTICLE BY **JONATHAN FRANKLIN**

BRETT BUTLER—THE RUNAWAY SUCCESS OF TV'S *GRACE UNDER FIRE* CONFIRMS WHAT WE KNEW ALL ALONG: AMERICA LOVES A LOUD, HARRIED, WISEASS BABE. A CONTENTIOUS PLAYBOY PROFILE BY **DIANE SHAH**

LESBIAN CHIC—THEY'RE HERE, THEY'RE QUEER AND THEY'RE HIRING PUBLICISTS: OUR SPECIAL ALL-GIRL SECTION COMES COMPLETE WITH A GUIDE TO LESBIAN ACCESSORIES AND OFFERS THE TANTALIZING SECRETS OF WEEKEND PLAYERS. BY **BRENDAN BABER** AND **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**

1995 PIGSKIN PREVIEW—CAN NEBRASKA REPEAT? WILL TEXAS A&M OR AUBURN THROW OFF SANCTIONS AND TRY ON A CROWN? RED-HOT PROGNOSTICATOR **GARY COLE** NAMES THE WINNERS AND LOSERS IN THIS YEAR'S PIGSKIN PACK. PLUS: PLAYBOY'S ALL-AMERICA TEAM

WOMEN OF THE IVY LEAGUE—SO YOU WEREN'T ACCEPTED AT HARVARD. NEITHER WERE WE. BUT THAT WON'T STOP US FROM ADMIRING THE SEXIEST, SHAPELIEST, BRAINIEST COEDS IN THE COLLEGIATE WORLD. BOOLAH-BOOLAH, INDEED

BILL MAHER—AMERICA'S PRIME APOLOGIST FOR POLITICAL INCORRECTNESS SPOUTS OFF ON WHAT'S FAIR AND UNFAIR IN COMEDY AND EXPLAINS HIS SUDDEN FONDNESS FOR KATO IN A 20 QUESTIONS THAT HAS BEEN SATIRIZED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

PLUS: CAMPUS FASHION, THE DREAM DORM ROOM, JOYSTICKS AND HOLLYWOOD'S DARING MOVIE ON STRIPPERS, *SHOWGIRLS*

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